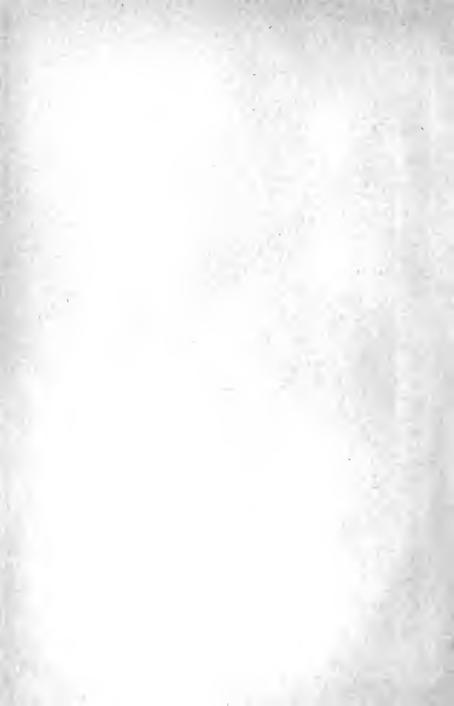
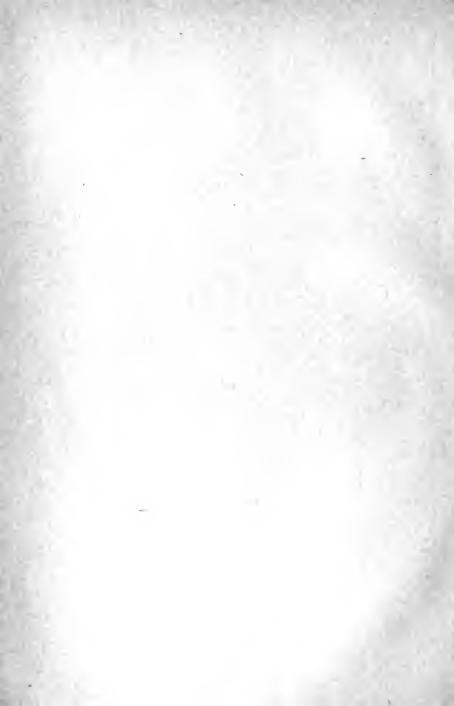


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#### INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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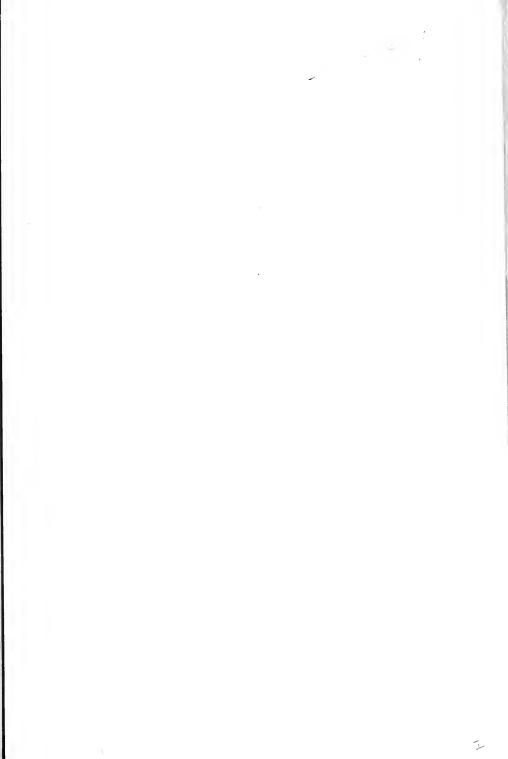
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MARY" FROM THE PAINTING BY ABBOTT H. THAYER, (COLLECTION JOHN GILLATEA)

# INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

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#### Second Thoughts

I HAD intended this month to devote considerable space, if not the entire American Section, to a retrospective review of the year in painting and sculpture. But my contributor failed me.

So it is left to me in a few paragraphs to review a crowded season. What stands out? The van Gogh exhibition at the Montross Galleries. The Degas Sale. M. Rehn's Loan Exhibition of Twachtmann. The Duveneck exhibition. Mrs. Sterner's Survey of American Art. The exhibitions of French art at Brooklyn and the Metropolitan. The Swiss Show at Brooklyn. The Exhibition of French Drawings at the Metropolitan (probably most important of all). The Dutch Exhibition at the Anderson Galleries.

Van Gogh's day in America is not yet. Almost more than any other modern painter he is felt to be an alien. Yet there is no other painter of the present day, excepting possibly Gauguin, whose appeal is so simple and direct. It is just this simplicity that makeshim appear strange. The simplicity of a child and the white hot fervour of an evangelist are indeed strange in New York. Degas on the other hand has a following. The connoisseurs enjoy his sophistication. Cézanne, too, is elevated to an Olympian altitude, though I defy his lip-worshippers to tell me why. Cézanne is a painter's painter. He is the ground on which we all are standing. Gauguin is the

succès de scandale. That means a following.

But of the modern Frenchmen the idol is Renoir. Which is all to the good, if a lively discretion is used, for Renoir lived too long. Unfortunately it is the later Renoir, as it is the light-drunken Monet, whom the American painter copies. There is no virtue in hot flesh, nor in podginess.

The Americans are in better plight. Twachtmann has emerged from obscurity on a great wave of popularity. Duveneck is finding his place among the great educative forces.

Coming down to living men we had Nevinson, most solid in achievement of *les jeunes*, at M. Bourgeois. Alfeo Faggi at the same gallery. Arthur Lee at Messrs, Wildenstein, Th. Szukalski at the Whitney Studio Club, Carlsen at Maebeth's. Marsden Hartley at the Anderson Galleries.

Perhaps of these Szukalski is the only unknown quantity. He has done so much and so early that one wonders what more there is to do—except to smash up his studio and start afresh, which 1, for one, recommend.

Decidedly the achievement of the season has been George Bellows'. His four figure canvases, the portrait group of *Eleanor, Joan and Anna*, and portraits of each separately, constitute a record in portraiture

Luks' Old Duchess (1905) I have already praised as highly as I dare (March issue). I retract no single word. The Metropolitan, I



Courts Ma both Galleries



THE PLD BUCHESS TERMS

am glad to say, has bought it

Ipsen's A. D. 1967 was a pot at Melajel plan. Of course it is a chromo, but why not? Carlsen has painted too much. We know him too well. But he is a painter, none the less. His still lefes will stand when many of his later sease apes 1, we been 1 appily lost.

The oult of water door is growing to hitered. Mary Mary Rogers, Denne's McKinght and at very bever made a fine slowing which done is distributed in a greater than the self-time and the self-time to Abbott. In the very American Actional to the samples as the factors.



Courte P even Museum

## AND AN APPRECIATION BY MARIA OAKEY DEWING

FIFTY odd years ago the Academy of Design was at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. A black and white marble building in Venetian style and the school occupied the basement and was taught by Mr. Wilmart. The class he taught was an interesting collection of pupils, very young and perfectly unconscious that they were to play an important part in the annals of American art

Half a generation ahead of them was John La Farge, a great and lonely figure among the painters. A whole generation before was William Hunt who came from his playing and studying in Paris bringing lithographs of the pictures of those famous there. Whistler painted in London and filtered into our atmosphere here. French pictures began to come to New York, Vollon and Rousseau and others. There was change and signification in the air.

Dear, good and sympathetic Mr. Wilmarth was a German. He did not know how little alliance the work of his pupils showed with the Greek, as they all laboured copying the Greek casts that filled the basement of the academy. He liked best the work of one who made an ambitious, full-sized study of the Laocoon and he never could see the exquisite drawing of Miss Fenner, the only one of us who really drew the Greek, a little blond near-sighted woman somewhat older than the rest of us. I suppose the fates know why she was never heard of again.

Here it was that I first knew Thayer and Brush and Weir (whose splendid young head would have made as good a Greek model for his fellow students as any of the casts about them) and F. S. Church, who was also, like Miss Fenner, a little older than the rest of us - had served in the Civil War. Charles Melville Dewey was one of us, and Carroll Beckwith, and Helena de Kay, later Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, who had been with me at the Cooper Institute under Dr. Rimmer, he who guided our earliest steps as he had those of Dan French, our great sculptor. It was Thayer who brought French to my casel one

corning at the Academy and introduced him to me.

In that enormous crowd of pupils at the Cooper Institute it was a matter of breeding and culture and natural classification that threw together in an inevitable friendship Helena and myself. Ohvia Ward, Molly Hallock and Katie Bloede, who was later Thayer's wife.

Helena de Kay and I alone went on from the Cooper to that little class at the Academy of Design. The other three girls did not follow us there, but at my home Thayer used to meet them all. Thayer was always among us and so was Mr. La Farge, to whom we all owed an unpayable debt. And Frank Lathrop added his lively, witty youth to our gatherings, and Henry James was sometimes there, and many others of note and interest.

There were rare Spring days when we went to Staten Island where Helena de Kay, who was always a brilliant hostess, received us in her mother's cottage with its atmosphere of culture always as hospitable as a palace, and we picnicked in Spring woods with azalias and violets.

But the days at the Academy for the two years that we were there were long and hardworking. Thayer did not make very good cast drawings, but I think he received a deep impression of the Greek and stowed it away in his mind. He was sometimes away painting animals very eleverly, though what interested him most was always the human head. He would bring in his charcoal drawings of cows in pastures, and lions and tigers from Central Park, and put them sometimes on the walls of the school to solicit praise, for he cared enormously for the encouragement of his playmates and compeers and always held among them a conspicuous position. He was a fluent and original talker and a deep struggling thinker, an endless arguer, keeping up an argument on art or life (about which we knew so little but were so confident of our opinions) for days and days; coming to my casel I remember with some such opening as, "And as I was saving day before vesterday."

I was myself a hard worker and I tried to do the Venus de Milo. I did her full length and half length and only the head and shoul-



Courtesy Messrs, Knoedler

WOODLAND PASTURE

ders and finally I painted her against a Venician leather background with a full palette, and it was on this occasion that Thayer held a week long discussion with me on my "going in for the luxury of beauty, he for the severe truth," and I said that art was beauty, and he said it was nobility, and I said beauty was noble. So wise we were at twenty. It was on the occasion of this argument that I remember Brush, who was an adorer and henchman of Thayer's, coming and joining us and holding up his hands in his funny way and saying, "Well, well!" and feigning to be utterly overcome by the painted Venus.

I remember Thayer in the sketch class at the Academy sitting on the floor with a big  $-X \in V$ 

stretched paper on his knees doing on it something so much better than his cast drawings. The best that he did at the Academy was the life drawing. He used to bring these studies down from the men's life class and show them to Helena de Kay and myself.

Facility that makes the showy student, Thaver had none of. He always shot at the mid-day sun and it was not amazing that he never hit the mark in his earliest days. It was perhaps one of his promises of greatness that his best waited tor his mature work. But even then he knew what he wanted to do and how he wanted to do I think he must have had some little studio where he painted for he seemed to do a good deal of work outside the school-asked me once to go with him to a frame shop where he had a girl with a tiger that he wanted me to see. It turned out to be a full length life-size nude figure with a tiger crouching at her feet-a narrow long canvas.

ABBOTT II.

THAYER

"I know it's not good," he said, forestalling my possible criticism. "But I just wanted

the fun of painting a naked girl with a tiger." Indeed it was not very good nor at all finished, yet as I think of it it was in method very much like what he always did from the first to the very last, and in this simple method he became so skillful. The tiger was altogether better than the girl, yet about her there was a simplicity and something altogether original. The hair was painted with that pale, greyed umber in flat masses that he used no matter what colour his model's hair was, the flesh treated much in one colour all the way through, and the attitude without guile.

I remember once on a cold evening when we were all going home from the school how he walked with a few of us down Fifth Ave-



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum



nue with a great bunch of canvases under his arm and about his head wound a long shabby black and blue scarf over his small felt hat. I thought then he did it for a pose, but now, with the perspective that even so recent death gives. I see that he did such things unconsciously and lacked a sense of humour, was too pre-occupied for it, never detached from the thought in his mind.

I dwell on these early school years because I think they were really his formative years.

One virtue of his art was that it was the most unliterary art. It was what he could say through drawing and modelling and values and expression.

I think when he found himself in the cosmopolitan city of New York and found varied and provocative companionship and foreign pictures there was born in his mind complete the image of what art meant to him, and he never swerved from it, was strangely uninfluenced by other painters' work except to analyze, respect and understand their skill. The knowledge and strength that he gained in the Paris school under Gérôme was a mere sharpening of the tool that was his own and enabled him to go on painting the same way as always but much better, enabled him to express more clearly the conception of art that was passionately conceived in his soul in those early days when he first lived in New York. He was ever in close communication with his ideal, restlessly, egotistically, and really doubting his results, and this was perhaps why he loved to surround himself with people of whose sympathy and admiration he was quite sure. It interrupted him less, wanting always to be encouraged, assured that he was arriving in his art, his effort never slacking. His art more than art abstractly, the image that was in his mind struggling to be expressed.

From this intense pre-occupation he fled for rest to nature. His play was with the secrets of nature, and from this developed his great scientific discovery of Protective Colouration. Here is a postscript in a letter to me that describes just this:

"I wonder if you wonder why I digress so much from art. It is part of my slowly matured self knowledge. After spoiling years of canvases through feverish persistence while

I kept noticing that somehow all my successes came, as it were, out of the side of my eye, or rather came in the first three days. And that in the year of bloody fight that followed I did nothing. I gradually learned how to use myself, and I learned that I really have nothing but three day powers! So I now keep reverently every start, have it copied by an assistant while I paint something else or go up Monadnock or write on birds, any thing to get as far as possible from my work, and then pounce on the copy and give it a three day shove again, and actually have that furthered result copied again, and so on-my studio accumulating the while a tolerably progressive set of big sketches. It looks long but is better than ultimately wiping out a two years' canvas as I have done more than once. It is like keeping one foot always planted firmly as one climbs a dangerous cliff-never jumping after the first three days. This is plainly why I made a better figure than before in the last cauvas-what I now need is a thrilling all in all person to paint. My Gladys is partly so, but dark hair and eyes dividing and cutting up the statue-queness is a real handicap, and I hate to confine her while I paint. There is one girl here whom I long to paint forever, but she hates the work. She is ten times the face that almost all other people are -a young lioness with noble features, a shock of red and purple bair, pale blue-green eyes. very agety with strong colour contours of the iris, and the boldest of innocent looks. Only about eleven years old but passing for eighteen. but the best thing I may ever see, or such for my deamon anyway-(which is the tchole paint is it not!) I have made already about my intensest head from her."

Thayer had no cultivation in rooms or dress or the serving and ornament of life. These were quite apart from him. They were apart also from the woman he loved and married, the charming Katic Bloede,\* if she brought to him cultivation in music and literature and languages. Her ideas of living did not clash or argue with his. She was in all ways his ideal of womanhood, innocent, poetic, grace-

After her death he married Miss Emma Reach, a dear friend of Katie, himself and their children.

ful, maternal. She was very paintable but he never painted her well, for immediately after their marriage they went to Paris and their children were born there while he worked in the schools. I supped with them in Paris in 1876 in the one room they lived in with a balcony on the street and their beautiful little baby girl Mary tied into a high-chair at the table less than a year old. It was several years after that that he began to paint his occasional masterpieces.

Never was there so irregular a painter as Thayer. Perhaps this was from two reasons—first that what he aimed at was so very difficult—the idealization of the feminine head, with a beauty that was more of the spirit than of the flesh. He was one of the very few men who could paint a head. The other reason of his irregularity was that he did not distinguish the work that did him injustice from the work that was immortal, did not know always whether he had hit the mark or not. Those about him praised every touch that came from his hand.

In illustration of what he says about the dark hair of Gladys being such a handicap, I think of a small portrait he painted and presented me with in 1881. The hair of his subject was dark but in the portrait it was exactly like that of the girl in his early painting of the girl with the tiger, of that same grey umber in flat masses.

And in illustration of his resting moments with nature some letters, in one of which he describes, and illustrates with a charming original sketch, the song of the olive back thrush called the bicknell, saying, "The olive back begins his song with a gentle faultering low passage and ends it upward," then the sketch comes, lines like a stave of music and the song described in a fluctuating line, not in notes, and after this "not strong even at the end but very refined."

None but one who had come face to face with nature for long periods of study as Thayer had could have painted that landscape called *Monadnock* that is owned by the Metropolitan Museum. It would seem that other painters of good landscapes show how nature looked but Thayer in this great picture shows how nature is. It seems to me as fine a land-

scape as ever was painted in this world, and I remember one other of Monadnock, dark and blue, with the mysterious silence of nature, grand and reserved from us as if we were but an accident on its surface.

Thayer looked the same from early youth until he was sixty. Perhaps this was largely because his mind was fixed on one idea—the expression of a woman's face. What he did outside of this, but for his landscapes, was rarely his best except some children's heads, the head of his daughter Gladys at the age of five—one of the finest heads of a child I really believe in all the world. It occurs in the Madonna enthroned, owned by Mr. John Gellatly, a composition of three figures, a woman and two children.

Composition was not Thayer's business. There is the Caritas, owned by the Boston Art Museum, the design is practically the same as the Madonna Enthroned, a woman in the centre and a child on either side. The children in the Caritas are superb. I cannot find the woman as Cortissoz does in his admirable article on Thayer in the "Tribune" of May 29th: "As fine as a Greek column." I do not think her one of Thayer's triumphs. Another of his compositions is in the Freer Museum in Washington. Again a woman with a child on either side. This time they hurry forward through a vague landscape.

I once said to Thaver of this picture, pointing to the child on the right, with that flippancy an old playmate may blamelessly use: "Why the paint rag?" He looked at me uncomprehending. "Why not give him some kind of a dress, Greek or otherwise?" He found no illumination in this. Many praise Thayer's drapery. To me he never painted drapery in the sense of representing any fabric. The paint he covered his figures with was always in perfect value with the head—of texture he was indifferent. The magnificent white that he clothed his several angels in was not of any stuff at all (one of these angels is one of his immortal works), the drapery is a beautiful tone of white skillfully laid on only to help the head as frankly as the gold frame surrounding the picture.

Cortissoz says that he seemed to leave some bare or unfinished parts of his canvas as if



allerti - - -

#### Abbott Thayer



Collection John Gellatly Copley Print.

DETAIL FROM WINGED FIGURE

ABBOTT H, THAYER

he were tired of it. I think Thayer was never tired of his picture. He stopped when he could not do anything that he thought helped it—the surface didn't greatly matter to him, those bare places were always in value.

I remember within late years saying to myself over a picture of Thaver's, "So imperfect as a whole, it will not live," but he had the best of the argument for when I saw his Monadnock at the Art Museum I said: "It is for all time." And just now, a week before his death, his son brought for us to see a portrait head of his daughter Mary at the age of eighteen, a head that had been found this winter hidden in some corner all these years. It is one of Thaver's greatest masterpieces-a head as good as Rembrandt. He had been dissatisfied with the value of the dark background and very characteristically he had painted a narrow stripe of light blue on either side, apparently quite unrelated to the design, and yet the savant might see that these stripes should not be removed. The value was perfect, they helped the head—the beautiful head—what matter to Thayer was anything else?

[Other articles on Abbott H. Thayer appeared in The International Studio for February, 1899, and January, 1908. The first article was written by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers), the latter by Homer St. Gaudens. Both were illustrated.

In March, 1920, an important article by Abbott Thayer was published in The International Studio. It was entitled, "Restoration, the Room of Paintings and Sculpture," and was an eloquent plea for the artist as against the restorer and retoucher. Editor.]



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

DETAIL FROM
PORTRAIT OF YOUNG WOMAN

ABBOTT H.

#### Franz Von Pausinger--Landscape Painter



FRANZ VON PAUSINGER

LANDSCAPE

RANZ VON PAUSINGER, LAND-SCAPE PAINTER, BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THE key of art, a recent critic has said, is simplicity and subtlety; and we might add that the two must be harmoniously blended. In many of the modernists we find a crude simplicity that is arresting at first glance, but leaves nothing for further serutiny; in others we get nothing but nuances, refinements of refinement, without the strength of dominating unity. Franz von Pausinger, the Austrian landscape painter, may be taken to represent an almost ideal combination of the two.

Pausinger came of an artistic family and early dedicated himself to his profession, studying at the Vienna Academy and under Koller, the noted Swiss master. Led by the fashion of the time, he set out to be an historical painter but soon discovered that his true bent was for wild landscape. A passionate lover of hunting, he chose as his theme the primeval forests of Hungary, Transylvania, and Austria proper, using deer, wild boar, and some of the large game birds of the

mountains as staffage. He won prompt success and, developing his field with unremitting vigour, made for himself a worthy place in his country and generation.

Early in his career he married Rosalie Hinterhuber, also a painter, of Salzburg, after which he settled permanently in that picturesque town. He was visited there by many artists and patrons, and orders came in steadily. Pausinger therefore sent but little to exhibitions, though he received a medal from the Chicago Columbian Exposition and numerous important decorations. His pictures were acquired by the Kunsthistorisches Museum of Vienna, the Royal Gallery at Dresden, etc.

The character of the man (as his son-in-law I was privileged to know him intimately) was simple and enthusiastic, inspiring as the breath of the woods and mountains. I have never known a more democratic nature or one more gifted in calling out the human qualities of anyone he met. Generosity and a contagious flow of high spirits were his most marked characteristics. His ruling passion was a deep and sane love of Nature: of primieval land-scape, of wild animals, and of the men who lived in this environment. His reading was

#### Franz Von Pausinger--Landscape Painter

hunting adventures and exploration, or on the other hand, masterpieces of humour—Pickwick and Don Quixote. As a raconteur of exciting and diverting experiences I have never known anyone who approached him. Though his splendid health began to break during the last years of his life, his creative passion hardly wavered, and the quality of his work maintained its high level to the last. The artist was busy in his studio till within a few days before his death, which occurred in April, 1915, when he was well past seventy. He is survived by his wife and four daughters, three of whom have won success in landscape painting.

Much has been said of the man because, when illustrations accompany the text, not much need be said of his work. It has the clarity and wide appeal of the earlier land-



LANDSCAPE

FRANZ VON



LANDSCAPE

FRANZ VON

scape masters, though it derives from none of them. When Pausinger's first compositions were compared to the stag pictures of Landseer, he at once made himself acquainted with Landseer's work, of which he had hitherto seen nothing. As a result he succeeded in following out his own vein so as not to overlap that of his English predecessor. The difference between the two is fundamental: Landseer paints the portrait of a stag in a background of nature; Pausinger gives us a landscape enlivened, or accented, by the introduction of a stag. At first glance a Landseer picture seems more striking, but after a little inspection its appeal is seen to be somewhat theatrical, as if the animal were posing for its portrait. With Pausinger, on the other hand, the animal is not formally posed but, as it were, discovered casually in its familiar

#### Franz Von Pausinger--Landscape Painter

haunts, and there captured.

We have thus far spoken of Pausinger as a painter, but though he had a firm mastery of the technic of colour, his most original, possibly his most distinguished, contribution to art was through the medium of large charcoal landscapes done on heavy paper backed by canvas. Four of these are reproduced to accompany the present article. Pausinger discovered this method of rendering certain chiaroscuro effects in nature, and his handling of it is, and probably will remain, unique. His principle is that, at certain times of the day or under certain atmospheric conditions, the interest of light-and-shade in a landscape is much more important than the interest of colour. This is of course peculiarly the case in the mountains at twilight, or in a misty woodland glade at noon. If the subtle values of grev are correctly given, the glamour of the scene will be conveyed to the beholder with a delicacy which no colour can rival.

Gifted with a marvellous visual memory and trained by a hunter's life, Franz von Pausinger brought to his undertaking the knowledge and devotion without which no technical proficiency can avail. Each composition is a well-schemed whole, which may be enjoyed with no thought of the care by which it is built up. On the other hand, the con-

noisseur will be drawn aside to admire the bold and accurate draughtsmanship, the firm modelling of tree-trunks, the flexible rendering of grass- and leaf-textures, and the fine transitions from middle-distance to horizon. To a large frankness in the handling of the masses is added the suggestion of infinite detail. But what no one will forget for long in one of Pausinger's pictures is the delight of the master in his own creations. As a critic wrote of him: "It is seldom that a landscape has so much sympathy with such a complete absence of sentimentality." Of the pictures here represented each person will choose his favourite: whether it be the sombre stretch of moorland with the lonely stag, the doe and fawn amid the bending grasses, or the storm approaching above the lake where the stag looks across at the three does. For myself I prefer the marvellous rendering of the gaunt cliffs, the sable pines, and the shimmering white dome beyond, where the clear air begins to sparkle with the crystal coolness that comes just after sunset. In all there is breadth, flicker, tenderness, vitality. Whatever the individual choice, I believe that no one who cares for either art or nature-least of all any one who cares for both-can fail to enjoy the truth, and the deep-hearted love which pervade the landscapes of Franz von Pausinger.



LANDSCAPE

FRANZ VON PAUSINGER

## RCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK PASSING IMPRESSIONS I BY MARRION WILCOX

EMERSON, when he was describing the English traits which aroused his admiration, paid tribute to that great artist who, he observed, had been justly credited with "removing the reproach of sterility from English art" and "making an era in painting."

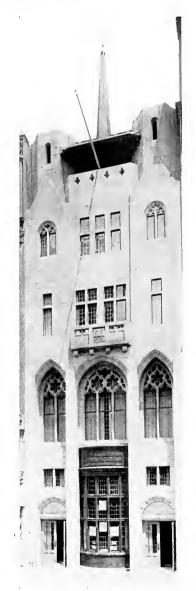
An art-critic would have employed different terms, we must admit. But never mind. This is what the American philosopher wrote:

"Here [in London] was lately a cross-grained miser, odd and ugly, resembling in countenance the portrait of Punch with the laugh left out; rich by his own industry; sulking in a lonely house; who never gave a dinner to any man and disdained all courtesies; yet as true a worshipper of beauty in form and colour as ever existed. . . . And when he saw that the splendour of one of his pictures dimmed his rival's that hung next it [at an exhibition, he] secretly took a brush and blackened his own." It was Turner who, we are told, thus "smudged his own picture with water-colour," and the painter out of kindness to whom he did it was Lawrence.

A self-portraying act. And it is known that Turner thought his pictures represented the real self, the beauty-loving ego his features belied. With that brush, then, but surely not just with black, the master who always (Emerson heard) refused to sit for his portrait, forgetting himself, sketched unconsciously his own hidden saving grace of character.

I recall Turner's generous act now because I am invited to consider some of the problems of taste in the domain of architecture in New York City; and in no other city, I think, will the ethical and aesthetic elements of that act seem more fairly applicable to the theory and practice of the art of building. For in New York each supercilious edifice appears to be requiring us to look at it alone. And if we protest: "But we can't help seeing the other buildings at the same time." its attitude of utter disregard implies the sneer: "Is there any other building?"

Exceptions? . . . Yes, fortunately, there are



Credit K. Clark

NEW YORK BIBLE HOUSE ARCHITECT W. E. ANTUONY

#### Architecture in New York

many admirable exceptions to this rule; and it will be a pleasure to note exceptions presently. But, first, a word or two more about the general proposition.

Our city streets are like very long galleries, in which the works of the architects' and builders' art are exhibited. Good or bad, sincere or dissembling works,-all are exhibited there together. The exhibition (or let me rather say exposition, since it is so large) is decidedly more permanent than was that exhibition of paintings to which Emerson referred, but the objects are being changed from time to time. New buildings replace the old. Shall the architects who design the new ones continue to ignore-with impunity to treat as though not known-the structural characteristics of neighbouring buildings? Should they be willing to "dim," or force out of all possible colour- and mass-harmony, the contiguous work of a rival?

Even self-interest answers with an emphatic No. If they do blast a rival's design (for example, by lines that clash, instead of harmonizing with those of adjacent structures) their own work will suffer correspondingly; in fact, the aesthetic effect of all the buildings in the same field of vision will be marred by this disharmony.

Let us keep in mind the accountability of architects to the people, to the multitudes that are passing through the relatively permanent architectural exposition every day of every year. These people thronging our streets form their taste in such matters on what they see. It is by such agencies in large measure that the public taste must in future be either well trained or corrupted. It will never do to say that the people are pleased with things as they are—pleased with what they get, getting what they please,—or that a generation so accustomed to the view of incongruity can not see what is wrong with the architecture.

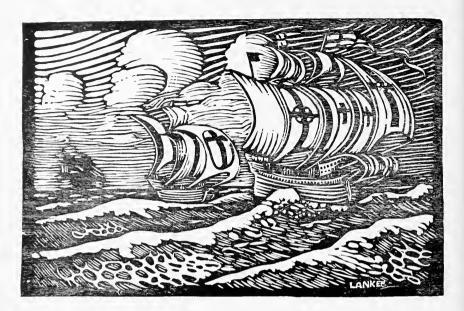
An architect works for his clientele, of course, and for his own honourable career. But that is not all. He works for the public.

The value of a generous regard for and observance of neighbouring works, to the end that the general effect may be beautiful, is the single thought to which I wish to confine myself in this article.

It is not necessary, I think, to seek in the new æsthetics corroboration of the view here expressed. On the other hand it will do no harm to make one point. In that branch of science, justly called the new æsthetics, the new science of the beautiful as exemplified in art, it is the attitude of one's spirit, "la façon dont nous envisageous l'objet pour le rendre esthétique," that to-day is emphasized. Obviously the perception of clashing lines and colours, or of any marring disharmony among members of a group of buildings, can not produce that mode of contemplating the architectural objects which renders them æsthetic.

Among the exceptions I have promised to note is the new Bible House at No. 5 East 48th Street, Mr. W. E. Anthony, architect,—a dignified and quietly beautiful decorated English-Gothic structure illustrating qualities which are the opposites of those condemned in the preceding paragraphs. It is without cornice and the prominent, lower, useless horizontal lines. The facade expresses the building's purpose adequately; and so unostentatiously that when I first caught sight of it my attention was fairly arrested. . . . Think of the errors it avoids! Think of the errors such buildings in the future can avoid.

And, as a matter of fact, I thought immediately of certain simple and common errors, locating them as follows: First, in that agreeable residence section, from 60th Street to 82nd Street. There, cornices are the arrant knaves. The facades of each house in a block of five or six looking out on Central Park is spoilt by the cornice of its neighbor. Placed together as though by accident, rather than by design, they are not really companionable. Each insists, year after year, that it has found its neighbours, from the first, not qualified for architectural good-fellowship. Thus, although each of these buildings is excellent in its own way, the impression you receive, from the friendliest study of the sky-line of the entire group, is disagreeable. Second, in the shopping and uptown financial district. heavy, double, widely-separated cornices of a new building at Fifth Avenue and 46th Street menace, as with battering-rams in a constant offensive, exposed surfaces of its neighbour at Fifth Avenue and 47th Street.



DOOK REVIEW
J. J. Lankes: Painter-Graver on
Wood, By Bolton Brown. Alfred
Fowler. Kansas City. Svo. Boards.
\$1.50.

OLD MONTREAL. Reproductions of Seventeen Etchings by Herbert Raine. John H. Thompson. Montreal. Large 4to. \$7.50.

These books are the despair of the reviewer. What is he to say save that they are, in point of content, format, reproductions and price, excellent? In point of content I am inclined to give the palm to the first, in point of format to the latter volume (Alfred Fowler should note that the place for the copyright note is on the reverse of the title page!)

Lankes' work is new to me, but I have no doubt that that is my fault. A technique such as his is not developed in a day. Especially I like his *Three Ships*, reproduced above. Mr. Bolton Brown draws attention, rightly, to the third ship where the technique is changed. Truly a tour de force. Lankes' blacks are full of colour and his spotting is admirable. In *Three Ships* the composition is simplified,

but the perfect balance was not less difficult of attainment. A composition such as the delightful *Toad* posed quite different problems. "A little classic," says Bolton Brown. I agree.

The Montreal book is a much more ambitious thing. Mr. John Lane saw it on a recent visit and was so delighted that he had a copy sent on. The illustrations are printed on vellum and mounted on hand-made paper and the result is most pleasing.

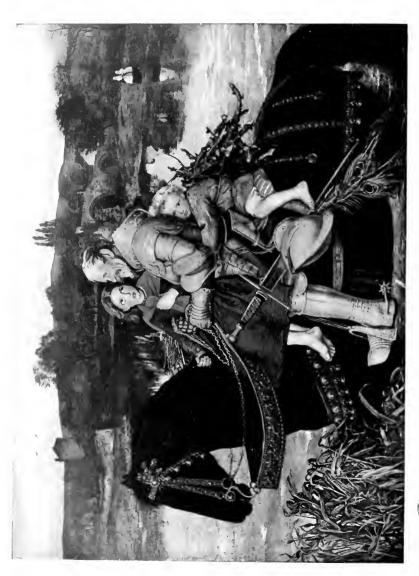
As to the etchings, Mr. Raine is a fine draughtsman and has chosen his subjects well. One thing only troubles me. There is no depth in his shadows. Light and shade are divided too often by a hard line which gives a feeling of discomfort to the eye. This hardness robs his plates of much of their charm.

Also received:

The Basque Country. Painted by Romilly Fedden. Described by Katherine Fedden. Houghton Mifflin. Illustrated. 8vo. \$6.00.
Tendencies in Modern Sculpture. By Lorado Taft. The Scannon Lectures, University of Chicago Press. 8vo. \$5.00.

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Collection Arthur B Davies



Courtes, Metropolitan Museum

# MERICAN AQUARELLISTS— HOMER TO MARIN BY HENRY TYRRELL

America has never had a "school" of water-colour comparable to that which in England, under the lead of Turner, rose to its highest in the first half of the nineteenth century. Even this was not an amalgamated body so much as a succession of small groups of individual artists who, having little in common save a progressive spirit and inspiring examples, adventured in the lighter medium as the most facile of legitimate means to freedom of expression.

Turner was, and still remains, the supreme aquarellist, to whom we must be continually harking back for precedent and comparisons. His supremacy is due not alone to his unexampled resources and achievement, but also to the fact that eventually be summarized and carried on the work of his gifted contemporaries-Sandby, Girtin, Cotman, Towne, Hearne, Rooker, Dayes, and the Frenchman, De Loutherbourg, from whom he took certain invaluable hints in style. Before Turner, water-colour was a kind of flat-tinted drawing. He left it, after half a century of intensive cultivation, the enchanted garden of modern impressionism. For impressionism and aquarelle are ever hand-in-glove. Constable, his great fellow-forerunner of the luminist vision in landscape painting, must at least have felt the soul of an aquarellist stirring within him, when he called Turner's oil paintings "large water-colours." So they are -Turner water-colours. For everything that Turner initiated and all that he acquired went in its finer essence into his aquarelles, until the rarefied presentments of Britain's downs and vales, eastles and seaports, the storied rivers of France, the Swiss lakes and Alpine passes, and Childe Harold's Italy, all flushed with an ethereal light of romantic fancy, became the ultimate expression of his genius.

In our time and clime, two men for a certainty have been great enough to "rise from colour to simlight," as Ruskin phrases it, in aquarelle. They are Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent. One is with the immortals of our native Pantheon, the other stands the acknowledged head of academic painting in England and America. Both these men, even as Turner before them, won their official primacy as painters in oil, and turned to water-colour at first as a recreation, a reserve, an expedient, anything save what finally it became for them, a premeditated medium of masterpieces. Yet the very pictures they improvised in it, con amore, now crown their fame, and set the standard in such representative gatherings as the unrivalled permanent display of water-colours at the Brooklyn Museum, and the special exhibition installed this past summer at the Metropolitan Museum.

These Homer and Sargent aquarelles, then, appear all of a sudden as independent, individual products, despite the fact that the American Water-Colour Society has been holding annual exhibitions ever since 1876, and the New York Water-Colour Club for well-nigh a generation past. These worthy institutions, indeed, have numbered among their members not only Winslow Homer himself, but a score or more of other famous Academicians, including Chase, Weir, Murphy, and Hassam. Evidently they have not made the most of their opportunities, or else they have not been taken seriously as an academy of aquarelle. To be sure, these annual exhibitions of theirs regularly put forth a few pretty. ladylike bits of genuine aquarelle, to which the official prizes may consistently be awarded. But as a rule, aquarelles deserving the name are about the hardest things to find at the water-colour shows. Everything else is there -gouache, tempera, pastel, chalk, pen-andink, colour etchings, or decorative compositions loaded with body pigment in futile endeavour to simulate effects properly belonging to oil. Think what the late F. Hopkinson Smith might have done, with his undeniable artistic impulse and his falcon eye for the picturesque, if he had been set on the right road of water-colour before he got hopelessly bogged in gonache!

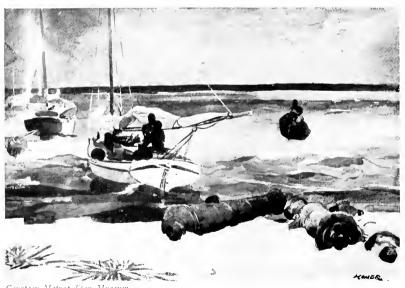
Now, it is not necessarily a crime to make "water-colour" pictures in these and other heavy-handed media, which usually earry their own penalties. It it were, Turner himself might be held up as the awful example; for he seems to have tried everything once, and

did not hesitate to resort to the most reckless expedients in an emergency. But there is this to be said: Turner did not mix his methods. Except in experiments or unfinished sketches, he painted either entirely in transparent washes or entirely in body pigment. The same is true of most of the aquarellists who really count to-day. It is true that Winslow Homer, in his early days as a Harper illustrator and war correspondent, was an entirely practical opportunist, and would fill in his outline sketches with anything that came handy, from lampblack to shoe varnish. In the present highly select water-colour exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, four of William Blake's apocalyptic Biblical illustrations, which are simply colour tinted pen-and-ink drawings, deservedly occupy a place of honour; while next to a magisterial John La Farge hangs Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Lady Lilith, in heavy impasto, a sumptuous and unsurpassable thing of its kind. When Arthur B. Davies has a rainbow fancy to express in something

different from oil, aquatint, etching or litho, he will as likely as not float a filmy, iridescent glaze over some peculiar tinted Japanese paper, glimpsing effects of mystic splendour that exceed even his paintings on canvas.

But we are talking now about aquarelle, ter se-the pure, swift, scintillant wash of disembodied water-colour, most magical and most elusive of all the media of pictorial expression on a flat surface. It is the lyric poetry of painting. In a bold artist hand, it is as the rapier replacing the broadsword.

"The perfection of water-colour," wrote Kenyon Cox—and he was writing specifically about the water-colours of Winslow Homer, from the intimate viewpoint of one artist's delight in another's mastery of the medium-"depends largely upon directness and rapidity. The material is never so beautiful as when it is washed in at once, with as little disturbance by working over as may be, the white paper everywhere clear and luminous beneath and between the washes. It is the ideal material



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

BERMUDA

WATER-COLOUR BY WINSLOW HOMER



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

TORNADO

WATER-COLOUR BY WINSLOW HOMER

for rapid sketching from nature, because the sketcher, instead of sacrificing technical beauty to directness of expression, gains greater beauty with every increase of speed. Therefore, for the fastidious in technical matters, Homer's sudden notations of things observed have an extraordinary charm, which comes of the perfect harmony between the end sought and the means employed. The more his mind is fixed upon the rendering of the impression and the less he thinks of his material, the more beautiful his material becomes. The accuracy of his observation, the rapidity of his execution, and the perfection of his technique, increase together and reach their highest value at the same moment. The one little square of paper becomes a true record of the appearance of nature,"-nature seen through a temperament, he might have added "an amazing bit of sleight-of-hand, and a piece of perfect material beauty."

Homer's water-colours represent the full maturity of his artistic and spiritual growth, belonging mostly to the period between the

early '80s, when he was in England at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and 1899, the date of the Bernauda now owned by the Metropolitan Museum. These were the years of the frequent trips to the Bahamas, of which the classic Palm Tree, Nassau, and the Tornado, with tragic portent in its wild sky and menacing dull green sea, are striking souvenirs. These two were among his curvoi, that won him the gold medal at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901. Homer having chosen to be represented on that occasion by watercolours only a full score of his finest. decade before that date he had settled at Scar-Loro, on the rock ribbed coast of Maine, where in the final period of his career he turned to contemplation of the power and majesty of the sea.

From the noble simplicity and natural grandeur of Winslow Homer to the dazzling virtuosity and cosmopolitan finesse of John Singer Sargent is a transition dramatic in its contrasts, yet of harmonious enhancement to both. It shows how one touch of aquarelle



Int. Exhibition, Chicago

SANDY WASTES WATER-COLOUR BY DODGE MCKNIGHT

makes all art kin.

The Metropolitan Museum's Sargents are the "best ten" purchased with the Pulitzer Fund a few years ago, and the artist himself helped select them. It should be remembered, however, that this selection was made some time after Sargent's reputation as an aquarellist had blazed forth from his London and New York exhibitions. Already Boston and Brooklyn each had secured a large collection on bloc. A special pilgrimage to these two museums is necessary to full comprehension as to why American aquarelle has to be discussed on a basis of comparison with Turner.

There is at least one consummately brilliant Sargent in the current Metropolitan display, and that is the open-air group of three women, one of them engaged in sketching, entitled At the Generalife—reminiscence of a visit to the Albambra, during a holiday in Spain.

It has been no secret, of course, for a score of years past, that our "modern Van Dyck," acknowledged head of contemporaneous academic portraiture, was very tired of painting princesses and presidents, enamelled Madame X.-es and magnified mural-decorative prophets of Israel. How tired he was, we know now in the joyous freshness of these water-colour records of summer vacations in Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, Spain, and the Levant. From one radiant sketch to another, we can see his growing infatuation with the free untrammeled medium, until what was taken up as a holiday plaything finally absorbs all the resources of a spontaneous and in some ways incomparable talent. The method is neither French nor English, but all original Sargent. New possibilities are added to water-colour, in this quick conjuring forth of faces, figures, objects, architecture with the patina of time

on bronze and marble, and landscapes of countryside and city, all in open air and sunlight, done in seemingly careless dashes of delicate liquid colour stain, yet with the same firm precision of brushwork that characterizes his "swagger" presentments in oil. Work like this, always an intrinsic delight, reveals the strength and adaptability of water-colour, as giving full scope to the individual artist in his best line of endeavour. At the same time it is another proof of the essential community of the art impulse in all sorts of men and means.

Something like an abrupt change of direction, if not an absolute parting of the ways, is what we come to if we quit for a moment what may be called relatively the academic order of aquarellists, as represented by Homer and Sargent, with possibly Childe Hassam and Dodge Mcknight in a secondary plane (many, including the editor, consider Mcknight the equal of Sargent), to make the acquaintance of John Marin, Charles Demuth, and a few others of ultra-modern bent. These do not date from Turner, but take a new start with Cézanne.

Marin has never affiliated with the organized bodies and constituted authorities. An Ishmaelite of art, he has held aloof from the dealers, who—until quite recently, at any rate—have equally fought shy of him. Nevertheless as a free-lance aquarellist he has gradually acquired a following, fit though still few. This has been due largely to the far-sighted mentorship of Alfred Stieglitz, who in Paris, full twenty years back, gave Marin the heroic



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

AT THE GENERALIFE WATER-COLOUR BY JOHN S. SARGENT



MOHAMED DUCALA, A MOORISH GENTLEMAN OF TODAY

WATER-COLŌUR BY CHARLES X, SARKA

counsel to abandon an already paying prospect in etching, and hitch his wagon to a star as aquarellist. Marin made his New York debut in this rôle about the time of the historic international Armory Show, in 1913, His several one-man shows, subsequently, have brought him into public notice, and into a few distinguished private collections. The conservative Landscape now at the Metropolitan, the gift of Albert Gallatin, is his first notable museum appearance. But Marin's reputation, like a suppressed desire, seems now on the point of breaking bounds, to startle the picture salons with a new vision of rarefied light and colour. Such, indeed, is the state of suspense in which post-impressionism generally seems to hang.

Whatever may happen to individuals and isms, Art is not going to turn backward, any more than does time in its flight. Cézanne may be only a signpost pointing the way to a new departure, but he points in the direction of the whole trend of modern art—towards straight-away expression of feeling in its reaction to reality. In other words, a manner or expression that is relatively disembodied, spiritualized. Here is where the subtleties of elimination, synthesis, symbolism, and sixthsense suggestion come in. It is art purified of utilitarian conventions, and so giving, as Bergson has said, "a clearer vision of reality."

With Cézanne, as with Turner, colour is the visible element in which the tentative expression of ideality is clothed. But whereas with Turner colour is mainly a means of light glorifying the surfaces of natural, literal and claborately detailed forms, Cézanne builds up elemental form itself, significant form from within, with pure colour. Not colour itself. so much as colour's ghostly essence. The inpreme demonstration of this is in his watercolours. There he could get rid of the heavy pigment which he always handled so clumsily in oil, and with faint washes of blue and green and rose and saffron make outlines and contours surrounding spaces ostensibly blank, but to the eye of imagination filled as with lovely visions of land and water, sky and rocks and trees. This is the real secret of Cezanne, which all aquarellists know, or instinctively guess. Ask Davies, or Walt Kulm, or Max

Weber, or Thomas Benton, or Walkownz, or the Zorachs, or Man Ray—to mention at random a few of the men and women working in the spell that Cézanne, Gauguin and Matisse have cast over the modern technique, especially in aquarelle.

John Marin, at his best, is on the top wave of this élan vital or évolution creatrice of impressionistic painting. His very failures (though you cannot fairly call them failures, but rather "not proven" hypothesis of the beautiful) are oftentimes the most convincing evidences of his clairvoyance as a searcher. For instance, in his recent exhibition at Daniel's, he had a dozen golden sun-disks flung into one picture-a mad attempt at registering the ecstatic suddenness of dayspring over dancing waves on the ocean's horizon verge. Of course he may not always attain his Promethean desire to steal fire from heaven, but at least he has freed himself and his medium forever from earth-bound banality. Shelley, he envisages land and seascapes with a poet's rapture, and the clear keen jovance of a meteorologist. No standardized Sunrise, Monhegan Island, or Sunset, Tyrolese Alps, for him, but rather their essential inspiration in motifs like-

"The wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist,

And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains,"

6r. perchance-

"The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray

Spangles the air with lamp-like water drops."

Doubtless it is in such semi-abstract nature evocations that we come nearest to the real Marin, though he does some other interesting things. In literal landscape, as an emotionalized architecture, he seems somehow out of his native element—like Shelley in prose and politics.

With Marin, Demuth, et al., begins a new movement in aquarelle, closely corresponding to that registered in oil painting in the work of the younger artists influenced by Cézanne and which of them is not, directly or indi-

 and which of them is not, directly or indirectly? Whatever their youthful aggressiveness, their affectations, vanities, and often

mis-directed zeal in copying mere ineptitudes, it is a reassuring sign that, on the whole, they come through it so well. Many of them develop under the aegis of the Academy itself. Despite occasional extremists, it stands to reason that there can be nothing fundamentally opposed, as between modern and academic. Often the contradictions are merely a confusion of terms, in the adjustment of progress to traditions. Even "cubism," in its literal meaning, is nothing but the harmless necessary third dimension, which is one-half of all painting, and the whole of sculpture.

Max Weber, a pioneer American pupil of Matisse and modernism in Paris, has gone far in precept and example to demonstrate in aquarelle and other media the "colour geometry" of Cézanne. His own work is surcharged with expression, often of the most complex and occult kind, though it seems to

lack direction. However, he has a crowd of enthusiastic disciples in his colour classes at the Art Students' League, and perhaps that is direction enough.

Childe Hassam, who is our foremost impressionist both in priority of time and in many-sided achievement, must be counted among our principal aquarellists. His water-colours are an important part of the sum total of his production, and he is fairly well represented by the Street in Old Portsmouth, in the present Metropolitan assemblage. At the same time there is nothing absolutely vocational or compelling about his handling of aquarelle. In fact, the peculiar shredded manner of applying broken colour which is his own version of pointillism in simulating vibration of sunlight, is on the whole better suited to his customary oil medium.

Hayley Lever is distinctly among those



Courtesy Daniel Gallery

BOAT AT DOCK WATER-COLOUR BY HAYLEY LEVER



Courtesy Daniel Gallery

who must be reckoned with as progressives in the lighter medium. He is an eager innovator, and his aquarelle no less than his oil painting gains in stirring vitality with each successive season.

Charles N. Sarka, who is an American of Bohemian (Czech) extraction, presents the paradox of a popular commercial illustrator who has developed a Fortuny-like brilliancy in figure work, and an exotic colourist whose flair for subject and locale have led him as far afield as Morocco and Egypt on the one hand, the Caribbean and the South Sea on the other.

The list, indefinitely long, must necessarily include Mary Rogers, whom Robert Henri has already characterized in the May International Studio as an aquarellist who ap-

proached nature with a purely spiritualized vision, in "a technique evoked in every instance by the spirit of the things she wished to express."

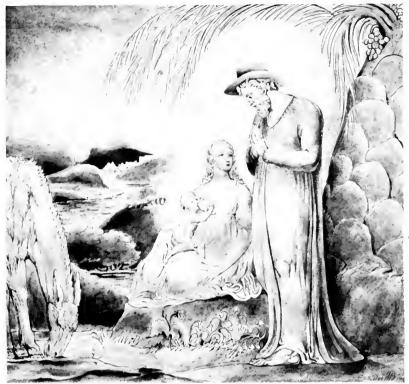
One more point, perhaps the most significant of all. Aquarelle is the medium nearest akin to true mural painting, the swift and fluent colour stain of fresco buono on wet plaster. The muralists must necessarily be the real painter men of the immediate future, as they were in the great days of the Renaissance. Oil is an accident, in so far as architecture is concerned. And it is architecture, mother of all the plastic arts, that now in twentieth century America is calling her own back to the epic business of building for the New World.



Courtesy Daniel Gallery

MAINE COAST

#### A Note on Four Water Colours



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum THE FLIGHT

INTO EGYPT

WATER-COLOUR BY WILLIAM BLAKE

NOTE ON FOUR WATER-COLOURS BY WILLIAM BLAKE

THE four Blake water-colour drawings reproduced in this issue are from a small but very choice exhibition recently on view at the Metropolitan Museum.

It is improbable that Blake considered watercolour as an end in itself. He used the watercolour drawing as a preliminary sketch for his coloured engravings. If these were so in tended they disprove entirely the general belief that Blake was a rapid and careless worker, so rapt in his vision that the expression was a matter of chance. There were two Blakes There was Blake the visionary, rapt if you like. But there was also Blake the craftsman, Blake the craftsman turned the fiery dreamer out of doors.

Only one of the drawings is dated, The Flight into Egypt, which bears the date 1806. Probably the others are slightly earlier. She Shall Be Called Woman was one of Mr. Butt's collection, if I am not mistaken. But it is unlikely that any of the drawings were made earlier than 1705, the year that saw the appearance of the astounding Urizen and the enlimination of the "Prophetic" period. They belong therefore to the quiet years that followed the most violent outburst of Blake's anystic fervour before the fires burst forth again in the final apotheosis of the Job.

#### Architecture: Suggestions and Second Thoughts



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS

WATER-COLOUR BY
WILLIAM BLAKE

RCHITECTURE: SUGGESTIONS AND SECOND THOUGHTS BY MARRION WILCOX M. LE CORBUSIER-SAUGHER, in the leading article of the eighth number of L'Esprit Nouveau, suggests that architecture is original. The constructors of the great steam-packets bring into being, and then cast upon the waters, palaces that dwarf cathedrals,

he says; and, pointing at a very small section of the tiers of cabins and promenade decks on the Aquitania, he admonishes: A villa on the dunes of Normandy, conceived like that, would be more useful than the so-called Norman roofs. He shows a photograph of a much larger, midship section of the steam-packet France, and with that he conjures. Swiftly, then imagination may create buildings of new streets, entire streets and avenues, in fancy

fairly organized as manifestations of architectural harmony, of beauty that is calm though full of energy, full of power,—all with no other model than the throbbing midship section of this liner. And he thinks that precisely those who are most truly versed in the art of building will gain, through adaptations of steamship architecture, fullest emancipation from "cursed age-long servitude" to the old architectural orders or styles.

Surely a tonic suggestion, an ocean-going idea, appealing especially to the architects of such a seaside town as New York, where a number of the conspicuous new edifices in the busiest thoroughfares might almost be called lighthouses, and the loftiest tower actually has begun, I noticed last night, to show a brilliant red beacon at its top.

Beginning, therefore, under such leadership, to resemble lighthouses? . . . Not just that . . . The resemblance I have in mind is less obvious. I say that some of the New York towers might almost be called lighthouses because, architecturally, they might almost seem to be the progeny of that seventh wonder of the ancient world, the Pharos, a huge lighthouse which was built by Sostratus of Cnidus about 280 B. C. at Alexandria, seaport and, under the Ptolemies and Romans, capital of Egypt. Merely to think of the towers in this way is enough to quicken the sub-conscious group of forms from which fresh designs may be drawn. And if any one pretends that a tower built in the third century, B. C., could not have resembled-startlingly, too,-our typically "innovating" structures, and really could not deserve to be called their ancestor or prototype, tell him this:

The first stage of the Pharos above a truly vast foundation was a massive rectangular storage- and office-building. The stage above that, an octagonal thrust, appears to have been the original studio- and office-tower. The highest, circular stage, containing lanterns, fireplaces, and the signalling mirror, upheld on its columns a dome, like that of the tower at Twenty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue. Upon the dome there stood, probably, a bronze Neptune, only a little less out of place than the figure on the Madison Square Garden tower. At the summit of each stage there was

a broad terrace, like that of the new structure at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue.

PAUL GAUGUIN, HIS LIFE AND ART.
By John Gould Fletcher. Nicholas
L. Brown, Illustrated, 12mo, \$2.00

John Gould Fletcher's life of Gauguin is of great interest for two reasons. First, because the amazing subject of the book is rapidly taking rank as one of the greatest of modern French painters, and secondly because it is one of the very few prose writings of a very considerable American poet.

So much has been written about Gauguin of late that a new book will be subjected to careful scrutiny, before it is allowed to stand. But I have no doubt whatever that Fletcher's life will rank as the standard life of Gauguin in English for many years to come. This with no disrespect to Charles Morice and his other biographers. From them Fletcher takes the facts of Gauguin's life and without them doubtless the book could not have been written. But it has so far been left to John Gould Fletcher to marshall those facts and present Paul Gauguin simply and clearly in relation to his work, the work of other painters and the France of his time. And the result may well be called a masterpiece of critical biography.

The very first chipater of the book is significant. It plunges us right into the heart of Parisian France, the France of '48. In the heat of the revolution between the attempted storm of the National Assembly in May and the final outburst at the barricades in June, Paul Gauguin was born. Thus having harnessed his horses at the outset Fletcher drives them triumphantly on to the final tragedy which took place on the third of May, 1913, in the Marquesas Islands. But Fletcher is still not satisfied. The poet in him will not ring the curtain down on a death. In two short chapters like Fortinbras over Hamlet's corpse he summarizes all that has gone before, traverses three centuries at a leap and in two ringing sentences projects the work into the future.

Truly a great achievement, and one which encourages us to hope that Eletcher will in inture keep both his horses well exercised.



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum







# INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO

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#### Molly-coddling the Art Student

T is said that popular interest in the French Exhibition at the Metropolitan has increased greatly since the circulation of the now notorious "protest." We will hope that the public was not disappointed. Personally when I feel more than usually wicked I go elsewhere for the gratification of my vices.

The "protest" itself is unworthy of notice. But an eminent black-and-white artist, while holding no brief for the "supporters of the Museum" who signed the "protest," has nevertheless told us that the exhibition is "positively dangerous to the teaching of art in America" and that a museum which shows the post-impressionists and cannot find room for a loan exhibition of Sargents is "not worthy of receiving public money." This is indeed speaking plainly. Perhaps it had not occurred to many of us to consider John Singer Sargent a neglected genius. Some eight of his largest canvases are on permanent exhibition at the Metropolitan, hardly an important exhibition but contains two or more of his portraits, and Messrs, Knoedler do not allow us to forget for long that the Dean of Academic Portraiture is "still going strong." Speaking seriously then a loan exhibition does not appear to be a pressing need.

And now as to the first count in the indictment. What is this "degenerate" art that it is dangerous for the American student to see? Cezanne is mentioned. The Hermit of Aix degenerate? Surely the gods are laughing. A man, inclined to be a little dull, with none of the facility of the Beaux Arts or National Academy students, shuts himself off from the world and in seclusion wrestles with himself and with his medium, utterly determined that he will learn to paint, with no hope of glory and no fear of obscurity. The more he learns, the more his desire for knowledge increases. A hundred times in his life he can call a halt, technique mastered. But discovery leads only to fresh searching. Yet the work of this man, his struggles, searchings and discoveries are "dangerous" to the student.

Another man, a mystic, preacher to peasants and miners, burning with a white-hot fire, his eyes dazzled with the glory of God, in the few short years before the fire burned up body and mind achieves work of a spiritual intensity unknown in art since William Blake. He is degenerate and the American student must be shielded from his contaminating influence. A museum which shows him is not worthy to receive public money.

Another—but why continue? Heaven knows we do not desire the second-hand, be the model Cézanne, van Gogh or the great Whistler himself. But a little of the stubborn wrestling spirit of Cézanne, the mystic fervour of van Gogh, were no loss to American art.

# A Brief Survey of the Decorative Arts in America

ABRIEF SURVEY OF THE DECORATIVE ARTS IN AMERICA BY HANNA TACHAU

[The purpose of this article, the remainder of which will appear in the next issue, is to give the reader a broad outline of what is being done at the present moment in America in the field of decorative art. Of necessity, much is omitted, both for reasons of space and because one person cannot possibly possess intinate knowledge of a country so vast as ours. This is merely a beginning, a mapping out, as it were, of the territory to be explored.

It is much to be regretted that there is no permanent building where the work of craftsmen and manufacturers in all branches of decorative art may be seen. At the present moment the work of all ages, periods and styles may readily be studied except only that of the twentieth century. As a consequence we find that while many are fair judges of a picture or a statue, few can appreciate the merits of a chair or a house. The need is for a museum of practical art, where works by the finest designers and manufacturers are on permanent exhibition. Failing this I hope that manufacturers and designers will be their own showmen and that should Miss Tachau have omitted to mention their activities, they will extend to her an invitation to view their works on our behalf-Editor.

To speak of the art of a nation is to estimate the reaches of its soul, for if art is not of the spirit, it has no hope of an afterlife. Is its spirit dead here in America, and is it awaiting its resurrection day? This much we know. All art that is permanent and vital must be born of the needs of a people. So it was in the beginning, when the primitives created so freely and spontaneously the things that were inherent in them-and so it must be with us, to-day. We must determine, from all the accumulated art that past civilizations have handed down, the things that are essential, that rightfully fit and belong to us, and then learn how to fashion and use them. And when we have translated these useful things into forms of beauty, a national art will spring into flower.

We believe that it is already in the budding, and that eventually it will become significantly American, for if we can follow with confidence past precepts in art development, we know that though each nation has borrowed and adapted and copied one from the other. there always formulates in each something that is characteristically its own. Style takes on a new meaning and purpose as it is affected by native materials and climate, and is transformed when made to reflect a nation's intrinsic qualities. But it will naturally follow, that as the world becomes more and more international, as countries and continents are brought into closer relation, both physically and spiritually, that these national designations will become less marked.

Our own art will never be able to declare itself with the simplicity and naïveté of those early isolated peoples, because our senses have been warped and made self-conscious by centuries of sophistication. It can never be wholly independent, for, of necessity, it springs from old traditions, old standards and ancient heritages, but it can be vital and strong and expressive, for of such qualities are our people made. Never before in all time has a country been so diverse as ours, composed of so many different races, each with its own traditions. And its vastness includes a climate that varies from the austerity of the north to the blandishments of the south. All this is stamping its imprint on our art.

The first of all the arts to emerge and give itself to the service of the church and civic life, is architecture. The old-time glamour and splendour that surrounded the church has vanished, and with it has gone the fervour, the ecstasy of æsthetic expression, which animated the great master works of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. But civic life remains, and through it America is finding the source of inspiration for her architecture and decorative arts.

Unlike the English, we did not at first strongly possess the home-making feeling—indeed it is only now becoming a vital part of our lives,—for in the early days, this great nation was a land of unprobed mystery—a place to be traversed, explored. It held out

#### A Brief Survey of the Decorative Arts in America

dazzling possibilities to the adventurous and golden promises to the covetous. The first settlers, restrained from scattering too far afield by the Red Man, settled of necessity in groups, and as is inevitable, real architecture began to develop. So came into being our beautiful American Colonial! It was richly reminiscent of European types—and why not? Those first comers still held dear memories of the things they left behind. They even brought with them materials, implements, fabrics with which to inaugurate their new homes, and the knowledge of how to use them. And so we have perpetuated here the different variations of the Colonial, whichever was most vivid in the minds of those who built.

In New England the Adam Colonial, in Pennsylvania the Dutch Colonial, and in the old plantation houses of the South pure examples of the Classic. All these early houses bring memories of their older prototypes and vet retain a character all their own, that is born of the climate, local materials and the cruder craftsmanship of rapid construction. The early shipbuilders turned housebuilders and carpenters, and in their leisure hours made furniture, and ornamented and carved the woodwork of their homes. Their wives adapted old patterns and fashioned charming designs of their own in weaving and embroideries, and silversmiths and metal workers enunciated their own conception of what their craits implied. And so architecture and all the associated arts took life from the spirit of the day.

But the western frontier beckoned, and many who had built their homesteads left them, lured by the fever of exploration. The further west they went, the fainter grew their memories of æsthetic beauty. There was neither time nor desire for permanent homebuilding. Architecture and craftsmanship became lost arts. And then after fortunes were made, and ambitions satisfied, we fell further from grace. Undreamed of wealth and prosperity brought with them a taste hopelessly elaborate, and houses sprung up that had no meaning, save to proclaim a bewildered taste, and the things in them were ingenuously ugly. The time was ripe for foreign influence and it came with overwhelming force when the tide of American travel revealed the haunting marvels of European art. We were not only overwhelmed by all the grandeur and splendour of the past, that was in such sore contrast with our own crudities, but our imaginations were stirred by the glamour.

Why could not we also possess the magnificence of stately palaces and picturesque buildings with their fine trappings? It did not even dimly occur to us then, that we might possess and encourage an art of our own, that the time would come when we would demand our own type of architecture, our own handicrafts and that the new spirit of democracy might be interpreted through our painting and sculpture. We went to Europe to buy it, but these borrowed reproductions have never really belonged to us. They have never quite fitted in with the American environment, nor suited our way of living. But they have brought home to us some of the beauty of the old world -they have enriched our lives with glimpses of the glories of the past, and have given opportunities for study, of understanding and appreciation, to those who have never been able to go beyond the limits of our own shores. They are the fountain-head of inspiration from which all that we hope for in our art of the future emanates.

Our museums, our private collections, our individual homes became veritable treasure-houses for beautiful things accumulated abroad, but we were still young in our knowledge of art. We had not the background, nor were we sufficiently familiar with the art of the past to bring it into real relationship with the life of the present. The art of decoration, which includes this vision of the past and a sympathetic understanding of present-day life with all its richness of imagination and judgment in selection, was practically non-existent in this country thirty-five to forty years ago.

It was just at this time that Stanford White began his work. Richardson and a score of other men had previously contributed their rich share to the architectural development of the country, but Stanford White's remarkable sense of values, his knowledge of form, relief, texture and colour, brought about a tremendous change in our conception of the real meaning of decoration. His influence was

#### A Brief Survey of the Decorative Arts in America

most potent in forcing a more general acceptance of sound principles upon which we were to build, and he realized the possibilities of utilizing to the fullest the rich heritage of art that the past had bequeathed us, and yet avoided the dangers that lay in too great an excess of available material. His instinct for selection was impeccable, and he executed his art with an inspiring freedom that found a response in our quickened æsthetic awakening. Under his spell, craftsmen put forth their best efforts-not to accentuate the importance of their particular medium, but with something of the spirit of old, to make of the finished whole a memorable production. Mr. White served his high purpose at the right time, but we could not forever go on importing fragments of palaces or beautiful bits of foreign art. He taught us their value, but we must needs learn to speak a language of our own.

We are forever being accused, and indeed are ever accusing ourselves, of becoming stultified by the deadening influence of commercialism-from which there can be no hope of an art emergence. And yet a purely commercial impulse has brought forth our most characteristically American art product-the skyscraper. It evolved really from so utilitarian a motif as the elevator, and from so lowly an origin has mounted on pinions of beautiful fantasy into aërial castles, ever aspiring, ever ascending. Never have sky lines been more interestingly marked as by its silhouettes, and never has an architectural problem been solved more logically, consistently and explicitly. Much of the business of the nation is being transacted in banking houses, distinctly American in conception, that fulfil perfectly their mission, yet so charming are they in design and so delightful in line and ornament, that they make one pause for a moment of pure joy in the midst of the day's occupation. And so, though we are still intent on achieving through financial and economic channels what is perhaps a premature growth, signs of art awakening are being felt in spite of these adverse influences.

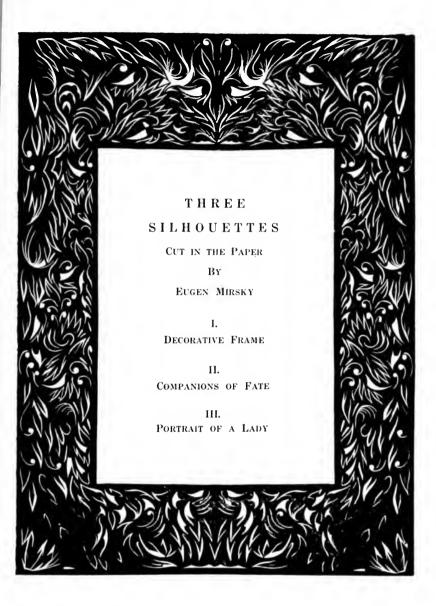
Our wealth is making it possible for us to gather together great and offines curious collections. Art is being taught everywhere in colleges and schools. Its interest and study are being stimulated and encouraged by manufacturers, and facilitated by museums and various art organizations, and never were there more exhibitions, more art dealers, more art patrons.

The home-making spirit has also at last awakened, and architects are studying our own landscape with a view to building houses from materials that fit that landscape, and of creating homes that are entirely compatible with our mode of living. The decorative arts are being transferred from the hands of artisans and commercial exploiters to those of the artist and serious-minded craftsman. Craftsmanship is beginning to be recognized as a fine art, and is finding its true place by the side of painting and sculpture.

The business of the craftsman does not merely concern itself with the enrichment of the walls and ceilings of buildings by colour, modelling, texture and design, but it includes every feature and object that enters into the decoration of houses and public buildings. These decorative elements should form an integral part of the main æsthetic purpose of a building, as in the days when the architect and craftsman were in intention one. They should, in closest relationship, develop with the growth of architecture. But are they tending in that direction? The war was our great censor. We looked to our home productions and found that the foreign stamp was still the hall-mark of beauty for us. The term "imported" on fabrics, wall papers, embroideries, stuffs, was the pass-word of good form. Most of our craftsmen were educated abroad. But the war has opened our eyes, and things are looking up. It focussed attention on our needs. We are answering the call for domestic production and domestic consumption, and we find that here in America there is a group of men and women, serious-minded and determined, who are dedicating their lives to the making of beautiful things, and are demonstrating that there is a splendid beginning here of an independent art which may gradually develop into an individual, national expression.

Influences there will always be, but this will be no loss but rather a gain, so long as the craftsman attacks his problem according to his own needs; according to the particular demands of his environment.

(To be continued in next issue)









Courtes Daniel Gallery

#### The Elegance of Marsden Hartley--Craftsman

HE ELEGANCE OF MARSDEN
HARTLEY—CRAFTSMAN
BY HERBERT J. SELIGMANN
ONE may agree or not with Mr.
Picabia who asserted some years ago that
modern painting was the purest expression of
its time—and yet hesitate to commend a
painter to posterity. For this generation in

however. America. Marsden Hartley is a personality thrown sharp relief against our confusions. Stamped indelibly and unmistakably with the something that people profess to recognize as New England, he dared a gesture. Dared is perhaps an overemphatic word. Hartley found himself forced into a style. That of itself perhaps explains his fail-



NEW MEXICO

ure to meet the test imposed by commercial America upon works of the spirit: neither his painting nor his writing could be make "pay." But one resource left to poverty is elegance. This Hartley has chosen, developed, made expressively his own. If, of his paintings or pastels, however incomplete any one might be. there could always be expected a sensitized and expert touch, one might equally surely expect of his essays cultivated preferences, idioms of distinction. That his work met with little or no material reward has its explanation; not least among the tyrannies which American freedom breeds is the prohibition against taking the pains our school readers assure us are the essentials of genius.

Against this imperative, Hartley insisted on his preferences. They ran to vandeville, to the expressive and rhythmic pageantry of the red man in the southwest, to equestrianism, to painting, the dada movement and literature. From the point of view of many an American, Hartley is a phenomenon of extravagant uselessness for the very reason that his tastes are not merely diverse but cultivated.

As a painter his name has been juxtaposed at various times with Ryder's. Actually they were less akin in spirit than in circumstance. Hartley's temper is not that of the literary mystic as was the older man's, he was and is more joyously responsive to objects that delight the senses. This character Hartley him-

self recognized in an introduction he wrote for an exhibition in Mr Alfred "291" Stieglitz's rooms in April-May of 1916, "The forms are only those which I have observed from day to day," he wrote of his paintings, "There is no hidden symbolism whatever in them: there is no slight intention of anywhere. Things under observation, just pictures

of any day, any hour. I have expressed only what I have seen. They are merely consultations of the eye—in no sense problems: my notion of the purely pictorial."

MARSDEN

HARTLEY

New England perhaps, commercial America certainly, contrived to despoil him of his birthright. It is when flartley as painter seeks refuge in a sort of literary portrayal of disillusion and greyness that his kinship with Ryder is held to be obvious.

Hartley's dissimilarity to Ryder, his peculiar New England quality--that burns its way out of its own volcanic hotness through the rind imposed by his environment—was displayed in an exhibition of his paintings, held in May, 1921, at the Anderson Galleries, New York Many who saw it found the room "hot." It was, for one, crowded. And the fervour of much of the work found emphasis in its lack of final completion. Only one or two of the canvases shown were fully achieved. So in veterate a seeker and experimenter had Hartley been, that he had not even fully explored those idioms of painting which gave most

#### The Elegance of Marsden Hartley-Craftsman



Collection Paul Rosenfeld

DESERTED FARM

promise of large achievement. That is as true of the work not shown at the Anderson Galleries as of the paintings there exhibited. Where, as especially in the late New Mexico pastels, Hartley's hand could gallop over the paper, fixing a light fineness of atmosphere and depth of colour, he was complete. Those pastels, the finest of them, have the satisfying quality of joyous impromptus, or of intimate revery given letter-fashion to an understanding friend. There is besides a mastery of pastel which exacts appreciative regard. In the latest painting, however, just before he was to shake the dust of New York from him. Hartley's old incompleteness is again manifest. Here, one is about to exclaim, Hartley has it-finally. An amazing still life-of lilies in a decorated vase, against curtains framing a window-or other warm blossoms and fruits: Hartley would seem to have found the planes of colour that make his translation of what he had seen vibrant—and then one discovers the canvas is unfinished.

Yet, at the Anderson Galleries there was, plainly, the effluvium of a joyous spirit that had been put to the slow fire of neglect. To realize it one had but to meet the man with his long and deeply lined face, a man who had found the gesture of habiliment and wit in lieu of the simpler exultance given utterance in his earlier paintings. Those Maine landscapes, with their decorative exuberance, their rivulets of bright paint and pure colour, had given way to more sombre records. At that exhibition there was only one painting in the manner of Ryder: representing a broken and withered birch tree on a sort of blasted heath. But even the Berlin paintings, called "pre-war pageants," told a tale of the onset of disillusion. Luscious as was

Hartley's sense of paint as expressive material, easy and balanced as his juxtaposition of pure white, yellow and bright red on black, one felt the expatriate in the very pageantry he chose to represent. Bright, masterful in their brush texture as were the military colour arrangements, which one person suggested ironically might be hung in an arsenal, they spoke of an eve set too free to roam because of a spirit that had no resting place. Finally, almost in a manner of tragedy, certainly of austerity, possibly not untinged with resentment, Hartley represented in pastel and paint the deserts of New Mexico. Here again, with one or two glowing exceptions, parts of canvases were singing, one felt, other portions were merely competent painting. It was characteristic of this later period that in painting a figurine, the Virgin of Guadeloupe, sur-

MARSDEN HARTLEY

# The Elegance of Marsden Hartley-Craftsman

rounded by oblations of fruit, Hartley should have approached an ancient and naive faith with his own painter's faith apparently not untroubled.

The exhibition seemed finally to show Hartley beckoned back to his own New England. It claimed him in the "Atlantic Window in the New England Character," and in the meticulous and jewel-like decorative renderings of fruit and flowers painted luminously in a setting of black, on glass.

With the so desirable freedom which became Hartley's, through this exhibition of his paintings and the auction that ensued, came also an end of certain of his painter phases. This was not all, however. The auction, although it took the form of a belated public acknowledgment of Hartley's achievement in colour, also revealed him to the public as one devoted to his craft. The small sum he had set himself to obtain in exchange for all

of his work, although it was exceeded in the event, demonstrated that he was ready to sacrifice very nearly all else for opportunity to work. It was a by-product, perhaps, that Hartley became a sort of protagonist of other young American painters who hoped that they might find similar contact in the auction rooms, with their public. For these artists, workmanship had been vindicated there. It was the most important phase of Hartley that emerged: the worker. This aspect his gesture had carefully guarded and was designed to conceal. The society in which he moved did not sufficiently respect the workman. But his workmanship made possible the enthusiasm which gathered head about the exhibition and the sale of his paintings. In a sense the success of the event was due to the heroic labours of Alfred Stieglitz. It had become necessary



Courtesy Daniel Gallery

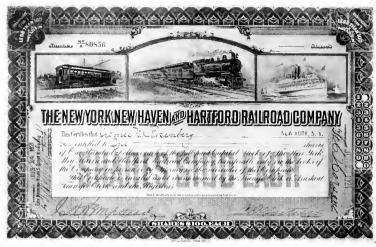
WHITE VASE MARSDEN

to bring artist and public together in order to free both of the art dealer's ineptitude. Stieglitz undertook every detail of arrangement and organization. He enlisted the interest and co-operation of numbers of persons. But there was something there to work for and about. Obstreperous, dejected, attitudinous, New Englander, but keen and avid for the fine touch, Marsden Hartley, at the centre of effort, was, for all society's attempt to make him something else, a craftsman and a worker.

[For lack of space not all of Hartley's "periods" are represented in the illustrations, but rather the emphasis is laid on his later work. An historical survey would take us through the "Maine" or impressionistic period (1908), when Hartley gave rein to his beautiful sense of colour, through his "prewar pageant," or cubistic phase (1912), past the Céranne influence, evidenced in still-life, to the pastel phase, with which the presentation begins.

—Entrop. 1

#### In the Suit of Etchings vs. Engravings



Collection James N. Kosenvery

A FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND ENGRAVING ARTIST UNKNOWN (XIXTH CENTURY AM.)

#### X THE SUIT OF ETCHINGS vs. ENGRAVINGS BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG

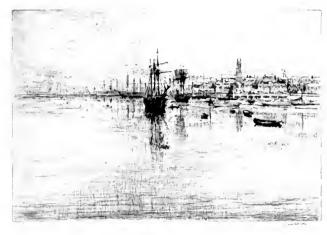
Looking over the stock market reports at the close of business yesterday, to wit, June 20, 1921, when the bears had a Roman holiday, I feel warranted in suggesting that American investors occupy their minds too much with engravings and not enough with etchings. I say this because to-day I bought an engraving which is reproduced in this number of The International Studio, and for which I paid \$16.15. This engraving has been on the market for a good many years. It has been a favourite engraving among the art-loving investors of New England, and copies of this engraving (it is not a limited edition) are owned by many widows and orphans in New England. In 1902 these engravings sold for \$255.

Etchings, per contra, are in rather marked contrast to the dispiriting story I have just

told. For example: Whistler's Weary sold at the Burritt Sale, March 25-26, 1903, for \$330. At the last sale at auction (the Jones sale at the Anderson Galleries) this print sold for \$2,450. But we need not confine ourselves to the spectacular case of Whistler. An etching by McBey, reproduced in this number of The International Studio, was brought out by Colnaghi in 1913, for £5.5, or \$26. It sold at the Jones sale on March 29, 1921, for \$485, and mark you, the Jones sale was held when leather, steel, cotton, sugar, coffee, stocks, bonds, shoes, ships and sealing wax were flat on their backs in a period of utter deflation.

This is not an article about art. It is an investor's guide. It is meant to point out (through a rather extreme case, I admit) that intelligent investments in etchings and lithographs deserve almost as much consideration as stock market speculations. Also, let it be remembered, the Whistler, the McBey, the Zorn, the Webster, the Davies, hanging on the

#### In the Suit of Etchings vs. Engravings



Courtesy Anderson Gallery

PENZANCE (1913)

FROM THE ETCHING
BY JAMES MCBEY

wall, yield constant dividends in pleasureday, the New York Times carried the follow-while the stocks and bonds lie hidden away ining headline on its first page: "Mutual Life an airless safe deposit yault.

Lost Nearly \$11,000,000 by Stock Shrinkage."

I wrote the foregoing on June 21st. IDo etchings shrink like that? looked it over on June 24th. On the latter Verbum sap.

#### A SUMMARY OF THE EVIDENCE

	11 30	MAINIA OI	TILL D	111/12/12	
Whistler	$II^*eary$	Burrit Sale March 25-26, 1903		Jones Sale March 28-9, 1921	\$2,450.00
Zoru	Zorn and Wife	Carter Sale Feb. 23-25, 1905	885.(x)	Jones Sale March 28-9, 1921	\$2,100,00
Zorn	Renan	Carter Sale Feb. 23-25, 1905	\$75,00	Jones Sale March 28-9, 1921	\$1,660,000
МсВеу	Penzance	Published 1913	\$26,00	Jones Sale March 28/9, 1921	\$485,00
Cameron	Head of Joannis Parius	Published 1900	\$24,00	Jenkins, Sale April 7, 1920	S(RH),(H)



NFLUENCE OF ENGLISH COLLEGIATE ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES BY GEORGE E. NITZSCHE, Recorder

of the University of Pennsylvania. DURING the past hundred and seventyfive years the University of Pennsylvania has gone through many vicissitudes. The present group of university buildings has been described by Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, an eminent art critic, as the most beautiful in America. To the casual observer, conversant with architectural style, a very interesting study is here presented, especially to English students, since most of the buildings have been designed in accordance with the English classical traditions. The architectural details of the buildings were undoubtedly inspired by the English collegiate architecture of the Tudor and Elizabethan periods.

So successfully has this style of architecture been adapted to the University of Pennsylvania group of buildings that its influence is being felt in many of our modern American universities and colleges, which have adopted a similar style, and which is now frequently referred to as "Pennsylvanian," having been conceived about twenty-five years ago by the late Walter Cope, an alumnus, whose life's work was always to achieve the beautiful.

Although only ten minutes distant from the centre of Philadelphia, a metropolis of almost two millions, there is a quiet charm and academic atmosphere hovering over the campus which seldom comes except with age. Possibly much credit is also due to the landscape gardener, since its wonderful lawns, its heavily shaded walks winding about flower gardens. fily and lotus ponds, its impressive terraces and galleries, give the campus a most restful prospect. Its ivv-covered buildings, partly concealed behind artistically arranged banks of shrubbery and flowering bushes, are most effective and have attracted many American artists to sketch glimpses of the campus, fascinating doorways, graceful arches, terraces, and charming nooks and corners.

While many such sketches have been made and published by various American artists, Eugene Castello has probably done more with his pencil and brush to perpetuate and spread the classic beauty of these buildings than any other artist. In recent years his sketches of the campus have received awards in exhibitions in all parts of the world. A few of these sketches are here reproduced. These will illustrate the beauty and merit of the artist's work, as well as the charm of the University's group of modern buildings. One of the most notable examples is the Dormitory group of thirty houses, which, with their deeply shadowed doorways, and the spacious courtvards which they enclose, strongly suggest Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, while the carved bosses along the main cornices are reminiscent of the Gothic period. Everywhere there is an abundance of colour, light and shade. The beautiful and quaint entrance to the Mask and Wig House in the Dormitory group is a good example, as are also the ivy mantled tower of the class of '95 and the graceful Provosts' Tower, springing from the corner of the "Big Quad." The side of Houston Hall facing the campus presents a picture that might well recall the time of Elizabeth, the setting of the house in emerald lawns with its rows of well trimmed hedges giving to the composition quite a Tudoresque feeling. slightly tapering square towers of the Gymnasium have a charm that is unmistakable, the warm brick of the walls, weather-stained here and there, and crenellated parapet, and the boldly projecting oriel windows on the front of the building carry the eve down to the long flight of stone steps leading to the deeply recessed oaken doors.

The most unique architectural monument on the campus of the University, and possibly the most striking in America, is the Museum building and tower. This building, when finished, will be one of the most remarkable and largest structures of its kind in the world, only one-seventh of the group as contemplated being now in existence. The treatment of this building with its courtyard and Italian gardens is inspired by the round arched brick architecture of Northern Italy of about the twelfth century. In some respects the architectural details, especially of the dome, resemble those of the old church of San Stefano in Bologna.

BOOK REVIEWS

RUTH ST. DENIS: PIONFER AND
PROPHET. Being a history of her
cycle of oriental dances. By Ted
Shawn. Decorations by W. F.
Rauschnabel. John Howell, San Francisco.
Large 4to. \$40.00.

This is in many respects one of the most beautiful books that I have seen for a long time. Certainly so far as printing is concerned it could hardly be bettered. Mr. Howell is to be congratulated, too, on the decorations by Rauschnabel which print excellently on the hand-made paper.

Mr. Shawn disclaims at once all intention of writing the life of Miss St. Denis. He tells merely, in as straight forward a manner as may be, the story of her early struggles, of the many attempts to interest managers in her art and of her final triumphant success with Radha, which took her half across the world and made her name as a great dancer. He then sets out to describe, partly in his own words, partly in the words of other admirers, the dances which Ruth St. Denis created. He concludes with an account of the Denishawn School.

But that does not close the book. The most interesting part is yet to come. An Essay on the Future of the Dance by Ruth St. Denis. This is only in part an essay. It is much more. It is a beautiful and impassioned plea for the art of the dance. I cannot forbear to quote her closing sentence. She speaks of the neglect which all artists suffer and contrasts the poet and musician with the actor, singer and dancer.

"It is, indeed, no easier for such artists to endure neglect or hostility than for us of the stage, but there is this great difference; they have this satisfaction and hope; that while they may pass, their work remains; but for the appreciation of these which I call the personal arts—singing, dancing, and acting—we cannot wait, for our instruments are our very selves, and as interpreters, when we go, our works go with us."

Noteworthy among the illustrations, which are unfortunately not up to the level of the rest of the book, are the portrait of Ruth St. Denis by Max Wieczorek, reproduced in

The International Studio for July, 1920, The Peacock Dance by Robert Henri, and Maxwell Armfield's setting for the Mosaic throne room scene from Theodora, Empress of Byzantium. It is a pity that some of the original stage and costume designs were not used. A photograph, however good, is not adapted to the dancer's art.

THE BOOKPLATE ANNUAL FOR 1921. Edited and published by Alfred Fowler, Kansas City. Large 4to. \$5.60.

THE BOOKPLATE BOOKLET, September, 1921. Edited by Alfred Fowler. American Bookplate Society, Kansas City, 8vo. 50c.

These two publications bear the same imprint as the Lankes book which I praised in the August issue. Both are well printed and tastefully gotten up, even if Mr. Fowler errs in the size of his margins, his illustrations tending to be lost in the white surrounding them. This is a good fault and liable to be corrected for economic if not for æsthetic reasons.

The contents of the first include an article on The Bookplates of Frank Brangwyn by Haldane Macfall, and many plates from the Sixth Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Bookplates. The latter is almost entirely devoted to the bookplates of Ludwig Sandöe Ipsen, the father of Mr. Ernest Ipsen, who contributes a portrait. The bookplates reproduced, beautiful in their studied formality, make me keen to see the edition of Sonnets from the Portuguese which this artist decorated.

THE PRINT CONNOISSEUR, Vol. I. Nos. 1-4, October, 1920-June, 1921. Published quarterly by Winfred Porter Truesdell, New York. 401 pp. \$5,00 per annum.

Everyone who cares for prints, and beyond that for good book-making, will be glad to hear that *The Print Connoisseur* has completed its first volume, and proposes to continue. Really Mr. Truesdell has started off in splendid fashion. With the second issue he wisely increased his page and substituted a rich dull coated for his glossy. The cover, too, he re-designed, so that the present format could scarcely be bettered. Vol. I includes articles on Reynolds, Redon, Hogarth, Zorn, Sydney Wilson, Samuel Prout, Tiepold and Manet.





Studie

YOUNG WOMAN
OIL PAINTING BY
VINCENT VAN GOGH
(COURTESY NE MONTROSS)

# INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

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VOL. LXXIV, NO. 296

NOVEMBER, 1921

# The Importance of being "Dada"

Marsden Hartley's book, "Adventures in the Arts," which I have just been reviewing. The book is unequal, but this one essay is well worth preserving. It is a plea for the hobby-horse, for the gaiety of the amateur as against the deadly earnestness of the professional artist, for the abolition of the large "A." And since I have here been insisting on the spiritual nature of art and on its kinship to religion, it is well to admit the existence of another side to the question.

Great artists work out their own salvation in their own way. Nothing which the critic or the public may say about their work has any weight with them. They are preoccupied with their own problems and our praise or blame means nothing to them. They ask—how often in vain—only our understanding. It is well so.

But the vast majority of us are neither great artists nor understanding critics. We are painters, sculptors or writers who have taken to our distinguished callings not through any divine dispensation, but for very private and mundane reasons of our own. We are following up our bent, we are satisfying our ambitions, we are filling our time, and a few of us even our pockets. This is all as it should be. A man must follow some calling. A little diligent study will make him a proficient painter, somewhat less will suffice to make his writings readable. Very commendable.

But why drag in art? Why pretend that we spend our days and nights worshipping

before a veiled shrine, murmuring an ineffable name, when we are only engaged in painting a picture for the Academy or writing an article for The International Studio? There is nothing to be ashamed of in either pursuit, provided the picture and the article give pleasure. But do they? Is not the picture too often a painful variation on a theme that was once new? The article a succession of words that have lost their meaning? What pleasure can a work give that gave none to its maker? I sometimes think that there is no task more melancholy than that of looking through a man's works, unless it be reading what another man has written about it. It is heartrending. The terrible picture of the poet in the railway train haunts me. Blood and tears.

But why not joy? It is a false asthetic that demands of us a perpetual exaltation. Man cannot live always on the heights Many of us never reach the real heights at all. The blood we fancy we are shedding is in reality a grosser element. Let us have gaicty. Let us take life joyously. Why not ride our hobby-horses? Our wisdom, our perpetual adoration before the veiled shrine, ninetenths of it all is a mummery. How many of us live in palaces? asks Hanna Tachau. How many of us live with mesterpieces? say I How often in a year do we even see a misterpiece? Just so often should we bow the knee. In the meantime let us take joy in life. Our pictures and our writings will be the better for it, and then perhaps the public will take heed of what we do. Fill then it is quite justified in regarding us as a set of freaks.



Courtesy Netherlands-America Foundation

UTCH PAINTLES OF TODAY IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN IN HOLLAND BY ARTHUR EDWIN BYE

"Art was our national glory," writes peritic, Max Habelaer, "it is now our nation, I sin."

If the Dutch say this about themselves, it is not for us to contradict them. We know too little about what is going on it the art world of Holland today. And can we be blamed for this tack of knowledge, if mo lera art in Holland is as bad as Max Havelaer represents it? But the Dutch are over critical. It is difficult for a people with a great past to appreciate their own present, and the Dutch look back upon a Golden Age whose splendour has forever vanished. That Golden Age, was, of course, the seventeenth Century. But Hollanders look back almost as proudly, and perhaps more fondly, because the memory is more fresh, upon the Renaissance of the nineteenth Century.

In Israels they delight to see a reflection of Rembrandt, imperfect to be sure, but still resembling him. Not since the seventcenth century has any man, save Millet, painted age and human suffering with the sympathy of Israels. In the great Bosboom they find the Neets, Jac b van Vliet and Emmanuel de Witte: only Boshoom seems to fill the ancient churches with far more of their true religious spirit than any of his predecessors has done. In Christoffel Bisschop, painter of Frisian life. in Keyer, Artz, Neubnys and Blommers, all iors, the Little Masters littler still perhaps? - appear again in modern guise. But best of all are the landscape painters of the ninete iith century, for the Maris brothers, longkind, Mauve, Poggenbeck, Weissenbruch, Théophile de Bock, Gabriel and Roelofs, surpass any thing that was done in landscape in the Golden Era. One single painter of the severteently When one stands before Vermeer's "View of Delft" in the Mauritzhuis, the Hague, one realizes that Vermeer is not an old master, but a modern one.

The Hague group of printers formed a

truly great school. They represented a Pernol in Durch art. It is read on national traditions although rather of by the Barbizon they took their inspiration from Durch his and Durch scenery. They were its roughly Durch themselves. The Hague painters found, or could find their tellow countrymen in the same environment, pretty much, that surrounded them when the se enteenth century mosters flourished. The same skies bosered overhead, the same flatched or tilel reofed cottages and windfulls dotted the landscape. The same rugged folk, married, bore large families of children, lived their lives of hardship mixed will pleasure, as in the ag-two handred years before.

Naturally, now that these men are all dead, we have taken it for granted that art in Holland has died with them. The Dutch themselves have taken the same attitude, for that is the way with every generation of critics to think that art is dead.

But where is the artist who will believe it?

As I review it my mind's eye the several exhibitions, and the mary in lividual works of Dutch painters which I have seen and I have had plenty of time to mediate upon them during the long coyage home. I find myself planning a composite exhibition of Dut h art, a memory exhibition either my own finey. And this is how it is arranged.

In the first room I would place the older living painters, those which link the present with the past. In the next, the present day hadscapists among the younger men. On one wall would be the realists, on another the decorative hardscapists, on another the decorative hardscapists, on another the poeti-hardscapists, and on the first, the huminists. In my third and main gallery I would hard the works of all these printers who belong distinctly to a new movement. I will call those the Painters of the Unreal World. They will be again four kinds: the exotic decor tors: the Romanticists or Orientalists; the religious mystics; and finally the "Expressionists."

To begin to my first gallery, the first work which will great the eye of the visit or will be those of Allebe the veteral point r. Not by any means the foremest of Duch artists,

he is in truth a lingering reflection of the famous Hague School. Because he links us with the past, and because, too, he is the teacher of many of the younger men, yes, even of some of the older ones, he must be in my collection. Perhaps a still-life or a genre subject with little children will illustrate the character of his art.

Next will come the pictures of M. H. J. Haverman and of Professor Ian Veth. These men alone continue the Dutch tradition in portraiture. Trained in the academies, splendid draughtsmen and modellers, their influence as instructors has been for sanity and strength. I remember a portrait of an old dominie by Haverman-typically Dutch-a splendid specimen of honest portraiture. I would like to have that in my exhibition. And Jan Veth's portrait of the writer Frederick van Elden would hang close by.

Strangers will undoubtedly be attracted by the pictures of Willy Sluyter. Sluyter lives at well-known Laren, but he likes to paint scenes in the little fishing town of Katwyk. He pictures Dutch fishermen and peasant types in a realistic way. His subject matter is familiar: it reminds one of what one has seen in the pictures of the nineteenth century. But here the same life is seen by a modern eve-a bit more rugged, unsoftened by sentiment. His bold compositions have a trace of decorative arrangement about them, which is increased by the strength and purity of his colouring.

In the same room must hang a representative picture of Isaac Israëls. The son of a tamous father, Isaac Israëls by no means shines by reflected light; he has a pronounced individuality. Realistic as he is, literal and uncompromising in his portrayal of feminine types, like Albert Roelofs he is half French in his art. I recall a full-length study of a young girl, dressed in the fashion of 1900, suggesting both Whistler and Manet, and yet with some of the ruggedness of van Gogh. As an interpretation of crude facts, it was impressive. Albert Roelofs is the son of William Roelofs, Sr., familiar to us among the Hague painters. But Albert is influenced by the same impressionist-realist sources as

Isaac Israëls. I would select one of his nudes for my collection, a mother with a baby, or a nymph-like figure out of doors.

Then I think I should want some landscapes by Willem Bastiaan Tholen and Nicholas Bastert and Gorter. There was a picture by Tholen-a view of Enkhuisen which I saw. Along the edge of a canal or river the brick houses, the church towers half hidden behind the masts of ships, stood out against a clear blue sky. In the foreground was a great white sail, shimmering in the brilliant sunlight. was a view of old Holland, seen with the moderner's love of brilliant colour. Bastert also paints old Holland, but more with the eyes of Jacob Maris, preferring the wet, cloudy skies, the dark, richer colours of dull days. Upon Gorter has fallen the mantle of Théophile de Bock. That is, his landscapes are always expressive of some mood, and yet there is that modern quality added-the decorative. Like our own John F. Carlson, he likes winter scenery, the interior of woods, or avenues of tall, bare trees, with their complicated branches making decorative patterns against the sky. But he does not confine himself to winter scenery. I have seen summer scenes, generally wood interiors, so sunny and bright, they did not seem Dutch.

But these landscapists, which I place in Gallery 1, are not the original painters—that I wish to reserve for gallery 2. They are the older men who seem always to remind us of some one else who was greater than they, and

departed.

If I could be the guide in gallery 2, I would take my visitor right up to the pictures of George Hendrik Breitner. His are the most striking landscapes one finds today in any Dutch exhibition. In his pictures one finds the unmistakable qualities which proclaim them masterpieces, neither modern nor old. Somehow or other, one knows that Breitner will belong to all time. He is a realist, a painter of portraits, of figures including the nude, of still-lives and of landscapes. But he is most deservedly famous for his pictures of Amsterdam. This wonderful city, the Venice of the north, has made many a painter's reputation, but strange to say, in all the history of Dutch painting from the seventeenth



Courtesy Netherlands-America I unidation

CABARET ISAAC ISRAELS

century up to the present day, no great painter—save Springer, if he may be called great—has done justice to the street scenes of Amsterdam. Breitner can be both a tonalist and a luminist, but in Amsterdam, he prefers the sombre aspect of things; dark canals, dreary rows of brick houses, dull, cloudy skies, wet streets; only a few bright colour notes here and there in the attempted gaiety of a canal boat or in the white snow lingering on the gables of a house. As characteristic of his art, I would like to hang in my exhibition the fol-

lowing: The Dam near the Nieuwekerk, The Dam in the Evening, or Winter in Amsterdam. He is the Jacob Maris of street scenes, and never since the days of de Hooch and Vermeer has Dutch architectural landscape been so sympathetically portrayed.

After Breitner's I should place the pictures of Witsen. Willem Witsen is undoubtedly one of the most distinguished of Dutch painters. Distinguished? Yes, in that his work shows a power, a grasp, an understanding which is exhibited only by a great individual-



THE BLIND BLOGAP

M. A. J. BAUER



LANDSCAPF J. VOLRMAN

ity. It does not reflect the art of any other man. His more youthful work does. Some of his early street scenes and buildings show that he began where Kockhoek, Springer and Klinkenberg left off, being very careful studies of sunlight and shadow with rather too much minute architectural detail. Then, as his work develops, one is reminded of Bastert, and still more of Vermeer. But later he loses that imitative objectivity, and his buildings become more subjective expressive.

One of the very finest still-lives in any Dutch Gallery is Witsen's study of chrysanthemums in the Stedelyk Museum of Amsterdam, It is a large canvas, with nothing more than a copper cauldron filled with an enormous bunch of small yellow flowers. These are impressionistically rendered broadly handled for distant effect, and yet each flower is distinct and full of character. They are as bright a yellow as can be imagined with a full light

sparkling upon them. For richness of colour, boldness of design, and simplicity of arrangement the canvas is unsurpassed.

On the adjoining wall must be a picture of David Wigger's, not only because Wigger's pictures are interesting, but because they represent a great influence on modern Dutch landscape. Wigger's original style can be seen reflected in the work of many younger painters, etchers and engravers. By means of a strong contrast between his foreground and his distance he obtains a striking effect which is both mysterious and decorative. Oftentimes a few trees, well designed, and dark against the light, take up the foreground, while through this screen can be seen a stretch of tlat countryside bathed in mist. This is not realistic landscape; it is landscape arranged for a certain decorative purpose, nor is it Dutch landscape, and yet it is Dutch plus, David Wiggers

There is one thing about a collection of modern Dutch landscape paintings which to an outsider, to a man not a Hollander, must be disappointing. He misses the familiar landscape with figures one is accustomed to call typically Dutch, as he misses also the cottage interior. No doubt the modern artist feels the farmhouse scene has been overdone, or that the last words have been said by Israëls, Arts and Co. No doubt he believes, too, the old world street with its picturesque figures has been too much exploited. And even the low lying landscape with its wet skies and canals and windmills has been sufficiently advertised by the Marises, Gabriel and their imitators.

Indeed it is true that the young Dutch artist shrinks from the "typical" Dutch scene. I talked with one artist who made a point of going out to paint only on sunny, cloudless days, so as to avoid the usual, sombre effect of the nineteenth century masters. He avoided cottages and haystacks, canals and windmills, and sought the wild heath, with twisted tree growths, rolling, primaeval sandhills with scrubby bushes. And from these materials he created compositions of surprising decorative character. But they would scarcely be recognised as Dutch landscapes.

He was right. The fault is ours if we know only one kind of Dutch landscape. But as the stranger wanders about Holland—in the old unspoiled towns like Rhenen, Nymwegen, or even Leiden, it is apparent that there are still mines of material hitherto unworked by the Dutch artist. Why should be be afraid of repeating the effects of his predecessors? He surely can see the same old sights with a new and modern vision. He does not need to go to France or to Spain, or to the Orient for fresh material. With his new colour sense, and decorative feeling, the young modern artist can paint the windmills anew—as they never were painted before.

Voerman is one of the older living printers who proves this can be done. He paints typical Holland country, but with a personal vision. It is as if he painted from his memory studies, recalled after they had been tinted by his imagination. Sometimes his canvases seem to belong to the same realm as the earlier

work of Arthur B. Davies—a Georgionesque land. At other times they are more liberal, but always interpreted in terms of strong colour.

Voerman is an example of the imaginative landscapist. Jan Mankas is a pure poet. The work of this latter painter which I recall was surely inspired by some muse—certainly not by nature. Nothing lovelier of its kind have I seen than his drawing of a doe grazing in a wood. He is a young man and not yet well known, but his animal studies are making him a reputation.

On my last wall of gallery 2, I said I would place the luminists. These are Wolter, Verster, and van Wyngaerdt, followers, in a sense, of Monet. I have seen pictures of Wolter which reminded me of our own Childe Hassam, of Gardner Symonds and Ionas Lie. Extremely facile with his brush, and loving the effects of broken colour, he obtains in his landscapes greater brilliancy than any modern Dutch painter I have seen, unless it be van Wyngaerdt. I remember a scene of boats in a harbour by Wolters. The sky was clear, and the light beat down on the sails and shimmering water with dazzling brightness. And in the arrangement there was great attention paid to decorative effect.

Floris Verster of Leiden is best known for his flowers. A prolific painter, simple in his arrangements and treating flowers for their own sake, he might almost be called the Fantin Latour of Holland today. Yet he is unlike this French painter, in that he often sacrifices form for colour. When he paints peonies, it is their gorgeousness alone he cares about; when he paints nasturtiums, it is their brilliancy, and not their form. Sometimes he seeks purple colour schemes, and when he does this, he reminds one of Abbott Thayer.

Undoubtedly there are other landscapists and luminists I ought to include, but my exhibition must be a small one, and I should prefer to hasten my visitors on to the last gallery, where truly the most interesting work would be shown.

In originality of design, ingenuity of subject matter and decorative qualities Lizzie Ansingh deserves first place. Wherever her work appears, it has the greatest distinction.



Courtest, Netherlands-Imerica Isolandation



Courtesy Netherlands-America Foundation

THE BEAUTIFUL IMAGE

DE NEREE TOT BABBERICH

Her subject matter is dolls—Japanese dolls—French dolls—old-fashioned Dutch dolls—any kind she finds. But one scarcely realizes they are dolls. Take, for example, her Acakening in the Stedelyk Museum, Amsterdam (her titles, too, deserve attention, suggesting, like the pictures, themselves, something beyond the objective fact). It is like a picture by Arthur Rackham or Edmund Dulac, only far more interpretative of an original conception. It seems to be suggestive of a fairy tale, yet not illustrative. One should say, it is not imita-

tive of an Oriental style, but Asiatic in spirit, at any rate exotic. Then one looks intently and sees in the amazing design Japanese dolls, peacock feathers and gorgeously plumaged birds. The colour scheme is blue and green. It might be the bottom of the sea, so like another world it appears.

Sometimes her work reminds one of the later work of Henry Golden Dearth. Another picture of hers with Japanese dolls is treated in the style of ancient Japanese battle scenes. The little figures, clad in red and black, seem

to be swinging their arms like warriors.

Another painter who shows the same fertility of invention is Dysselhoff. He paints scenes in the great aquaria of Amsterdam, As if viewed from within the depths of the sea, his fishes seem to swim in actual water. On the bottom are bizarre aquatic plants, sea anemones with their wi'e open mouths, monsters with streaming tentacles, and every kind of weird finned being both beautiful and ugly. Sometimes he confines his sea animals to lobsters live green lobsters, an unfamiliar sort to art.

Van Hoytema is perhaps the strongest painter of purely decorative design. One sees at once in his work that he has been inspired by the famous seventeenth century decorators, Hondekoeter and Weeniex, while he is at the same time mostly influenced by the Chinese and Japanese. These two influences are not conflicting. His landscapes have all the suggestive qualities of the Japanese, being carefully designed; his compositions of birds are splendid in arrangement and delicate in detail.

The ingenuity of some of these modern Dutch decorative painters strikes one particularly in viewing the work of Goedvriendt. Coedvriendt paints mushrooms and toadstools, great specimens with magnificent red, yellow or green heads—dangerous—poisonous looking deformations, but yet how weirdly beautiful! Goedvriendt's mushrooms are growing out of doors, that is, they appear to be springing out of the leafy mold of the woods, but the darkness of the tree trunks behind them is more like that of a tapestry curtain. These mushrooms are, we believe, not studies of life but compositions of a very original character.

These four painters, just mentioned, may be called decorative, exotic, still-life painters. On another wall I would hang pictures by painters of a romantic nature. Marius Baner is one of these and one of the unquestioned geniuses of modern Holland. We would have in our imaginary gallery on engraving and an oil painting by him. And they would both be of the East; the engraving perhaps of Jerusalem, or of some Turkish mosque, or it might be illustrative of some Bible scene, perhaps the meeting of Solemon with the Queen of

Sheba, with all the fantastic magnificence that such a scene could display. Datter is an impressionist in line, his stroke being easy, free, delicate and his manner sketchy. But the effect, never sharp or contrasting, has the mysterious significance which we like to associate with the East. His canvases are rich in inventive design; his colour clear, although he avoids the glare. He wells his Oriental landscapes with the same mystery we find in his engravings.

Not far from the pictures by Bauer, I would hang a painting by Professor Juries of the Amsterdam Academy. Jurres is one of the best known of the living Dutchmen outside of his own country. His youthful ideal was the Romantic. Early influenced by Gustav Doré, he is now a sort of present-day Delacroix; vet Tintoretto, Ribera and Diaz, Rubens and Van Dyke have entered into his training. He has painted scenes from Don Quixote. But he is most famous for his Biblical historical pictures, emotionally conceived, more in the spirit of Tintoretto than in that of any other painter. Another painter, Hoogewaard, is a modern Dutchman who, like Jurres, goes to Spain for his subjects. His work resembles in a distant way that of the Spaniard, Zuloaga.

These last three painters are not inspired by their own country, or their own country's art. But Toorop, in spite of his my-ticism, is. Jan Toorop is perhaps the most conspicuous figure in the art world of Holland today. He is a religious mystic. Born in the Dutch Indies and half Javanese, he has not a Dutch nature. There is a touch of the primitive, an indifference to European traditions that gives his work a strange aspect. One feels that he has gone through the experiences of Van Gogh - Cézanne Gauguin, but, disappointed in not finding the spiritual note in the so-called "Independents" of France, he turned to the Italin primitives. That may or may not be true. But nevertheless he paints madonnas and saints with a realistic fervour that suggests such conflicting comparisons as Fra Augelico. Domenico Veneziano, Burne Jones, and some nameless cubist. His work is interesting in the extreme, for he has applied with conspicnons success, what seem to be cubist practices or are they Egyptian? to religious art.



Courtesy Netherlands-America Foundation

PORTRAIT OF MR.
ALEXANDER SCHILLING

WILLEM VAN KONIJNENBURG

Alongside of Toorop we should hang a picture by van Konijnenburg and one by Piet van den Hem. The former is certainly influenced directly by Cubist art, but his pictures resemble Egyptian wall reliefs. They are, however, intelligible, while cubist pictures generally are not; they have, moreover, a decorative quality and a symbolism if one wishes to work it out. Piet van den Hem turns to Byzantine influence, and, like Toorop's, his work has a mystical religious character.

I have but one wall left to cover.

There are in Holland, a number of so-called ultra-modern painters, independents or "Expressionists." In fact, enough to alarm the critics of that country. Perhaps it is they who provoke the outery, "Art is now our national sin." If they would call themselves "Experimentalists," they would claim our sympathy the more, for one is humanly interested in the gropings and strugglings for a new interpretation. Perhaps two names can



Courtesy Netherlands-America Foundati 

PORTRAIT OF
MRS. V.

SULVIERS

be selected as significant of this movement those of Leo Gestels and Jan Sluyters. Gestels began where Monet left off and has since tried every kind of dot, point, geometric line and curve. Sluyters, like him, has done some interesting pointillistic work and I have seen some landscapes by him which glared and shimmered in a fierce white light eclipsing anything ever done by Scurat or Signac. In his figure work, he almost outdoes Matisse not quite, however!

This, then, is my exhibition. Collected from my memory impressions of a summer's study with random notes: it is what I carry away. No doubt I can be accused of having seen too little of missing much. I trust that is true. No doubt there are arising new stars whose brilliancy. I have missed. Perhaps all are lesser stars—mere moons. Who knows? But my exhibition, my picture gallery reveals one thing, has one excuse, it shows that art lives today in Holland.



XMAS CARD GEORGE W. EGGERS

YNAMIC SYMMETRY
AND ITS PRACTICAL VALUE
TODAY
BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD
What is Dynamic Symmetry?

Symmetry as we know is a word of Greek derivation, which means "measuring together." The Greeks were great geometricians, being as interested in working out abstruse problems of spaces and areas as we are in bases and balls. Symmetry as used in art may be said to be that order within itself, whether it be a picture, sonata or sonnet, which controls the whole composition, unifying the different parts in their various functions, and

regulating the relation of one to another. An unsymmetrical picture is all over the place. A simple example of regulation of areas is seen in the chess-board, where the field is covered by alternate squares of black and white exactly equal in extent. This might be translated into mathematical language, and if we put the rows into columns we should have black and white columns alternating but as each square was the same size it would be represented by the same number.

1:1:1:1

If however the blacks were kept the same, whilst the whites were doubled, the numbers

would be different whilst the state of symmetry would still be intact. Its plan would now read,

> 1:2:1:2: 2:1:2:1:

This kind of variation, which is infinite, is exactly analogous to the composition of a complex picture, which is quite as exact in its balancing of parts different in their individual characters.

The study of Symmetry, then, is the study of the laws governing such arrangements.

Though all orderly composition may be called symmetry, different words are used to define the various forms it assumes.

The word Dynamic, which implies power or motion, is reserved for arrangements highly complex and resembling the movements of nature in their method. The simpler ones—such as the chess-board—being called static or stationary, lacking movement.

Mr. Jay Hambidge has discovered that the Egyptians and Greeks used a very highly organised scheme of symmetry in the planning of their temples and sculpture and so forth, which has been entirely lost to the world for over two thousand years.

It has long been evident that the Greeks worked, even in their great dramas, entirely according to the strictest rules, not only in the composition, but also in the production of the gesture and intonation of the actors, but it has not been known just what their basis was.

Mr. Hambidge's discovery comes at an opportune moment when the more thoughtful artists are searching for something more stable than mere personal likes and dislikes, upon which to base their practice.

It is an interesting fact that whilst the most advertised phases of what is called Modern Art are characterised by a breaking away from restraint of any sort, yet alongside this superficial froth has been running a parallel stream of endeavour that has sought above all to find some fundamental law of a nature sufficiently lasting to be obeyed with impunity. Perhaps the Impressionists, in their preoccupation with what they believed to be the science of colour, made the first definite attempt to apply the newly acquired scientific attitude of mind to

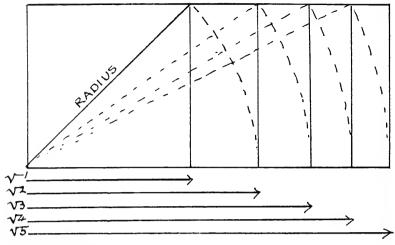
Art, and although the actual results produced may be relatively small from an artistic stand-point, yet they indicated a new attitude towards the more abstract tools of art's workshop, such as Rhythm, Form and Colour, that will doubtless lead to something at least as important in the domain of colour as the discovery of three-dimensional space-representation in the fifteenth century achieved for Form.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the change made by the entrance of this modern scientific attitude into the sanctum of the artist, for it means eventually the democratisation of what has for several hundred years been an exclusive and limited cult whose practitioners were beyond the range of the average person's criticism because they used methods secret to him, to express what he could not understand.

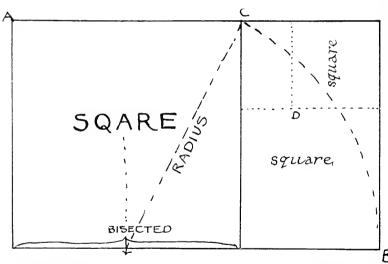
If Art should now be found to be governed in its technique by real laws—laws, that is, which are invariable, and as straightforward as those of mathematics, there would be no impediment to the universal understanding of artistic technique, and thus the charlatan would easily be found out.

This possibility is of course appalling to the art-faker who lives by virtue of the mystery of all art-language, and he may be expected to resist anything in the nature of progress along this line of development. It is doubtful, however, if the reactionaries can any longer hold the field. On the one hand they have given the show away by pretending to pat the Moderns on the back, out of sheer fear lest they should be going the way of all "experts" in the face of genius. On the other hand, there is now so little popular interest in Art that they have scarcely any following to be interested in their attitude.

The only hope for the immediate flowering of Art in any form is the education of the people as a whole, to care for it and understand its language sufficiently to read what the artists are saying. In the case of Music, which is notoriously the best-appreciated of any of the Arts by the average person, the case for defined method has always been granted, and even the wildest "Modern" merely evokes a search for the hidden law that will explain his apparent illegality of



CONSTRUCTION OF THE ROOT RECTANGLES FROM THE SQUARE



CONSTRUCTION OF THE RECTANGLE OF THE WHIRLING SQUARES, BASED ON THE PROPORTION FOUND IN LEAF DISTRIBUTION, ETC.

AB, BC, CD, ETC., ARE WHIRLING SQUARE RECTANGLES FORMED BY SUBTRACTING A SQUARE FROM THE MAJOR FIGURE, ITSELF FORMED AS SHOWN. BY BISECTING ONE SIDE OF A SQUARE.

The proportions used in Dynamic Symmetry are expressed in area and not in line. They are the se defined in a series of rectangles which unfold in infinite number and variety from the source. Ratios of these figures are not exact whole numbers but are defined by square roots: thus the root three rectangle is one in which the proportion of its sides is as one to the square root of three, and so on.



Courtesy Yale University Press

EGYPTIAN BAS-RELIEF AND ANALYSIS

FROM HAMBIDGE'S DYNAMIC SYMMETRY

technique. The musical vorticists, etc., are not taken seriously by anyone except themselves. This is simply because the technique is defined and traditional, and develops along rational lines, so that musicians cannot be taken in by incompetency. In America there has been progressive investigation in the realm of the Graphic Arts, in Design and Painting, etc., which would seek to bring the complex technique of these crafts into some semblance of common terminology and procedure, and so put it somewhere, more nearly on a line with Music in intelligent method.

The vague rhapsodies of European painters such as Kandinsky and the numerous heads of other cults, have merely confused what was before chaotic. And however we may feel about the general level of study in American universities, we at least have three university professors to thank for the only rational attempts so far made, so far as we know, to clarify the situation. Mention, however, must first be made of Professor C. J. Holmes, Director of the National Gallery of England, whose Oxford lectures and other books are distinctly a first dawn.

Professor Dow and Professor Ross, to mention the most important authors on technique which America has produced along this line, indicate in their work a clearly defined and entirely novel attack which is purely American, and which has now led also to the discovery by Professor Hambidge, of Dynamic Symmetry. All these writers consider the question from the point of view that a law is either true, or it is not. If it is fundamentally true it is not a matter of argument and it cannot be superseded. It is not a restrictive agency but a liberating one. It therefore asks only to be tested, and cannot satisfactorily be denied until it has been tried and found wanting. Mr. Hambidge's discovery is concerned alone with control of area manipulation in design; it is not concerned with colour or form, except incidentally. It is a return to the measurement by area instead of, as at present, by line.

Of the many similar discoveries of late years, an apparent law governing the distribution of leaves in plant-growth and similar natural phenomena, is particularly important in this connection. This arrangement is found to be constant, and, fundamentally, a result of economic use of material. It produces a series of proportional relations which may be expressed also in terms of area, such as the rectangle and spiral shapes. The gist of Mr Hambidge's discovery is that this fascinating proportional arrangement is also found connected with a similar series in the masterpieces of Egyptian and Greek art, including the Parthenon and the vases.

That this system was not a mere accident but was a perfectly consistent and invariable



Courtesy Yale University Press
BRONZE HYDRA

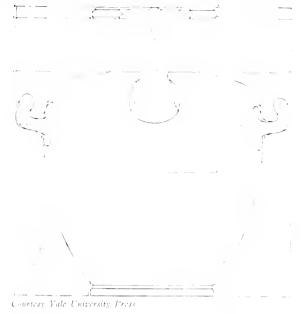
FROM DYNAMIC SYMMETRY

rule of practice by the artisans of both these civilisations Mr. Hambidge has exhaustively and laboriously proved in his recent book, "Dynamic Symmetry: The Greek Vase," containing scores of measured drawings and diagrams.

Mr. Hambidge's own contribution, apart from his discovery, has been the arithmetical method of applying and analysing dynamic areas, a method which was unknown to the ancients and which enables us to use the most complicated proportions without having the long traditional apprenticeship and evolution by which the Greeks' mastery was obtained.

The old method was the simplest possible

in its elements and early application. The basis of dynamic as different from static design may be said to be the use of the diagonal of the square or rectangle as the proportioning factor. For instance, if the diagonal of a square be taken as the long side of a rectangle of which the short side equals the side of the square, we have a dynamic rectangle in which the relation between the end and the side may be expressed numerically by 1 and 1.4142, or the square root of two; this is called a Root Two Rectangle, and possesses certain interesting properties when dynamically subdivided. Many of the Egyptian reliefs were based on this proportion, which is the first of



ANALYSIS OF BRONZE HYDRA

FROM HAMBIDGE'S DYNAMIC SYMMETRY

a series of rectangles all expressing similar characteristics and many of them having the quality of modulation from one to another as one modulates from scale to scale in musical composition.

The Egyptian "cording of the Temple" with a rope and twelve knots, was a ceremonial application of the dynamic basis in architecture, which was similar to our corner-laving ceremony, though much more fundamental technically. The Pharaoh himself often officiated with a golden hammer, used to fix the pegs which marked out the corners of the edifice. The professional Rope-stretchers meanwhile measured the various areas, the corners being defined by the "four supports of heaven" or points of the compass. This was part of a system perfected by the necessity of re-surveying the land after the annual overflow of the Nile, which destroyed property bounds The results of using these simple proportious was to give the work produced a similar character to that of the natural objects planned on the same ratios whilst no attempt was necessarily made to imitate their method of growth or shape-rhythm. The Greek proportions which have bailled us by their perfection are thus seen to be the result of following a law of proportion which has its roots in the eternal facts of mathematics and therefore must inevitably tend to the expression of stability and other permanent qualities in their manifestations.

The use of Dynamic Symmetry seems to have been lost in the art-less Roman period, for the Mediaeval craftsmen used static symmetry entirely, thus accounting for the cramped and limited effect of their more ambitious efforts, which needed the freer dynamic basis for their perfect statement. Some people, whilst admitting much of Mr. Hambidge's contention, still doubt the availability of Dynamic Symmetry in the expression of modern art.

This attitude is usually taken by those who do not really understand the questions involved, for there is in reality no such thing as Modern as distinct from Ancient Art, and the



SILVER GOBLET

TIFFANY STUDIOS

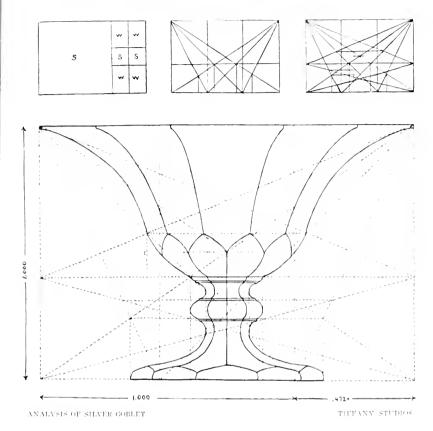
same invariable results follow the same producing causes.

If these methods of proportioning areas are based on fundamental laws, they must be as useful today as they were four thousand years ago, for such laws do not change. The only point open for discussion is the satisfactory nature or otherwise of the Egyptian and Greek work in design. If one sees no particular beauty or rightness in the proportions of the Parthenon or Greek sculpture, he will naturally not be interested in learning what the method was by which the result was evolved.

The planning of these and other works of the Greeks must not, however, as Mr. Hambidge himself emphasised in a conversation on the subject, be confused with the superficial details of pattern used on mouldings, etc., for these have no bearing on the mutter of design except that they were arranged on the same scheme as the rest of the building. These frequently lifeless patterns, reproduced by rote, have little real relation to the spirit of Greek art.

The point most emphasised by Mr. Hambidge was the supreme importance of avoiding any imitation of Greek motives in modern work and the necessity of the individual application of the method in every way. Symmetry, which means "measuring together," is the means provided for unifying varied parts, and the character of the parts may dictate the use of symmetry as effectively as symmetry may indicate at times the character of the parts.

The uses of symmetry, either static or dynamic, have not begun to be glimpsed by our artists today. Its educational value is immense, and should certainly precede any drawing from life in the art schools. It gives the student confidence and a genuine freedom that is not license. Educationally Dynamic Symmetry should take its place in the third division of the study of composition. Repetition and static symmetry should logically precede it and should be mastered before its study is commenced or there will be confusion in the



student's thought. The simpler forms of patterns are most satisfactorily schemed on a parallel or centralised basis, and these are the orderly ways to begin. It must be remembered that Dynamic Symmetry is no short cut to perfection. However helpful it may be to the artist who has a well-furnished experience, it will not save the student from the necessary study which is inevitable in order to produce good work. Trivial thought will produce trivial design to the end of time, and this has never been so apparent as at the present moment.

The two most obvious fields for Dynamic Symmetry at present are the Stage and in Architecture (including all its allied crafts). In the matter of dramatic application of the idea, which is especially interesting, as it will enable us to deal more intelligently with questions of space and packing, as well as with the purely artistic side, nothing can be done until the producer has full control not only of the scene and costume, but also of the movements of the actors. That is to say, in order to apply the basis of Greek design to the modern stage we must also have the conditions existing in the conduct of that stage, where the movement was rigorously dictated by the director as part of the symbolic language. We have ourselves found by expenses.

rience that the method is perfectly applicable to the stage and extremely easy to apply to scenery.

The architect should welcome Dynamic Symmetry as no one else, for his true function of a kind of glorified art-director is by its labor-saving qualities rendered at last possible. The inevitable tendency will be to produce simple and beautiful proportions, if the temptation to copy, or rather to continue copying the meaningless classic details of the most decadent periods, can be resisted. Nothing but an emphasis on proportion can save architecture from the Renaissance taint that makes our finest efforts foolish, for it is only when the proportion is fine that we do not need to cover it up with detail.

It will, moreover, be not only possible but inevitable to have harmony of proportion throughout the building. As in Greek Temples, the plan, engineering, sculpture, painting and every detail of furnishing can be schemed in the same scale of proportion by different people working apart.

This unity prevailed in Egyptian and Greek art and it was known for some time in India also, producing wherever it was practiced that wonderful sense of rightness and inevitability which characterises all art that is at one within itself.

Whilst many of the foremost painters of the day are experimenting with Dynamic Symmetry, we should not expect an immediate or violent change in their work, which must develop naturally from their present standpoint if it is to be a vital change. Nor will anything immediately unify the conflicting points of view held by painters at the moment. It must, however, eventually tend to do this, without in any sense destroying the individuality of the artist, but aiding it to be expressed.

Dynamic Symmetry leaves the individual freer than any other method, for it insists on his thinking out his own problems. . . .

Some objections that are most common are worth considering. At the present time the artist is, quite understandably, much concerned for what he believes is his freedom, and, as a rule, detests any kind of law.

The results of lawless practice, however, are so far decidedly poor. One notices that instead of producing striking originality, it has exactly the opposite effect, and the "freer" the artists, the more alike their efforts become. Strength is always greatest at those points which have been the summing up of long periods of fundamental and traditional unity in method, such as the Sung period in China, Persian illumination of the best period. Japanese printers, Mediaeval craftsman, etc. Nothing could be freer than the sprays of flowers and flying birds of the Sung painters, who were so rigidly controlled that even their subjects were chosen for them by law.

Others fear that self-expression will be curtailed by following any defined rules.

This has not been the case in the past. The effect of even limited rules of work has been to stimulate the imagination and reveal infinite variety of possible arrangements of any given theme.

The objection often voiced that Greek designs are frequently hard and uninteresting and prove the futility of rules, has already been considered. The facts may be true, but it is not true that the character of the details is the result of the planning. It is probably due to unintelligent copying of some vital Mycenean pattern, or its mechanical repetition by slave-labour. A useful lesson. Moreover this objection does not hold good in regard to Egyptian patterns which are often excellent. But it is evident that the simpler design is necessarily static in its basis.

It is not true to assert that Dynamic Symmetry would produce a tame and monotonous style. It has never done so and cannot in its very nature do so. A tame artist will produce a tame style whatever rule he may go by, and his tameness will not be any more vivid by throwing over every kind of restraint; he will merely become interesting to the ignorant.

The results already have proved that the use of Dynamic areas gives a contrary effect, and specimens have been picked out by judges ignorant of the facts as "somehow different."

The real objection is usually the innate laziness of the human, who dislikes to think anything out for himself. This, it must be admitted, is essential for good results in Dynamic Symmetry, as in any other branch of activity.



KETCHES OF PAVLOWA, PASTORA IMPERIO, THE BALLET DE L'OPERA OF PARIS, AND OF OTHER DANCES. BEING PAGES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF TROY KINNEY

Pavlowa in Rehearsal

The sketch across the top represents a moment during a rehearsal in the Trocadero, of Paris, with Paylowa and Volinin in a bit of the Snowflake Ballet. The depiction of the other members of the Company, seemingly comfortably perched on the piano, is characteristic as showing their rapt attention to and admiration of everything Paylowa does. The figure at the upper left is from a bit that Paylowa does in the Fairy Doll, and underneath a pose from Valse Triste. The two figures at the upper right are Paylowa and Volinin in an Adagio, in the Snowflake Bullet, and under this a Greek fantasy. Where will you find a more sharply drawn distinction between the crisp, snappy quality of the classical ballet on the one hand and the relaxation of line that suggests the sweet, liquid movement and position of the Greek dance?

Pastora Imperio

The Spanish trip arose from a desire to see and study the work of the famous Spanish dancer, Pastora Imperio. After a good deal of preliminary scouting round in the land of Maria Jantisima, bull fights and misinformation, Kinney overtook her at Madrid just in time to catch a series of twenty-nine performances. Pastora is happy in being a gipsy: she thinks that all artists should be gipsies in order to have imagination. She once married Gallo, the famous torero, and for a few days shared his house. Gallo, impressed by the charms of the bride, caused the window to be nailed up to prevent her from taking an undue interest in passersby. But Pastora having known the independence of a successful artist of the theatre found it inconvenient to adjust herself to the habits expected of the gipsy wife, so she dispensed with Gallo good naturedly but firmly, and that is why the world still has her as one of its prominent dancers. Her work is purely of the gipsy type, locally known as the Flamenco School, and like the dancing of the Arabs, its interest is largely in the movement of body and arms, with ever present suggestion of the feline. To this

spontaneous expression she adds in her positions an amazingly sophisticated quality of decorative verity. With the exception of the one with high comb and black mantilla the sketches are from her recreation of the ancient fandango.

The Paris Opera Ballet

Again we have a bit of the stage, this time a rehearsal of Maimouna, a ballet first produced last Spring in l'Opera de Paris. The choreography is the work of Leo Staats, who may be seen energetically directing the group of coryphees; and in the lower left, urging Mlle. Boni to a rhapsody of emotion. The little sketch at the right represents a pleasantry of the sprinkling pot. With its rhythm of varied line, lively black and delicate greys. I tell Kinney that Maimouna needs nothing but putting on copper to make it a striking etching. Bits from Carnaval, Suite de Danses, Etc.

A morceau from Carnaval, with Lydia Lopokova and Idzikovski, is shown in the sketch at the top. American admirers of Lopokova will be pleased to learn that she has arrived at a full artistic maturity. Without losing any of her girlish sweetness she has attained an authority that gives her immediate dominance of her stage. In short, she has grown up, and in the electric signs in front of the theatre her name appears equal in size with that of Sergius Diaghileff, the proprietor of the Company. The second sketch is a bit from a Suite de Danses in the repertoire of the Paris Opera Ballet. This organization is so well equipped that it is able to have a magnificent stairway for the corps de ballet to group itself upon as a decoration in the intervals between ensemble numbers, so that it looks like a Louis XVI Fete Champetre. The figure at the right is Staats emphasizing in a rehearsal a distinctively Oriental quality of dance movement. Mme, Fokina in her Salome is the subject of the sketch beneath. I cannot forbear "smuggling" in here the information that I have extracted a promise from Kinney that he will make a plate of this pose for The Print Connoisseur. The couple at the left, in a classic ballet Adagio, are Pavlowa and Volinin. Again one sees in this page the striking distinction between the Oriental School of movement and that of the Classic ballet.

WINFRED PORTER TRUESDELL.



PAVLOWA IN RUIDARSAF SKITCHES BY FROY KINNEY





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THE PAIDS OF BAILD A RAILD A REHLARS MOOF MAIMOUXA SKELCHES BY TROY KINNEY

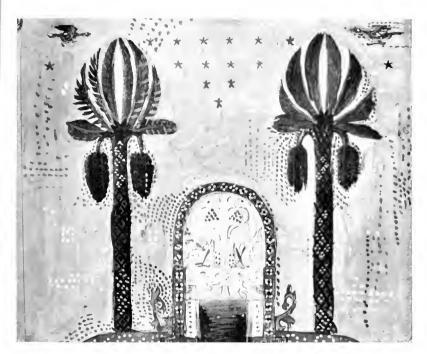




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THEODORA'S THRONE

MAXWILL ARMFIELD

X ESSAY ON THE FUTURE OF THE DANCE. RUTH ST. DENIS'S PROPHECY

(Reprinted, by permission, from Ruth St. Denis, Pioneer and Prophet, By Ted Shawn, John Howell, publisher.)

DANCING is the divine impulse of spirit to move rhythmically, proportionately, and perpetually, but in order that the dance may attain its rightful place among the arts and may serve humanity as it should, dancers must change their emphasis from the material to the spiritual. Havelock Ellis says: "If we are indifferent to the art of dancing, we have failed to understand not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life." The dance compositions of the future will be built on divine themes instead of on the human longings and egotism that have given birth to

much of the so-called art of the world. But as yet the dance has not come to its own high place among the arts. It has been grievously retarded by Puritanic disapproval. For this divine impulse must be manifested through the human body-which has been hated and distrusted according to Christian teaching under the suppressive influence of St. Paul. Even as Byzantine art sought to divorce the spiritual from the physical, depicting the body always as meagre, unloyely, buying neither form nor comeliness that might divert the beholder from preparation for the life hereafter, so religionists down to our day have assumed that the beauty and grace of the body could never be significant of the high and the ideal, but are subtle snares for the sensually minded. On the contrary, the sex-consciousness of all who study the dance seriously as a spiritual manifestation, will be purified through the destruction of false modesty and

through the gaining of a concept of the purity and beauty of the body.

Considering the dance in its two aspects, as art and as play, we come to the age-old question, "What is art?" From one point of view it is play, the most delightful, enchanting play that man knows: from another, it is work, the most serious, strenuous work that man does, perhaps the only work worthy of his perfected powers. And of all the arts, the one that partakes most of the spontaneous activity that we call play and the devoted toil that alone deserves the name of work is the dance. Its beginnings may be observed wherever there is a healthy child—or even a puppy or a kitten; its religious development may be studied among primitive people in almost all parts of the world: its artistic perfection, so well known and loved among the Greeks, can be found in a few favoured spots in our own place and time.

As people grow more religious, as they think, talk, live their religion, and as the love of beauty and the manifestations of it become recognized elements in true religion, they will grow more expressive and their expressions will utilize the body as an instrument of religieus consciousness among other art forms.

A new order of students will appear who, studying the dance as a great art, and following up the stream of their own art-consciousness, will arrive at the central point from which emanate all arts and the harmonies of life: namely, spiritual principle. They will find that the consideration of spiritual principle has as much relation to their dancing as to any other part of their lives.

The dance is the universal language, as the drama, depending largely on the spoken word, cannot be; and its appeal is obviously more immediate. The voice and the body have ever been the medium for direct spiritual expression, for they are the only instruments that maintain an independent and unbroken relation between spirit and matter.

The body must be considered as a complete and adaptable instrument for the expression of emotions and *ideas*. As such, it has its capacities and limitatious, even as any *musical* instrument, and should be viewed in the same way, though the range of the body is much

greater than that of any instrument ever invented. Its capacities for expression are almost unlimited, yet so far in this period of the renaissance of the dance, we have played upon it very few melodies. The two branches of the study of the dance should be this instrument itself and the compositions that may be played upon it.

The dance has its own principles and rules of expression, apart from those of correlated music. The music available today is as much a hindrance as a help to the dance. We shall not produce the music that will be more of a help than a hindrance until we study the art of the dance separately. We cannot have a perfect whole until we have two perfect halves. In past generations music has had the support and the opportunity for expression that has been denied the dance. In many cases, then, when we view a performance, consisting of a symphonic work played by an orchestra and danced by either a solo dancer or a group, we leave with an impression of having seen a wonderful piece of dance art, when in fact the music has so filled our consciousness that upon the dance has been thrown an illusion of perfection that does not really belong there. On the other hand, much of our finest dance writing and interpretation is marred and limited by the utterly inadequate or unsuitable music available.

As a remedy for this, I propose that we search for the underlying principles that govern the dance as an independent art. The principles of mathematics underlie the dance as they do music, architecture, and the other arts. The application of these principles will evolve for us a form of dance, which, when tonalized, will in turn give us a form of dance music which we do not now possess, and which is absolutely necessary for the fullest development of the synthetic art of the dance.

One of the fruits of the Great Denishawn will be an organization which Mr. Shawn and I have called to ourselves, the "Synchoric Orchestra." This will consist of from forty to sixty dancers, each one corresponding to a musical instrument in a symphony orchestra. Great symphonies of movement will be composed in which each dancer will be used in the same manner as the instruments of an

orchestra would be by the conductor of an audible symphony. These symphonies of movement may or may not be accompanied by the symphony orchestra; in cases when they are so accompanied, the relations between the movement of each dancer and the notes of the corresponding instrument will be mathematically maintained.

Though all arts are synthetic in the sense of finding their fullest expression and meaning through the support and co-operation of the other arts, still the dance is the one primal and essential synthetic art. Everything naturally flows from it and to it. For the perfect expression of the synthetic art of the dance, all the concomitant arts should be as complete in their expression as is that of the dance, and yet in their association subservient to the dancer's conception.

The first step in the progress of the dance as an independent art to its fullest synthetic expression is the germinal idea, or theme. The next is bodily movement. The third is music, or the tonalizing of this movement. Next, the clothing of the body, the scenery, the lighting, bring us to the prime necessity of a theatre which can make possible the conditions in which this most delicate and ephemeral art may be nurtured and developed.

In such a theatre the essential elements are space and light; the secondary elements are music, costuming, and stage setting. These elements in themselves are the same as those demanded by every worker in the theatre. But the theatre for the dance needs a unique arrangement of these elements in a form that does not now exist. For the dance, being both plastic and graphic,—that is, sculptural and pictorial,—must have conditions under which that twofold nature can have fullest expression. Theatres have been built for drama, concert halls for music, but no theatre for the dance.

A permanent theatre should be built and endowed that may be a place of birth and of asylum for those artistic impulses that come into the world too soon or too late, and must be protected and nourished in their infancy by the mother consciousness in art if they are to live at all. Not all these spiritual children will live, but there will from time to time

appear a peculiar and beautiful idea, destined to have far-reaching effect in healing the world of its artistic sins, which, if given protection at its birth and during its maturity, will survive.

There will be numberless people who will say that this hope of ours is too great, too idealistic, that it will pay. Yet Truth does pay, it pays the highest of all. I know full well that there has to be a period of faith before the material rewards come. This wilderness we are eager to cross, for we both see and believe that our promised theatre will justify itself, to this generation in refreshment of spirit, and to the younger in education.

I was born with a great love of the dance as a means of spiritual expression and though I have been burdened and confused many times in my career, the main thread running through all my work is the purpose and joy that I have had, and still do have in increasing measure, of reflecting in movement those qualities of consciousness that are true and beautiful. All these years I have been an itinerant minister of the gospel of beauty, with no resting place, no home for my message.

That there is money to be had, and help, and material, we should unconditionally declare if it were a church we had in mind, a place where the children of this world might be filled with the beauty of holiness, but the theatre is my church, the stage my pulpit, my congregation the mixed multitudes, and there, to them, I preach the holiness of beauty.

The financial and physical conditions of the stage are hard beyond all description for all that does not directly appeal to the taste of the masses. Only those forms of entertainment that can be counted on to satisfy the appetite of a restless world are welcome, and only those artists who, backed by tremendous physical stamina, possess ideals of indestructible quality, and the faith that God has not called them amiss, can survive the struggle to bring truth as well as amusement to the millions.

I am only one of a number not too large of those who have given their fuith and strength and money to the upholding of the standard of the arts of the stage, and now after some fifteen years of constant creation and labour, I have come to the next plane of

my obedience—a Permanent Theatre for the Dance and Related Arts.

It is one thing to be trained, another, to perform; what has been true of Denishawn is true of all dancing schools in the country. They teach, but they do not provide the conditions for the flowering of that teaching.

This endowed theatre would do that. Furthermore, it should be an art centre for the community. It should be a combination of theatre, church, and art gallery. There should be constantly changed exhibitions of all the fine arts. The public learns from one art to appreciate another, from seeing great paintings and sculpture to judge and enjoy correct and beautiful settings and groupings on the stage. Beauty, like money, should be kept in circulation to have value.

In connection with this theatre must be a complete institution, a school which shall give students of the art of the dance a physical, technical, and spiritual training up to the moment of their debut in the theatre. Such an institution, also, would give to talent too slight for a professional career the precious opportunity for cultivation and self-expression. It must be remembered that the finest art of the Greeks grew out of the universal art expression of the people, that both general taste and artistic creation are highest not when art is manufactured and sold by a professional class, but when it is a normal and happy activity in the life of all. Are we of the twentieth century too late or too early for such art activity? It seems to me that we stand on the very threshold of an era of great self-ex-

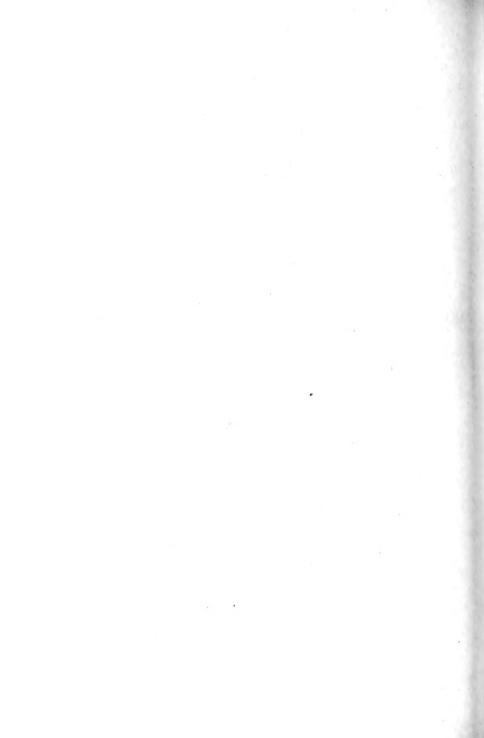


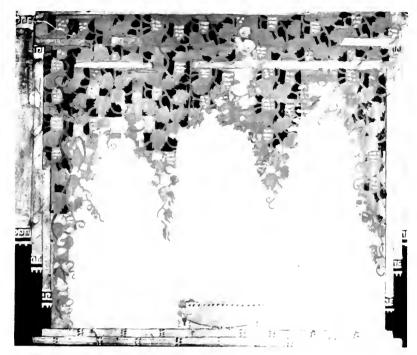
SCENE FOR A
PAGEANT OF VICTORY

MAXWELL ARMFIELD



Sindu





GRELK GARDEN SCINE

MAXWELL ARMFIELD

pression and of release of spiritual power. For self-expression and release there is no form of art so fundamental, so inspiring, as the dance. Such a theatre and school as I have indicated would have upon the younger generation in its impressionable years between eight and fifteen an influence incalculable. Our fashions in dress, in architecture, in all modern life would be changed for the better. This may seem an exaggeration, but reflect what has been done already under the influences accompanying our renaissance of the dance. The fashion of free, flowing lines in women's dress today was set by the costumes of classic dancing. The example of stenciling, of dveing, of jewel work, of artistic handicraft of all sorts, which have done much to free people from the domination of the often ugly machine made, commercial adorament, was first given by dancers who only so could meet their ne d of authentic, lovely costumes

Our great reason for the urgency of my pleafor permanent and adequate conditions for these personal arts of the theatre is that the projected arts have time working for them instead of against them. The poem, the musical composition, the statue, the painting, the building, are all projected works of the artists: they can go where he does not, they remain after he is gone. So if this generation has not come to realize what has been given to it, the next generation may. It is, indeed, no easier for such artists to en lure neglect or hostility than for us of the stage, but there is this great difference; they have this satisfaction and hope; that while they may to ss, their these works which I call the personal artssinging, dancing, and acting two carnot wait, for our instruments are our very selves, and



TAPESTRY SCREEN

EDGEWATER LOOMS
DESIGNED BY KLEISHER

## A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE DECORATIVE ARTS IN AMERICA BY HANNA TACHAU

(Concluded from October issue)
The business of the craftsman does not

merely concern itself with the enrichment of the walls and ceilings of buildings by colour, modelling, texture and design, but it includes every feature and object that enters into the decoration of houses and public buildings. These decorative elements should form an integral part of the main aesthetic purpose of a building, as in the days when the architect and

craftsman were in intention one. They should,

in closest relationship, develop with the growth

of architecture. But are they tending in that direction? The war was our great censor. We looked to our home productions and found that the foreign stamp was still the hall-mark of beauty for us. The term "imported" on fabrics, wall papers, embroideries, stuffs, was the pass-word of good form. Most of our craftsmen were educated abroad. But the war has opened our eyes, and things are looking up. It focussed attention on our needs. We are answering the call for domestic production and domestic consumption, and we find that here in America there is a group of men and women, serious-minded and determined, who are dedicating their lives to the making of beautiful things, and are demonstrating that



servile emulation and cultivate the courage of self-expression. We are still demanding "period" furniture without regard either to scale or real fitness. Many English, Italian and French pieces were fashioned to enliven palaces how many of us live in palaces? Many of the early chairs which we so hectically try to copy, are stilted and uncomfortable. Why should we too be uncomfortable? Decoration, to become vital to us, must be more than mere plagiarism. It must have for its essence the intimacy of beauty and comfort.

And so in our decorative textiles. Handmade fabrics of all kinds are finding a response



there is a splendid beginning here of an independent art which may gradually develop into an individual, national expression.

But we must first extricate ourselves from

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MALK OF MALIER

that was undreamed of fifteen years ago. Looms are busy weaving tapestries and materials of all kinds for hangings and draperies and furniture coverings. But there is still much to be desired in our tapestry making when it is undertaken on a large scale, for weaving upon great surfaces is an art apart. It requires an inherent feeling for decoration, an artist's large vision untrammeled by the painter's desire to produce a too realistic picture. It must keep its place within a given scale, and its colour must bear the challenge of distance and long vistas. We are young yet in the art of tapestry weaving, and time, its great adjuvant, is needed to bring it to greater perfection. Needlepoint is of a different mettle and both gros and petit point are being beautifully fashioned here.

The regeneration of old American processes and the seeking of those earlier, more primitive crafts belonging to other peoples that can be used for our own purposes, are a part of our present-day programme.

Among the most fascinating of these foreign crafts is batik, which the Javanese have used since earliest times. It was introduced here in a highly developed state by Mr. Pieter Mijer, who passed his early years in Java. His talent for design and beautiful colour has produced some rarely charming decorative pieces, and though he has a number of earnest co-workers who are doing fine things the craft has caught the fancy of many dilettantes and is not being perfected as it should.

But there can never be very far-reaching results produced in textiles that are either wholly or even partially made by hand. They are luxuries that can be enjoyed only by the few. The real power lies in the hands of the manufacturer, and he is at last awakening from his long lethargy. Though many of the patterns are still being borrowed or adapted from old designs some of them show originality and feeling, and demonstrate that the modern note need be neither eccentric nor bizarre to merit attention. Some of the silks bear comparison with the best the foreign market affords both in quality and design, and a finer artistic feeling in cotton fabrics is also beginning to evidence itself.

Wall painting is one of the earliest known

arts, and it has retained its place of importance throughout the ages. To-day in America we have mural painters who are individualists. who have emancipated themselves from the restraints of traditional methods in order to find freedom in thought and expression; and yet their art, in its essence, is based on some of the oldest principles of decoration. Mr. Chanler delights in using sumptuous gold or silver backgrounds, his designs are flat and richly symbolic, and his marvellous colour harmonies are like the music of all the streres. Here is an art whose vitalizing force has rawn upon all the ages, and yet its themes are conjured from the man's inner spirit and are enunciated in terms of poetic imagery. There are others of the so-called "newest" school who express themselves in pure design, whose decorative sense is entirely focussed upon pattern alone.

The making of pottery has also received a fresh stimulus the past years, and all over the country individual potters are experimenting with new, and reviving old types of this strangely fascinating art. Our interest in deccration generally has awakened a deeper interest in pottery making; for with the determination to eliminate the ugly useless bric-abrae that once overcrowded our homes we turned our attention towards simple, beautiful forms, combined with interesting colour and texture, that could be utilized as lamps or flower bowls, or as pieces of pure decoration. Some of the simple types of hand-thrown pottery are The Marblehead, Dedham, Paul Revere. Sharon, and a host of others,

But our ambition was aroused to produce more subtle, more significant pieces, and to rescue from oblivion glazes that the Chinese, Persians and Italians too jealously guarded. The elusive Persian blue, the white Italian Majolica, the vibrant blue of the Egyptians, and the Chinese jade green and yellow have been revived by the Durant Kilns and they are indeed things of beauty and joyousness. And those two most difficult feats in porcelain making—high-fire porcelain glazes and porcelain carving—have been most happily accomplished through the persevering labour and devotion to her art of Adelaide Alsop Robineau. The Rookwood potteries need no



THE BALBOT OF THE STARS.
THE BURDS AND THE SEA

MUCAL-PAINTING BY

R. WINTHROP CHANLER

introduction, for their ware is well known, but they may be mentioned as fine examples of under-glaze decorative painting—that is, painting on the pottery body before firing.

Table ware is also an important decorative item, and the efforts of a number of individual

artists and a few manufacturers have now raised it to a high plane of artistic beauty. The craze for so-called china painting, with its aggressive, naturalistic flowers and fruit, is happily over, and we are starting on a new era in which we hope to retrieve much of the



Colle to in Mrs. Harr. P. It home;

THE DANCE OF DEATH

SYMBOLIC PAYIL



CHINESE-BLACK AND GOLD FLOWER DESIGN ON RAISED ENAMEL

LENOX

old-time charm and beauty of our earlier china. Beautiful passages of colour have been accomplished by the use of brilliant enamel work laid on in conventional design, and silver and bronze luster is also being finely achieved. We have one manufacturer who is producing china and porcelain that rivals any European out-

put, both in quality and design.

The art of the silversmith is again emerging from its long sleep. After Colonial days, the machine usurped the place of the craftsman and produced an endless number of pieces, one almost the exact duplicate of the other. All the charm of individual designs, the beauty



ENAMEL DECORATION

POTTERY BY DOROTHEA WARREN O'HARA

of hand-hammered surfaces, the fine regard for utility in form, were engulfed in a desire for cheap production that could be unde to come within the reach of every one. Mechan ical perfection, mechanical speed became the standards by which this art was measured. But now? We can boast of a number of silversmiths who are master craftsmen. They have had an arduous struggle to gain a foothold to compete against commercial odds, but they have at last arrived, and their work is recognized by connoisseurs and is sought by collectors, by museums, and by those who love the beautiful. If our homes are to be harmonious no detail can be disregarded. Our silverware is as eloquent of our tastes as are the more revealing objects with which we come into daily contact. And so the craftsmen of our day will not only reveal in his work the character, the distinction of his own personality, but he will also reflect the direction in which our art is tending

One of the richest art inhermances we have is architectural detail, which comes to us like some lovable impulse, interpreting the spirit of a building rather than voicing the fact that it was humbly created to embellish it. These ornamental adjuncts then must be born of an artist, not only that they may in themselves be beautiful, but because one master mind must speak through the language of another and be elucidated by him. For if a detail does not in thought and feeling express the sentiment of the whole, it does not attain its true destiny.

In the last ten years, architects have become more poignantly interested in the infinite possibilities and capabilities of wood, and have employed wood carvers to reveal the beauty of the material and to decorate and carve wood surfaces that need embellishment. The art of wood carving which has been so highly developed in many countries abroad, is now find-



Cour: Index Studies

VASES IN TURQUOISE BLUE AND AUBIRGINE

DI MAND



SILVERWARE

ARTHUR J. STONE

ing a welcome place here, and though it plays but an incidental part in the large conception of an interior, the craftsman has scope for free expression of his own ideas and a vigourous presentation of them.

Mr. Kirschmaver, the dean of wood carvers in this country, has the traditions of the master wood-carvers of Bayaria behind him, for it was at Oberammergau, the place above all others imbued with romance and religious feryour, that he was born and received his early training. And so his ecclesiastic carvings are the sincere creations of his mind and soul vivified by the artist's active imagination, and we never feel in them the sterile presentment of saints and apostles who have been shorn of their glamour. He makes his draperies limpid and flowing and yet they are presented in a conventional manner rather than the nat-The smaller details are lovingly fashioned as though they were the pleasure of a leisure hour, and one feels their perfect unity with the rest of the composition. Mr. Kirschmayer's art is a universal art because in it we read the essence of universal life.

Although our Colonial period furnished us with the heritage of some very interesting examples of wrought iron, it is only of comparatively recent date that wrought iron as a fine art has received a just appreciation in America. In the intervening years, all metal

work that was used constructionally in houses and buildings was discreetly concealed, and when it was exhibited, it was for the purpose of proclaiming the triumph of mechanical invention. Hinges were cunningly hidden, locks sunk into doors and windows, and iron gates, fireplace accessories and grills were produced by the cheaper method of casting. The real beauty of this medium—a fine feeling for decoration, a grace combined with durability, a delicacy of touch allied with strength, and the possibilities of individual and imaginative treatment of design—were lost sight of.

But to-day architects are given the opportunity of satisfying their longing to lavish a wealth of artistic invention upon architectural detail, and fortunately we have a few really great smiths who have the ardour, enthusiasm and capacity to capture the spirit and feeling of the architectural structure as a whole, and carry them out logically in their own medium. All over the country we now have rare examples of iron, wrought by hand, and the museums no longer have to depend upon ancient fragments as illustrious examples for admiration and study, but are able to gather together from our own craftsmen productions equally beautiful, that are the enlightening expression of our own times

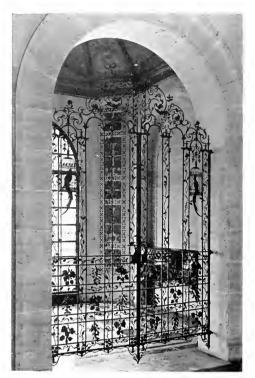
Glass painting, like all the other arts, was of gradual growth, reaching its finest develop-





MIST WINDOW SMAT BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, X Y HESTY WYND YOUNG

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INTERIOR GATES
H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE

SAMUEL YELLIN

ment through the ardent devotion of faithful followers. It has also mercilessly suffered a decline, and to-day perhaps no other art is less understood, less reverenced, by some of its servitors than this once proud spiritual expression of the medicayal craftsman.

Here in America there is a small band of artists who are working towards the restoration of its glory, when it shall again fill the windows of our churches with the glow of rich colour. These few enthusiasts have returned to the early methods of the masters, who made their own pot-metal, obtaining the fire and richness of tone by colour suspended in the glass itself, rather than through the excessive use of pigment laid on its surface. Lead is regarded not as a necessary evil, but as the legitimate means with which to define and accentuate form,

A stained glass window should sustain the feeling of a wall surface. embellishing and pronouncing its beauty and interest, but never puncturing it with inharmonious colour nor making of it a frame for flaunting some pictorial effect. The treatment of a window of painted glass depends a great deal upon its location, proportions, and the amount of available light. The design for church windows especially should be so lucid and clear, that the design seen from a distance, for few such windows are viewed at close range. Though small apertures may be delightfully treated with a design showing a single figure or some theme that is endowed with all the rich accessories of ornament and sumptuous detail, by far the most satisfactory results are developed from a space large enough to afford scope for the broad decorative treatment of a subject. Every shape and size of window, however, brings with it an interesting problem to solve, and the list of subjects that lend themselves to window painting, both for religious and domestic buildings, is endless. Indeed, we generally associate this art with churches, but it has a

very definite use in the home as well, and architects include painted windows in their designs not only to get certain decorative results, but often to admit necessary light in a location where there is an unattractive outlook which he wishes to conceal.

We are beginning seriously to turn our attention to the valid use of colour, not only upon the interiors but also the exteriors of structures. Very delightful decorative results are being obtained by the use of tiles and we are reviving the old craft that for a time had degenerated into a purely utilitarian product. For years our conception of these colourful bits of pottery was gleaned from the unsympathetic, machine pressed, highly glazed exam-

ples that shone clean and resplendent in bathroom and kitchen; but through the fine missionary spirit of Mr. Henry C. Mercer and a numiher of other ardent devotees the once beautiful art has again come into its own. Mr. Mercer, after years of experimenting, has succeeded in procuring the soft, dufl texture and plastic quality which was characteristic of the work of the mediaeval potters. The first glance reveals his decorative scheme as a thing complete, the details made to become but a part of the general ceramic tracery, and though he introduces human figures and objects in varied form, sometimes telling a story, they are never realistic presentments of people and things but rather suggestive forms that are essentially decorative in feeling.

The Roofwood tiles are distinguished by their persuasive colour, the Grueby for the charm of their velvety texture, and the American Encaustic for their essays in design. The Enfeld tiles have a boldness of relief and mod-

elling reminiscent of the Moravian, and the Batchelder and Pewabic are rich in tonal quality. Many of the designs have been inspired by old patterns but are being splendidly adapted to the modern demands of architect and decorator, and being freely modelled by able craftsmen, they take on an individual character that marks them as a permanent art expression. They give the richness of colour where it is needed, sometimes in mass, as in walls and floors, or they may be introduced as interesting spots of colour upon neutral surfaces. They sound a warmer, more intimate note than stone or marble and are a medium through which a real art sentiment can be expressed.



SPANISH GOTHIC SCREEN
CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT FERRER B

SAMUEL YELLIN BERTRAM GOODHUE, ARCHT,

And so, though we know that we are living in an age of mechanical productivity, beautiful things made by hand are also finding a distinct place. But the omnipotent machine, with its myriad fingers is a thing to be reckoned with —subjugated, rather than hopelessly combated. It must come under the control of craftsmen.

Whether our age will present any significant contribution to art, we cannot as yet tell. We are at too close range to judge fairly. The glamour, the romance that clings to antiques, the patina that the years alone can bring, all make their appeal in favour of the old as against the new. We are apt to judge the work of other epochs leniently, just as we are apt to view our own with over-critical eves

#### The Promise of Art in Hispanic America

HISPANIC AMERICA BY MARRION WILCOX I HAVE searched tropical jungles for an emblem of the promise of Hispanic- or Latin-American art. While my native crew was resting. I would go into the jungles far away from the river. On the river the heat was oppressive and the light a blinding glare. But the jungle was dark as a vast green cave; and in the depths of it I looked for the orchid which sometimes grows on rocky ground there, and is called Espiritu Santo because it holds, enclosed in white petals, a small image of the emblematic dove; the beautiful Flower of the Holy Ghost. That orchid, so hidden and so rare, appeared indeed a true emblem of the art spirit's obscure beginning.

■ HE PROMISE OF ART IN

Again, I have looked for an emblem of the promise of Latin-American art among the mountains of that West Coast region, south of the equator, where the natives were inspired to undertake, long ago, marvellous structures-the most genuinely original architectural works in the Western Hemisphere. That inspiration plainly implies their ability to perceive the æsthetic value of nature's stone-work lighted by the heavenly bodies. This was demonstrated to my satisfaction by the entire plan of the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, the symbolism of which seemed to me to approach perfection. But the truly perfect symbol or emblem of the art spirit's full development I saw one evening in April when a convenient coasting vessel anchored shortly after sunset near a cliff, famous in that part of the world, the Morro of Arica. The constellation of the Southern Cross stood directly above the cliff. . . . Now, I have often seen those symbolic stars when they looked like a flight of heavenly white birds, but on April 19, though they looked more than ever like a flight of birds, the cross they formed was perfect, very brilliant, and clearly a part of the dark Morro's architecture.

Quite seriously, I have anticipated the discovery of novel products of the art spirit, and as a student have sometimes looked for them in the far-southern cities. I looked for them in Buenos Aires, where Italian and French Renaissance architecture showed Post-Impres-

sionist tendencies, though some of the local artists were very conservative and the work of the Argentine sculptor, Rogelio Ururtia. reminds one of portrait busts carved at Rome two thousand years ago. My search extended to Lima, where I found special promise of originality in painting; to Santiago de Chile. Montevideo, and even Asunción; to Rio de Janeiro (now embellishing itself with new dwellings and public buildings, new avenues, exquisite Futuristic landscape-designing), and to Sao Paulo; to Mexican towns and cities, where the effort to use Aztec motives in new architectural works is really even more interesting than the Churrigueresque churches. Now I think it right to refer to the Hispanic or Latin portion of the New World as a very great field into which the practice of the arts may be extended advantageously, and in which architects will certainly find rather unhackneved motives. And the suggestion is put forward plainly so that it may be challenged.

One may, without reflection, challenge it as an unwarranted suggestion because one's first thought about the twenty Latin-American Republics is commonly formed under the influence of writers who have been showing a strong financial bias whenever they have dealt with Latin-American subjects. They have over-emphasized, I think, commerce and industries, for which even Nature's favourites may have relatively little natural aptitude. On the other hand the special gift of Nature to Latin-Americans is precisely that which we should cherish most warmly. Nature has conferred upon them the perception of æsthetic They appreciate, self-forgetfully, whatever manifests that quality, and are indeed, as I wrote years ago in the Atlantic Monthly, prone to art and supine to music: a truth that should light the way to the heart of the people generally, since the gift of Nature was not limited to a single class. And "art always is most creative, most fertile," Viscount James Bryce said when addressing a Pan-American audience, "in countries where the people generally are pervaded by the artistic sense. A great artist is not an isolated phenomenon. He does not come up as a mysterious apparition among a people devoid of artistic instinct. He grows out of his people."

TUDIO TALK

Never has a season been known to open so tamely. Half of the galleries are still virtually closed, the rest, with a few exceptions, are keeping up a brave pretence of bing open by hanging such pictures as they have on hand and calling it an exhibition. The reason for this is not far to seek. Last season, though an excellent one for the art lover, was disastrous to the dealers, so that they are naturally timid.

But it is possible to be too timid and the general atmosphere of gloom in many of the galleries is not conducive to buying. What is needed is a little enterprise and a drastic revision of prices.

That there are exceptions goes without saving. Keppel has a show of Bracquemonds well worth seeing. Ehrich has brought over a collection of Leonard Richmond's pastels. an article on which appeared in the April issue. Then Montross is showing Bertram Hartmann's water-colours, Mussmann has Phillip Little's etchings and Eugene Higgins' paintings, and Milch will open with a set of oil sketches of Old New Orleans by Wayman Adams. At Scott & Fowles is a set of Blake water-colours illustrating Dante and sculpture by Manship. Macbeth has a mixed collection containing a fine Twachtman, a Ryder, and a delightful oil sketch by Emil Carlsen. Harlow is showing Beaufrère. Daniels has some new Demuths. And finally Ferargil has a really fine group of American paintings. selected, so the catalogue states, from the collections of three great American collectors. I recognized one collector at once, but since his name is withheld 1, too, will hold my reacc. The group includes two Robinsons, two Weirs, two lunesses, and two Thavers, the early Wiss Anna Palmer and splendid Illead of Years Woman.

So that we must not grumble.

An unexpected pleasure was the Bracque mond show. His habit of over-working his plates has largely served to conceal his true greatness as an either. But this show leaves no doubt as to his mastery.

Bracquemond has been praised, and justly

o, for his tone. He showed of hers what the medium was capable of a the rights of a plate such as Le Cherrin des russ all the praise that Eurry bestowed. But Bracquemond did not wholly escape the fate which less in wait for the innovator. Tone appears to have become an obsession with him and many of his plates are ruined in their later states for this reason. Etching is for good or ill essentially a linear medium and anything with detracts from or blurs the quality of the line is anothena. I would rather have one of Bracquemond's first states than a complete collection of his finished plates. A dozen examples could be taken. The Him indell a is a striking one. In the completed plate all the dash, the verve is gone, buried in tone.

But Bracquemond is not to be blamed for all his seeming failings. The fault lies only partly with the artist and partly with the Victorian passion for completion. The first state of the Goncourt, of which twenty proofs were printed, is infinitely superior in every way to the completed state. The cumbersome book rack which ruins the composition is missing and the clothing is only sketched in outline. The head too has a more distinguished appearance, the added tone in the later state detracting, curiously enough, from the depth.

The first state of Les Min these, of which six impressions exist, is another extremely interesting case. The gulls are exactly as in the print reproduced except that the sea and sky have not yet been filled in. Yet I would affirm that no one has seen that plate who has not seen the first state! How masterly is Bracquemond's drawing will be seen from the fact that in etching the gulls he was able to cut one of them in two, knowing precisely where and how the wave would fall

The Beaufreres at Harlow's are a little disappointing after the enthusiaste introduction written for the catalogue by Armord Davot While I am willing to subscribe to all that M. Dayot has to say about Beaufrore's technique, I do not feel that he has the selective instinct so essential in an etching. His land-scapes especially tend to be overwrought and overcrowded. He is not sure of his values Of the figures, the St. School over stills in my

mind. In looking over the catalogue, I find that there are two studies of St. Sebastian, but I cannot recall which is which.

To come to an American etcher, Louis Orr is rapidly coming into prominence. He belongs to the school of architectural etchers, which, however the fashions may change, seems to preserve intact its own tradition. "Clean-wipe" Orr is his nickname in Paris, I am told, and with justice, for there are no tricks in his trade. His plates are architectural portraits of the downright order. A clear, sharp line, a nicely balanced composition—voilà!

Mr. Orr was sent to Rheims during the bombardment to make sketches of the cathedral and some of his finest plates are the result of this commission. Coming nearer home, one of his latest plates is the result of a commission from the Springfield Chamber of Commerce. The subject is the fine Municipal group Springfield, Mass., and a very imposing plate it is.

At the other end of the scale is Howard Leigh, who is showing at the Anderson Galleries. Both choose mainly architectural subjects, Leigh's best work being in lithograph. But the two might have worked in different worlds. Leigh's drawing is not his force, but how full of life and colour are his *Towers of Yale, Plaza Fountain* and studies of Rheims Cathedral.

In the July issue it was stated that the first prize of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers went to Frederick Reynolds and the second to F. G. Hall. This is incorrect. The real facts are these. Mr. Reynolds was awarded the prize for the most popular print in the Exhibition. Mr. Paul Roche received the prize for the best print by a member of the Society. And Mr. Hall's prize was for the best print by "an exhibitor, not a member of the Society."

It is not often that a portrait painter lets himself go, but when he does, the result is generally delightful. This is the only word which would describe the sketches which Mr. Wayman Adams has brought back from New Orleans. I saw them all in Mr. Adams' studio to-day, but next week they will be hanging in the Milch Gallery. A darkey preaching, darkies in church, glimpses of old doorways with a dark face peering through. . . . Full of colour and life, these oil sketches strike a splendidly fresh note. They awaken at once the acquisitive instinct. I do not know New Orleans, so cannot say whether Mr. Adams has caught the atmosphere. But he has caught an atmosphere, and I for one like it.

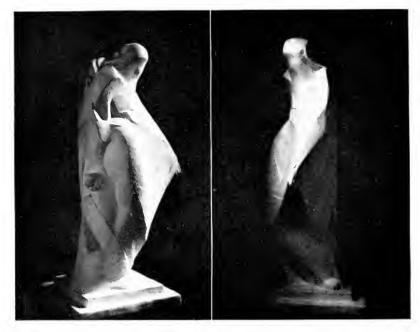
I should like to own, too, one or two of Bertram Hartmann's water-colours, though I should be more particular in my choice. Probably I should choose the one of Maine called Houses. This has atmosphere and the handling of colour is altogether freer and less opaque than in the New York studies. These last do not improve on acquaintance. One feels that Mr. Hartmann has not yet command of his medium. Perhaps he is not vet quite sure what he feels about New York. Another of the Maine series appeals to me, Towards Isle au Haute, and this in spite of the rather abrupt change of technique in the centre of the com-The colour is washed in with a position. freer hand than is Hartmann's custom. Hartmann must be careful not to let his treatment of the sea degenerate into a formula. sea is a proud mistress and permits no liberties.

It is very difficult to write about Mr. Spong's water-colours, which he is showing at the Anderson Galleries, but it would be delightfully easy to write of their creator. Mr. Spong's history, from the earliest days of Gilbert & Sullivan to the present, is full of incident. He has painted in every country and for every purpose. He was Gilbert's first scenic artist. He is still going strong. The water-colours make a very interesting collection. Their frankness inspires respect.

With Charles Demuth we are in another world. The new flower studies which Daniel is showing are exceedingly beautiful and have a voluptuous quality rare in this Puritan atmosphere. The contrast between the austerity of a Hartley still-life and the voluptuousness of a Denuth is astounding.



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MEDEA

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

Before leaving water-colours, I would like to advise New York to be sure not to miss the exhibition of water-colours which opens at the Brooklyn Museum on November 8th. As originally planned, the exhibition was to include only the four top-notchers, Winslow Homer, John Sargent, Dodge Mcknight and John Marin. Perhaps this may be done at another time, but at any rate the exhibition will be of first class importance, as showing that in this medium, at least, America need fear no competition. What I have written . . .

About a year ago I was greatly impressed by an etching of Eugene Higgins which I saw at Montross's. It was away out of the ordinary. I was not at all sure that it was a good etching, qua etching, but I knew at once that it was the work of an unusual man. To-day I have seen a round half dozen of his paintings and all my doubts have been removed. Eugene Higgins is a force to be reckoned with.

The Medea of Alice Morgan Wright was included in the exhibition which the International Studio held last May. It is always a pleasure to sing the praises of work that appeals to one. Miss Wright is evidently not sure of herself vet. The four works which she showed at the Independents' were in very different styles. But at least two, The Flesh Lusteth Against the Spirit (reproduced in the April issue) and the Medea showed great promise. There is very little description in Miss Wright's work. She has realized that sculpture is primarily a matter of balance of masses. No more striking contrast could be devised than between those two sculptures, yet it can be said of both that they are sculpturally conceived. The handling of the veil in Medea is particularly happy. Indeed the Medea is very nearly a great tragic work. That it is not quite is due to a slight uncertainty in the handling of the forms. But it is none the less a work to be proud of.

DOK REVIEWS

ADVENTURES IN THE ARIS. Informal Chapters on Painters, Vandeville and Poets. By Marsden Hartley, New York, Boni & Liveright, Large 12mo, \$3.00.

The appearance of a book of critical essays by a painter is always an exciting event and it is especially so when the painter critic's work is so strongly individualised as is Hartley's. So perhaps one may be excused if, having read Mr. Herbert Seligmann's excellent article in the last issue, one is a little disappointed. Only a few of the essays have the true Hartley twang.

Curiously enough Hartley is freest not, as one would expect, when writing of the paint ers with whom he has closest affinity, but in writing of those who are most foreign to him. His article on Cézanne is laboured in comparison with that on Jennie van Vleet Cowdery. Perhaps the answer to the riddle is that Hartley derives from two sources. In technique his whole later work is conditioned by that of Cezanne. In spirit he is much closer akin to Henri Rousseau and Mrs. Cowdery. There is nothing of Cézanne's bearishness about him. Cézanne's lifelong battle with pigment has not been his. Rather is he the incorrigible amateur, drawing wealth from every source and valuing life above his own creations.

So that one should not be surprised to find Hartley a little pedestrian at times. He is so much more at home at the circus than in the studio. How can be swing his swagger stick "by way of applause" in that rarified atmosphere?

But for all that it is Hartley's critical essays on his contemporaries and forerunners that must interest us most, and, despite a certain impediment in the flow of language and a not too coherent form, these contain much meat. I pick these passages out of the Cezanne essay, in which, not very helpfully, he includes Whitman:

".. His desire to join the best that existed in the impressionistic principle with the classical arts of other times ... We shall find him striving always towards actualities, toward the realization of beauty as it is seen to exist

in the elegate itself, whether it be mountain or apple or human, the entire series of living things in relation to one mother."

"... A greater realization of form in space...."

"Neeing the super's fact in terms of itself, majestically."

"They are not cold studies of injanium tethings, they are pulsing realisations of living substances striving toward each other, lending each other their individual activities until his canvases become, as one might mame them, ensembles of animation, orchestrated life. We shall, I think, find this is what Greeo did for Cezanne, and it is Cezanne who was among the first of the moderns, if not the first, to appreciate that particular aspirational quality in the splendid pictures of Greeo. They more toward their design, they are lift d by the quality of their organisation into spaces in which they are free to carry on the fine illusion of life."

This last is splendid criticism.

THE APPRECIATION OF PAINTING. By Percy Moore Turner. Twelve illustrations in collotype. New York. Scribner's.

This is the most amazing book that I have read in a long time. This is a pure statement of fact and must be taken to imply either praise or blame. Actually both are due in large quantities, praise for what the author has accomplished, blame for what he obviously could have accomplished. But above all, amazement that he should have tackled the problem at all.

For what Mr. Turner has here attempted in 286 pages (approximately 46,000 words) is no less than a student's guide to Fur goan painting from Giotto to the fururists, with chapters on the meaning of art, and on emotional development, as makeweight. At a conservative estimate then, he has confensed at least ten full-sized books into one short one What such condensation means can either be realized when one has been driven lefter skelter through three confunction in as many pages. And yet they say that the English are slow. No American tourist e-er "did" Flor ence at the speed that Mr. Furner takes

The beginning is deceptive. So that the teader may not be so red off at the outset. "I

goes according to the accepted rules of the game. Art is, of course, defined. The definition chosen is the safe one: "An artist is one who . . . transmits emotion to a responsive person . . ." Of course the reader is warned that if a picture awakens no response in him it may not be the picture's fault. Not an entirely satisfactory definition from the point of view of æsthetics, but good enough as a working basis. There follows a series of good hints: Don't spend all day in a picture gallery. Don't confuse art with subject. Don't turn down Raphael off-hand, but wait till you tire of Holman Hunt. . . .

After which innocent prelude we start on our journey. And what a journey. England, Holland, Spain, Italy, France, Flanders, Germany, back and forth, hither and thither, Raeburn to Van der Helst, Rubens and pupils, back to Gainsborough, compare van Dyk and hop across to Hogarth. The French School at a glance, Vigée Lebrun, Greuze, Boucher, compare Tiepolo, Fragonard, Watteau . . . I am out of breath. Not so the author, he is down in Bologna calling on Guido Reni.

With any other man this would make sheer nonsense, but it is Mr. Turner's achievement that, though he certainly "scorches," he misses little of the scenery. He has a sharp, incisive word for everyone.

Particularly is he to be praised for the pages which he devotes to modern theories, the impressionists, neo-impressionists, syntheticists, post-impressionists, cubists and futurists. Still sparing of words he states the various theories in an extremely lucid manner and says more in a few pages than most writers express in a book. Above all, he links the movements together and shows how one grew naturally out of the other.

But this is the great merit of the book as a whole. It is European painting seen from an aeroplane, and if something is lest from such an Olympian altitude, something is gained, too.

Some of Mr. Turner's obiter dicta suggest that he would be an admirable contributor for this magazine. I imagine a review of the Academy in some such lines as these: "There are some passable pictures by —— and ——. Of the rest, the less said the better."

Modern Tendencies in Sculpture. By Lorado Tait. The Scammon Lectures. The Art Institute of Chicago. \$5.00 net.

I suppose that it is futile to ask of a writer more than he can give. It seems that the capacity for appreciation is more or less restricted in every man, and the broadest-minded must fail at times. The most that one can ask of a critic is that he apply to all works, whether by their nature pleasing or distasteful to him, the same critical standards. And it seems that no critic will do this.

Mr. Taft is a case in point. He dismisses Epstein with "there are always some who like their meat raw." Gaudier-Brzeska, Matisse, Brancusi and Archipenko suffer a like summary treatment, and Gaston Lachaise is not even mentioned, though Metzner has no less than twenty-four illustrations. Now the critic of sculpture has this advantage over the critic of painting, that there are certain immutable laws of mass and structure by which great work can be judged. He should be at a further advantage in judging modern work, since here there is no superfluous ornament to hide the basic proportions. I would refer Mr. Taft to Roger Fry's Vision and Design in which are reproduced on one page a 13th century sculpture from the Cloister of St. John Lateran, a detail from Rodin's Burghers of Calais, and a sculpture by Matisse. I trust that he will then wish to revise his judgment.

But if we pass over those men with whom Mr. Taft is out of sympathy, there is much good criticism in the book. Especially valuable are his essays on Rodin and on Augustus St. Gaudens. In both the author has kept his head, a difficult feat in the case of Rodin, whose fate it seems, to be either lauded to the skies or consigned to the lowest depths.

The chief value of the book—and it cannot be underestimated—is that it brings together into reasonable compass work by modern sculptors all over the world. The 420 illustrations, tiny though many of them are, form a gallery, the collection of which is itself an achievement. For that reason, and there are others, where Mr. Taft's critical faculties are used to best advantage, this book is an essential for every student of modern sculpture. It covers a wide field.

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# INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

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DUCEMBER, 1921

#### A Small Plea

PERHAPS it is not a small thing that I am asking after all. It may be that I am a Utopian, like H. G. Wells. Perish the thought! Yet when I pick up the November issue of the American Magazine of Art and read the editorial entitled, "High Standard or the Open Door," I begin to wonder. . . .

My plea is for a little—just a little—thought. The kind of thinking a scientist does when, in his first chapter, he defines the term that he will use most frequently. Words like "good art," "bad art," "craft," "ideals," "ennoble," and above all, "Beauty."

"We may be very sure," runs the editorial, "that art that does not uplift and ennoble is not good, and that which does is . . . . What more can art do for us than awaken our preception of beauty and quicken our appreciation of beautiful things? This indeed, is the test. Art which does not ennoble, does not broaden the vision and make life more worthwhile, is inferior, to say the least . . .

"Art and beauty are inseparable. Craft which gives itself to the interpretation of coarseness, vulgarity, deformity, ugliness of an offensive kind, is the enemy of art . . . ."

Superficially all this is very plausible, but the fallacy becomes apparent when we come to the words "our appreciation of beautiful things." Our writer is laying stress on the one inessential element in a work of art, the *subject*. Because we do not live with works of art, but visit them in museums "upon occasion, by appointment made," we have come to endow the *subject* with an importance which it has

never possessed. If we had lived with the works in praise so ineptly, we would know that after a very short space of time the subject fades. As we grow familiar with an object the characteristics which first attracted us, the scene, if it be a handscape, the head, if it be a portrait, are no longer seen. We are left with an essay in abstract design, an arrangement of masses. On this abstract quality of form the ultimate fate of a work of art depends. The subject be it never so lofty, be the objects depicted in themselves never so beautiful, cannot save it if the fundamental structure is unsound. Nor, to reverse the process, will an unsavoury subject militate against the life of a great work of art.

The service which the subject performs is that of a bridge. The presence of recognizable objects in a picture attracts and clarms the eye which would be repelled at the outset by an abstract presentation of the same objects. But the answer to the famous riddle is still the same. The chicken crosses the road to get to the other side.

Perhaps, too, the subject has another function. Continual preoccupation with abstraction might blind the artist to the triumphs and tragedies of mankind.

But the main thesis holds. The magnificent El Greco reproduced opposite is a great work of art, not because it is a masterly delineation of Saint Peter, but because, in the words of Marsden Hartley, "it moves toward its design, it is lifted by the quality of its organization into spaces in which it is free to carry on the fine illusion of life."



Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum

THE MANY-SIDED WAUGH
BY HENRY RANKIN POORE

I know of no one in American art whose spirit seems to link up with the worthnes of the Renaissance in a more natural and unaffected way than Frederick J. Waugh.

With him art signifies creation—not in any particular form, but as though it were the harp of Acolus obedient to every mood and as ready to respond to a breath with some dainty bit out of fairyland as to a blast in the roar and nurnoil of old Ocean, or yet again as an inspiration for some record in brass or iron, tashioned with curious care, or a work in plastic or hammered silver, or again a problem in colour or cubism, or illustrations perhaps, for the nursery or battle scenes for the weeklies.

Mr. Waugh's re-entrance into American art after a foreign residence of sixteen years was made with two marines sent to the Fall Academy of 1907. These pictures received so pronounced a welcome that he accepted the popular voice proclaiming him a master of this subject. The dealers wanted no other.

To his intimates, however, Mr. Waugh was willing from time to time to reveal other phases of his creative ability and met their surprised demand for publicity for these with a reply which has kept them from the exhibitions for these past years: "I'm not ready yet. When the time is ripe I will let them out."

In a former age the freedom of the Humanists with its absence of that caution which later has forced the specialist upon civilization, stood ready with a crown for expression in any direction. He who could plan a building, model a vase, carve a statue, and paint a picture was, on four counts, a greater artist than he who could do but one of these things. The later centuries, however, have seen to this The painter who writes poetry has it doubted by the artists; the critics acclaiming his literature, doubt his painting? The "specialist" in art seems to have come in at about the time Pope began to feel

"One task is for one genius fit.

So broad is art, so narrow human wit? In these repressive days, an artist of the da Vinci type, therefore, must zover. Il but one port-hole of his citadel and do his shooting from that.

Frederick Judd Waugh is the son of a portrait painter, well known and patronized in Philadelphia from the later period of Sully, whose friend he was, to the date of his death in 1884. The son naturally took to figure painting and at an early age produced commendable portraits, but being an ardent nature lover he soon broke with the restraints of the studio and entered the field of lands ape. Here his natural ability as a draughtsman made it easy for him to reproduce every fact that cambefore his vision and his work very slortly bore a strong resemblance, in its careful detail, to that of William T. Richards

The ardour of his study soon freed him from the control by Nature which many artists never resent. It was not because, as with Turner, "Nature put him out"; but that he had learned her so well as to be able to draw upon his stored knowledge. Shortly, therefore, after this student period of rigid study of landscape, he found himself equipped to enter Fairyland as a subject. He relied for his compositions upon the dreams which came with such consistent regularity that they gave him not only material, but in repetition supplied the emphasis that allowed a choice between such changes as all dreams develop. The writer has seen some of these large dream pictures, highly finished and very beautiful in design and colour, change from day to day as with the chance turning of the kaleidiscope. Fairies, angels, goblins and wizards upon 1 and and mermaids and nereids in the labyrinths of the sea came and went upon his canvases as though with no other purpose than to amuse the painter and his immediate circle of intimates. Few unfortunately of these clever pictures

With a portrait now and then to keep the pot holling, why should not a budding genius give play to his imagination? And so the elder Waugh never discouraged the younger in the exercise of this simon pure diversion.

It was not until the serious look of things which comes in taking on a wife controuted him that young Wangh became practical, and, cutting loose from the parental mansion in

#### The Many-sided Waugh

West Philadelphia, he sailed away for Europe. Trying Edinburgh and London for a little the pair finally settled in Paris. Here with the convenience of a studio and models, a number of figure pictures were produced, a period expressing the evident influence of Dagnan-Bouveret. At the suggestion of friends the island of Sark, one of the Channel group, was visited for a summer outing which, on sight, so captivated the artist that he threw up his lease in Paris and remained here for two years. The daily observation of this outlook for that lengthened period confirmed for him every phase of the changeful subject and proved the turning influence in the choice of one of many types of expression. For marine printing has always meant realism, an ardent copying of a protean surface, so elusive as to baffle any but a real student, and with no escape from logical fact, cause and effect being co-ordinate and

hence with no side door for experiment or indecision.

Meanwhile, between the Sark experience and his return home, much awaited him in England. Going first to Cornwall he made good at the painters' colony of St. Ives, producing here, besides a picture for the Royal Academy, much work in water colour; themes with which the fishing villages abounded, herring boats, wharves, cottages, ships at anchor, and the lanes and by-paths of these topsy-turvy coast hamlets. When the shut-in days of winter came on, a dreary outlook was enlivened by the old imaginative themes of long ago, and quite to the surprise of his English friends he lined his studio walls with mediaval and classical subjects; drawings, aquarelles, and important canvases in oil. With one of these he made his debut at the Royal Academy, a picture sold on the opening day and well



A NIGHT SORME FROM LADYSMITH

BOER-WAR DRAWING BY F. J. WAUGH



#### The Many-sided Waugh



Courtesy Macbeth Gallery

WILD COAST

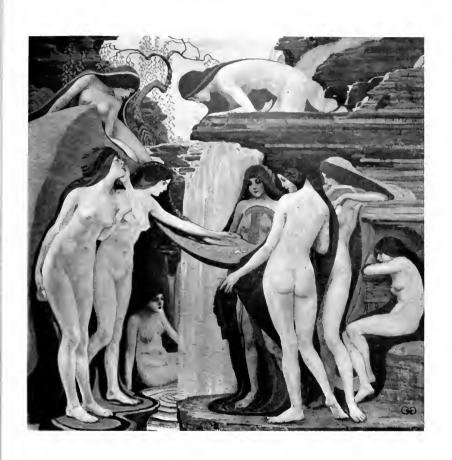
FREDERICK J. WAUGH

remembered by the jury, which passed his picture on the following year, and with the same success. In fact, every picture sent to the Royal for the following ten years was sold. With one exception, these were figure subjects; the exception, From the Cliffs, a large marine.

Shunning the allurements of London for a time, Mr. and Mrs. Waugh and their two children located in Leighton-Buzzard where the town hall was offered the painter for a studio. Its accommodations stimulated conceptions in large size and enabled him to get the required range from his models. When Court sat, the artist covered his canvases and swept his belongings into a corner. His smaller workshop was then available, and here he devoted his spare time to reponssé designs in brass and

copper.

When, after a three years' sojourn in this town of Bedfordshire, he finally made the acquaintance of the publisher Alfred Harmsworth, the present Lord Northeliffe, through some elaborate designs of old British legends, he was urged to take a studio and locate in London. Here he signed a contract for magazine work on a salary and for a time the game of chance as to an artist's livelihood was ended. But Harmsworth soon found a rival for his new man in the London "Graphic," which offered the illustrator double the amount. At this time the Boer war was on, the sketches by artists and officers at the front being rehandled by Waugh. When no sketches came in, telegraphic description was all the data he needed for his series of spirited battle pictures. In



#### The Many-sided Waugh

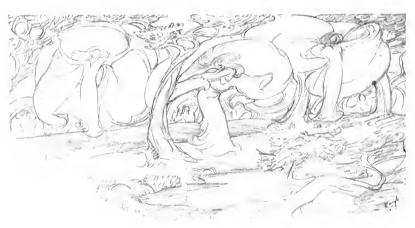
time, though the Harmsworth interests lost their illustrator for pictorial work, they made use of his talents as a painter, a life-sized oil portrait of the three children of one brother and miniatures of other members of the family being ordered. Reminded of his repoussé work, Cecil Harmsworth suggested as a present for Lord Northeliffe a silver eigar basket. This required ninety ounces of silver, the cedar box which it held measuring six by fourteen inches. For six weeks Waugh worked with his accustomed diligence at this, averaging sixteen hours a day. Top and sides were covered with designs exploiting the achievements or the diversions of the senior member of the firm: The "Daily Mail" train, an enterprise which put the Harmsworth publications upon the tables of Northern England hours ahead of other newspapers, Lord Northcliffe as an angler, the Harmsworth Building in London, and a medallion of its proprietor. The decorative design which connected these panels was Gothic, of rare beauty.

Returning to America, New York was selected for headquarters, though very shortly a farm in the Berkshires was purchased for his real anchorage and this he has looked upon as quite as much a subject for art effort as

any surface of canvas or silver. With his own hand he has refashioned the ancient dwelling and out-houses, directing the labourers of the countryside when parts might be entrusted to them, but saving such problems as winding stair-cases, balconies and mantels as problems to his own inventive genius. Even a stone bridge has been built with every cobble laid by himself.

From this unique refuge in the hills an annual trip is made to the shore where a few weeks are sufficient to put the salt savour into his paint for another twelvemonth.

It was at Monehegan that the old love of fairies and goblins found recrudescence in what was discovered in the spruce forest of the Island. Roots of trees gnarled and twisted by winds and moisture he discovered in profusion, suggesting the elves and gnomes of his earlier imagination. Accustomed all his life to the writing of stories, first prompted by the demands of his own children, he soon conceived these characters all fitted to a narrative as ingenious in its conception as the fantastic figures which he was able to develop. These he named "Munes" in contradistinction to the "Inmunes" which are also comprehended in the story. Twenty-six large drawings illus-



DECORATIVE CONCEPTION

F. J. WAUGII

## The Many-sided Waugh



TRIM, DRAWING OF MUNES

FILE RICK J. WAUGH

trated the book, a work which the publisher has discovered interests artists and adults quite as much as the children. In line and occasionally in design one is frequently reminded of the great Durer, therein differing materially from other examples of his art for children. His crowning effort as a delight-maker for childhood is a miniature Norman castle constructed of wood and stone and cardboard, on which in his spare moments he worked for months when in England as a Christmas surprise for his little son and daughter. This was fitted with drawbridge, in at, donjon tower, prison, etc., and instead of now being delegated to a loft in one of his studios, should have a place in a nurseum of antionity.

It would be strange if to so versatile a min't the modern tendency should make no appeal, and so Wangh too has taken his plunge in the ne'v thought wive; but in scraping the bottom he picked up pearls and not pebbles or slime. Of a dozin this glifted canvases done in this year, that of a book hop, wherein the

beholder looks down upon several balconies and winding staircases, is perhaps the most ingenious, both for illusiveness and the final rewards to our searching. His designs in the post-impressionistic formula spring from a prompting to express rhythm and a harmony of space co-ordination, and if natural fact interferes with this, it is somewhat brusquely fitted in. He finds no possible us for ugliness nor distortion.

His knowledge of sea craft and really in vention made him a most valuable assistant in the bureau of combuffage where, to use the words of Everett I. Warner, head of the bure in the was our best "piner butter."

"When we had a sudden call for a ship and it was recessary to small cut, design in great base, the experiment I model was generally turned ever to Wanel as the man most certain to get results in the shortest space of time. Whole everal of the offer designers produced work fully court to be, he was easily the most road worker of flow. If add online a large part



THE WOOING OF AYATINGA

## The Many-sided II augh



INDIAN LEGEND
(BYSTANDER, MARCH 22, '04)

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

centage of the designs used were from his brush. One of the most characteristic was the U. S. S. Protens which became one of the show pieces in our demonstrating theatre when we had distinguished visitors to the camouflage section."

Last year his desire to paint the tropical seas was at length gratified and his strong feeling for colour given ample range as was proved in the splendid exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery in November of this year.

At Demorara, Trinidad, Barbados, he secured a hundred or more colour studies from memory notes, large work in the open being almost impossible owing to the strength of the never-failing trade winds.

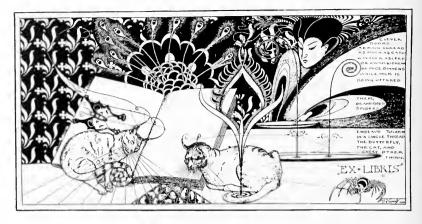
From this mass of material the Macbeth exhibition was made up, months after, in his inland studio. For freshness of colour and directness and confidence of attack the result through this means seems even more satisfactory than by setting down the facts of an ever-changing subject in nature's presence.

His love for colour has always been paramount and this has never been allowed free course in marine. At last, in the tropics it has had partial vent, the greens, violets and deep blues, though he confesses quite beyond the

reach of his palette, gave him at least a chance to tune his instrument to concert pitch. The palm trees springing from the sea-washed shore, the jungle's tangle through which we glimpse the dancing forms cresting white against a depth of blue and turquoise speak plainly of a painter's delight and he takes us with him, leading us through and around them with no uncertain gesture.

As a great painter of marine Waugh, however, requires a large canvas. He cannot quite get it all out on small size and so we turn from these joyous impressions of a place where we would like to be toward those places where with strange longing it is scarce safe to go with him- to the great deep and its vast upheaval of waters or to the giant cliff-sides where the breakers come smashing in with the whole Atlentic behind them and plainly call us to beware; vengeful, seething, tircless, determined, wearing the earth away bit by bit and leaving us with the impression that if Wangh could have his way and the sca its time in eventual ages the land would fail in its resistance, helpless in the onslaughts of a tireless foe, battered and worn and at last lie conquered, as when, in the twilight of creation, the waters covered the face of the earth

# The Many-sided Waugh

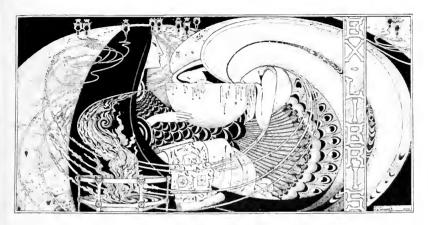


DESIGN FOR BOOK-PLATE FREDERICK J. WAUGH

# LIST OF WORKS BY FREDERICK J. WAUGH

The Roaring Fortics	Metropolitan Museum	New York City
Blue Gulf Stream	Penn. Academy of Fine	
	Arts	Philadelphia
Forest of Fontainebleau	Arts Club	Philadelphia
Portrait of Mr. George M. Kendrick, Esq.	Masonic Temple	Philadelphia
Portrait of Edward Shippen, Esq.	Arts Club	Philadelphia
Portrait of Horatio Gates Jones, Esq.	Welsh Society	`
Brouze Alto-reliefo Portrait of Mr. Cramp	Cramp's Shipyard	Philadelphia
The Convoy	Union League	Philadelphia
Knight of the Holy Grail	National Museum	Washington
Two Sca-pictures	National Museum	Washington
Laying the Great Mine Barrage in the		
North Sca	Navy Art Museum	Washington
The Outer Reef	Art Institute	Chicago
Silver Casket in Repoussé	Lord Northeliffe	London
Miniature of Lord Northeliffe	Lord Northeliffe	London
The Great Deep	Adolph Lewisohn, Esq.	New York City

## The Many-sided Waugh



DESIGN FOR BOOK-PLATE

FREDERICK J. WAUGH

#### Other works by Frederick J. Waugh are owned by the Museums of:

St. Louis

New Orleans

Toledo

Dallas, Texas

Austin, Texas

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Portland, Maine

Bristol, England

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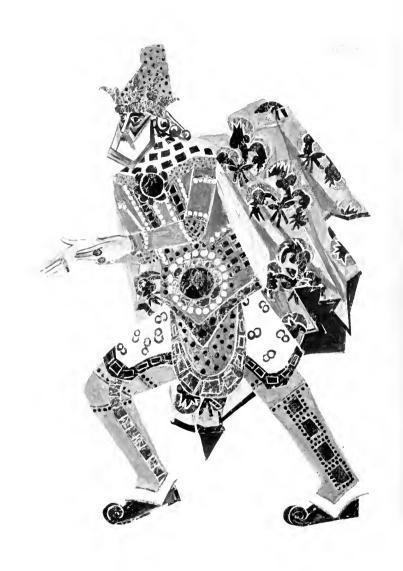
#### Examples are included in the collections of:

Mrs. Arthur Ryerson

Mrs. Logan

James Fennimore Cooper, Esq., etc., etc.







CURTAIN FOR LA LITURGIE NATALIA GONTCHAROVA

#### HE RUSSIAN BALLET IN RETROSPECT BY CHRISTIAN BRINTÓN

La langue universelle révée par les utopistes, le ballet l'a réalisée.—GAUTIER.

To most minds the Ballet Russe, with its fanfare of colour and luxuriant creative fantasy, seemed at the outset an exotic affair, something foreign to the normal expression of the Slavic temperament. Familiar with the tendency painting of Vereshchagin, the subdued, penetrant analysis of Turgeney, and the periodic preachments of Tolstoy, we were unprepared for the chromatic richness and imaginative fervour of that series of spectacles, operatic and chorographic, which first unveiled their resplendent magic before West European eyes in Paris just fourteen seasons ago.

In point of fact, however, Russian opera as typified in Boris Godunov, Prince Igor, and Suegurochka, and the ballets of native subject and inspiration, were the most essentially Slavic manifestation that had thus far come out of Russia. They were in every sense racial. They were distinct products of the national creative consciousness, and for the first time in the history of the stage, either in Russia or elsewhere, they combined on even terms the work of author, composer, and painter. It had in brief been reserved for the Slavs to introduce with these productions a new art form. And the rest of the world could only look on with admiration and eventually tollow the same beckoning pathway.

Historically, the dance in Russia was accorded official recognition before painting, for while Anna Ivanovua opened the first ballet school in the Imperial Palace in 1737, it was not until twenty years later that the enlight ened Elizabeth Petrovna founded the Imperial Veademy of Fine Atts in the cuty by the Neva. For over a century and a half there was but scant change in the spirit and tech

nique of Russian stage dancing. As was the case with painting, sculpture, and architecture, the court especially favoured those artists who had come from foreign lands, from France, Italy, and elsewhere. Petrograd became a pretentious plagiarism of Paris and Rome, and empty academic formalism was preferred to an incomparably rich aesthetic patrimony which survived only in the provincial districts and the fertile fancy of obscure peasant craftsmen.

And yet, while Peter and Catherine might compel the great, bearded boyards to shave and don court dress, and could make of Peterhof a miniature Versailles, they were powerless to Europeanize the Slavs as a whole. The true race spirit persisted in the mystic saints and apostles of Byzantine church painting, in countless *ikoni*, naïve peasant toy, and brightlined blouse and frock. The artificial ascendency of Petrograd lasted until the closing

decades of the nineteenth century, when, owing to the efforts of a remarkable group of artists and art patrons, was brought about what may be called the Moscow Renaissance.

This movement, which enlisted among others the support of Princess Tenisheva, the wealthy merchant Mamontov, and such artists as Elena Polenova, Golovin, Maliutin, and Nicholas Roerich, was avowedly nationalistic in aim and purpose. It was a protest against the effete and emasculated traditionalism of court and academy. Following in the footsteps of Viktor Vasnetzov and Vrubel, they proceeded to revive the genuine Old Slavonic culture, and above all to give native effort a more decorative significance. Their activities embraced all forms of artistic endeavour, and it is due to their vision and energy that Russia was enabled to regain her rightful aesthetic heritage.

The private theatre of the Moscow merchant



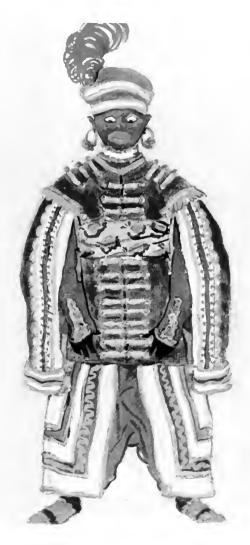
SCENE FOR LE BOUFFON

MIKHAIL LARIONOV



Studie





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COSTUME FOR THE OLD BOUFFON

MIKHAIL LARIONOV

prince Mamontov, a veritable Muscovite Medici, was the actual birthplace of the new stage decoration in Russia. Mamontov engaged the services of artists of the very first rank to paint scenery for his productions. Here worked the inspired and ill-starred Vrubel, as well as Korovin, Golovin, and Serov. It was Vrubel who first directed attention to the stage as an appropriate medium for national artistic expression, and it was Vrubel's colleague. Alexander Golovin, whose Boris Godunov captured the imagination of the Parisian press and public in 1908.

While the contemporary Russian theatre drew its initial inspiration from historical and nationalistic sources, its more purely artistic possibilities were developed by that pioneer in latter-day stage décor. V. E. Meyerhold. In his dramatic productions at the Kommissarzevsky Theatre, Meyerhold made the earliest attempts at conscious stylisation with his flat scenic effects heightened by vivid primary hues. Above all Meyerhold divined the superiority of decorative, as opposed to realistic

presentation. His successes in this direction, notable among which may be cited Boris Anisfeld's Marriage of Zobeide and similar offerings by Sudeykin and Sapunov, marked in fact an epoch in the evolution of the Russian stage.

The creation of a new æsthetic expression is not more—or less—than a question of substance and of form, of theme and treatment. In the case of Russia the subject-matter was found largely in popular tradition, in the writings of such men as Pushkin, Strovsky, etc., and in that wealth of Slavo-oriental fantasy which ever beckoned at the gates of the East. There were two ways in which this material could be placed before eye and ear, either objectively or subjectively, and the Slav inevitably chose the latter.

If certain of the earlier spectacles betrayed a touch of dry pedanticism, the same cannot be charged against the latter, in which passion and fancy gained undisputed ascendency. The triumph of the Russians in their new-found field lay in their direct appeal to the feeling



VILLAGE OF THE BERENDEY (SNEGUROCHKA, FIRST ACT)

NICHOLAS ROERICH



Courtesy Logue

SNEGUROCHKA

NICHOLAS ROERICH

and imagination. One was powerless to resist the combined effect of the bold colour masses and broadly simplified forms which the exponents of the new stage decoration forthwith displayed at the Kommissarzevsky, the Maryinsky, and the Imperial theatres and operas of Petrograd and Moscow.

The master magician who revealed the full possibilities of the Russian stage in its more intimate relation to literature, painting, and music, was Serge Diaghilev. If not precisely a discoverer, if one can point to his predecessors along various lines of activity, yet it was Diaghilev's genius for aesthetic synthesis which was responsible for results that far eclipsed all that went before. He it was who fused the several elements into a single, composite creation. He made of the Ballet Russe a living, artistic entity.

As founder of the review known as Mir Iskusstva, as organizer of the exhibition of Russian art at the Palais Tauride in 1905, and the successful display at the Grand Palais, Paris, the following year, Diaghiley possesse lunique qualifications for the tesk in hand. Conversant with music, art, and literature, smiled upon by the court and nobility, and enjoying the confidence of the foremost painters of the day, he had, from the outset

every factor in his favour. And yet despite all Diaghilev would have failed had he not possessed an innate genius for organization and an artistic instinct as responsive as it was accurate.

It was a privilege to watch Diaghilev conduct rehearsals during those memorable days when he was winning his early laurels. At Paris in 1909, and later in Rome, London, and New York, he revealed himself the same master of minute, the same seeker after broad, ensemble effects. The entire company as well as author, composer, and painter were as so much plastic material under the modeller's sure, sensitive fingers. Staging on an average of three new productions—season, he has placed to his credit works unique in their choregraphic perfection and general artistic significance.

Apart from the sheer pleasure derived from the Ballet Russe is a velicle for such performers as Mordkin, Paylowa, Nuies v. and Karsavina, it is the ballet as a whole, as a unified and distinctive art form which here concerns us. Diagniley's theory of combining the elements of music, dancing, and painting into a single organic expression was first put to somewhat tentitive test. There was nothing resolutionary about Le Payillon de Armide.

while Scherehazade, despite the décor of Bakst and a certain frankly sensuous appeal, was still traditional. Nor did Les Sylphides, Le Spectre de la Rose, and kindred offerings reminiscent, romantic, or lyric break fresh ground. Among the productions prior to l'etrushka, only one, L'Oiseau de Feu, possessed that mysterious inner magic which transformed it into a living thing. Stravinsky's music, ideally visualised in the scenery and costumes of Golovin, made of this conte chorégraphique a rare and inspiring creation.

With Petrushka, first performed at the Châtelet in June, 1911, the Bailet Russe revealed its true destiny dramatically, musically, and pictorially. The work was Slavonic in conception, not an affair of mongrel parentage like so many of its predecessors. The four poignant, swift-moving tableaux choréaraphiques signalled a resolute reliance upon native theme-not the radiant dream kingdom of the Fire Bird, but the racy field of popular character and emotion.

Yet the pathway pointed by Petrushka was not consistently followed, for in Le Dieu Bleu and kindred concoctions Diaghilev went roving after strange gods. It was not, in fact, until the fundamentally original Sacre du Printemps by Roerich and Stravinsky that the Ballet Russe again became creative. potent inter-action between composer painter so happily exemplified in the Oisean de Feu and Petrushka was even more effective in Sacre du Printemps, the visual appeal of which was immeasurably heightened by the setting of Roerich, than whom no one more convincingly leads us backward into that world of remote, paganistic imagery of which he is the acknowledged master.

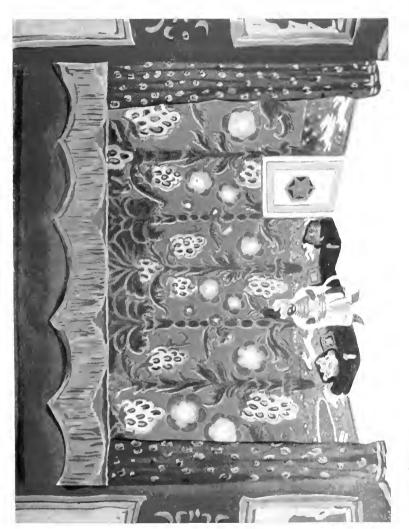
While the contribution of Fokin and his fellow dancers and mimes was on a surpassing plane, and the music of Stravinsky was marking an epoch in orchestral composition, it was the work of the painters Seroy, Golovin, Bakst, Benois, Roerich, and Boris Anisfeld that added chief lustre to the Ballet Russe. They were best when they were most frankly Russian, which may also be said of the newer spirit the Ballet assumed under the direction of Fokin's successor, the youthful Myassin.

It was Myassin's mission to endow the Ballet

Russe with a greater degree of dramatic coherence and an increased sense of plastic rhythm. The results he achieved in Larionov's Soleil de Nuit and Contes Russes amply justified Diaghiley's confidence in his abilities, for with these two spectacles begins a distinct advance in the evolution of the ballet as an independent art expression. With Le Coa d'Or of Goncharova and the two productions of Larionov already mentioned, modernism for the first time wins its place upon the contemporary stage. Effectively combining native inspiration as found in children's coloured toys, rural sign paintings, and the ever popular fêtes foraines with the latest phases of cubism. futurism, and rayonnism, these two artises have succeeded in giving the ballet tresh æsthetic appeal.

Goncharova's Liturgie, not yet presented, and Larionov's Le Bouffon, with music by Prokoviev, stamp their authors as veritable pioneers. The utmost brilliancy of tone united with the most vigorous simplification of form are the leading characteristics of their work. And not only are tone, line, and mass treated with primitive, almost heraldic boldness, but there are also present in these designs distinct suggestions of movement. This art is not alone polythematic, it is also polyrhythmic. The somewhat static mood of the earlier productions has here been supplemented by a species of plastic lyricism expressed in the sustained sequence of line, the balanced unity of mass, and full-bodied chorus of colour.

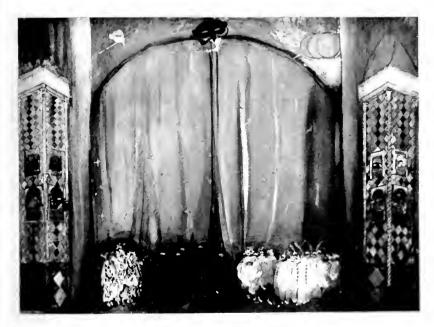
While much has been made of the work of Henri-Matisse, Picasso, Derain, and Sert for the later, more international aspects of the Ballet Russe, vet it cannot be conceded that they have contributed anything of primary importance. Individual as these men are in their particular province they have remained easel painters instead of becoming scenic decorators. Lacking the true instinct for the theatre, they have also proved deficient in that emotional content, that strange inner ecstasy which, with the Russian, transforms and illuminates all he touches. For in confronting any manifestation of Russian activity it must not be forgotten that the Slav looks to the passionate, subjective East, rather than to the ordered, objective West. He worships Dionysus, not Apollo.



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Conscious that the Ballet Russe is a transitory apparition, the matter of a swift, concentrated impression, it is with gratifude that one welcomes its printed apotheosis in the pages of Mr. W. A. Propert's sumptuous work entitled The Russian Ballet in Western Europe, 1909-1920. Superbly illustrated in colour, with decorative embellishments by Goneharova, and a chapter on the music of the ballets by Eugene Goossens, the volume is in every respect worthy of its subject, the fitting record of an art form the significance of which is only beginning to be appreciated. The important thing about the Ballet Russe is that not only has it transformed stage presentation, but its influence is already flowing back from the stage and adding intensined colour and the taste for decorative synthesis to various forms of artistic expression

The present year bids fair to become a veritable Sinsen River, for in addition to the timely appearance of Mr. Propert's superb book on the Russian Ballet we have the rejuvenated Paylowa Ballet will, new scenery and costumes by Sudeykin and Remisor, There will also be three notable operatic productions, two by Boris Anisfeld, and one by Professor Roerich, as well as the important comprehensive exhibition of paintings and stage designs by Goncharova and Larismov which will be on view at the Kingore Galleries in Lanuary.



Courtesy L'ague



#### HE AMERICAN ARTIST AND THE STAGE BY SHELDON CHENEY

THERE has been so much talk recently about the "new movement in the theatre," and about "art theatres" as distinguished from "commercial theatres," that one is constrained when writing of the progress of the stage to reaffirm occasionally that one sees the theatre as a whole, an indestructible theatre. with a history embracing many glorious periods of service, followed by periods of decadence and apparent death, but always followed again by rebirth to different glories. There is, in this sense, but one theatre, and that theatre the home of an art. And all talk about new movements and non-commercial playhouses resolves itself, in the larger perspective, to this: in a period like ours, which is near the bottom of a slope, there is a large group of workers (and exploiters) who are content to use this ancient institution idly, commercially, even viciously, while there is another group of workers who wish, by love and service, to restore it to a place of dignity and to make it expressive of the beauty that is distinctive of modern life. Labels like "the new movement" and "art theatre" are arbitrary and superficial, but perhaps they are useful and necessary if a critic wishes to distinguish the workers in the one group from those in the other and harmless so long as he keeps the background figure in mind.

Jacques Copeau has suggested that instead of speaking of a new theatre we speak of the renovation of the theatre, a wise attitude that implies solid foundations under whatever structure may be raised in the name of the stage art of the future. In America we have been somewhat successful in removing the old dignified theatre, foundations and all; and in the so-called "new movement" we have been building, if not without foundation at all, at least with an eye to decorating the structure before we had raised it with due structural strength and "innards".

At any rate a survey of the American stage today reveals little evidence of progress toward a renovation except in one particular. It is not in playwriting, for it is evident that our "best" dramatists are still busy aying to retine and repolish Nicepenth (en my realism. It is clearly not in acting, for it are large a little acting that is insparence response, it a almost lest in the east swamp of acting that a limited yadequate or "natural" or "pretty"—the one director in which real and red spatable progress has been made is in the nounting et plays, in what should be the last step in role wing stage art; the dressing up of the besty of drama in clothes that are both appropriate and beautiful.

Ideally, the whole process of conceiving a play, writing it, and producing it before an audience, would flower almost simultaneously and out of a single creative thish of genus. But practically, and particularly in the complexity of modern life, this sort of creative unity is so rare as to be almost unknown, and the functions of playwright, producer, actor and senic "decorator" are definitely separated. Of the lot, the decorators unfortunately called that, since the word implies a plastering-on method are today the most intelligent, the most efficient in craftsmanship, and the most forwardseeing group of workers in the American theater.

There is plenty of evidence in a summary of the best productions of the last two seasoffs in New York's playhouses. The Theatre Guild, almost the only organization in America claiming the distinction of being a professional "art theatre" (and cert inly justifying that claim more nearly than any oth rt, lasadvanced the stage less in developing play wrights than in bettering standards of play mounting. It has even beer reduced to confessing that in its three seasons of producing it could find only one. American play worthy et production on its regular programs, whereas its series of stage settings, at first by Rollo Peters and for two years six edital ed Simon son, Lave been as finely working the and eve the new stagecraft might ask. It the rance American producers, Arthur Wakes 's remember in the Ji function of his awardere t

settings and costumes than in the melodramatic and essentially false story of the one and the emasculated Shakespearean verse of the other.

In the current season, while the American playwright has been better represented, is it not true that Sidney Howard, the undoubtedly talented author of "Swords," hardly matched in skill the designer of his setting, and that Zoe Akins in "Daddy's Gone a-Hunting" left more to be desired in the shaping of her play than Jones did in the designing of its backgrounds? And what of "Don Juan," where the only thing acclaimed was Simonson's pageant of colour and design, or "The Claw," where a mechanical old French play is invested with some of the most tasteful and restrained settings of recent times? To understand the full measure of progress marked by these and similar productions, one should, I suppose, call back to mind the way in which they would have been mounted ten or twenty years ago: the painted perspective (never "right" from more than one point in the auditorium); the quaking canvas walls and wings; the muddy colours; the tawdry magnificence where a "spectacular" effect was wanted; the meticulous imitation, disconcerting in its very faithfulness, where a "natural" effect was desired. Out of that sort of artificiality and pretension we have made our way, even in second-rate commercial productions.

If the examples of betterment so far named have been the work of only two men, Robert Edmond Jones and Lee Simonson, it is not because there are no others to place beside them. Even Jones is matched in imaginative talent by two others who have worked occasionally in the professional theatres, Norman-Bel Geddes and Hermann Rossc, although they have done far less work for Broadway and perhaps have not Jones' unique balance of imagination and restraint. From the West the pames of Sam Hume and Raymond Johnson justly claim recognition. Joseph Urban has been in this country so long that he is counted one of the group of American decorators, as is Willy Pogany. Then, too, Boris Anisfeld and Nicholas Roerich, of Russia's best, are to be with us permanently unless conditions in Russia change very radically. (At least the American Legion so far has said nothing about them as a menace to America's own.) Rollo Peters, too, has proved in the productions of "Madame Sand," "Josephine," and "Bonds of Interest," that he has sensitiveness and feeling for big spaces and creative use of colour, together with a background of experience in acting and direction. John Wenger has been known chiefly for those "interludes" of light and colour that he has staged for New York's moving-picture houses, but is available for legitimate work when it offers. One might add the names of Claude Bragdon, Maxwell Armfield and J. Blanding Sloan, and still not exhaust the list of those who have had part in bringing the principles of the new stagecraft into the professional theatre. Even then I have said nothing of the generation now getting their training and experience in the experimental productions of the amateur and semi-professional playhouses, whence most of these older men originally graduated.

The fifteen artists named form a promising company, and their interest in forwarding a stagecraft that is plastic, suggestive rather than merely representational, with excursions even into abstract use of line and colour, gives ample excuse for the existence of the label "new movement." That it is not merely a season's "flare" is attested by the fact that with the exception of Bragdon, Anisfeld and Roerich, all these artists were represented in the Exhibition of American Stage Designs at the Bourgeois Galleries three seasons ago. For six or seven years, indeed, most of these men have been making a steady uphill fight, and for several seasons at least some sort of group spirit has animated them. Which reminds me that I would not be writing this if a sixteenth artist had not come into the Broadway Theatre this year, with work that immediately places him in the group of professional decorators named. He is Ernest de Weerth, and he has designed all of the settings which are shown as illustrations herewith. Up to a month ago his designs were mostly on paper -although he did settings for Margaret Anglin's brief production of "The Trial of Joan of Arc" last spring and for "The Royal Fandango" at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and assisted Robert Locher (another artist who should have been mentioned earlier per-

haps) during the summer in the mounting of the Greenwich Village Follies. His tirst complete important production, however, was Helen Freeman's November offering, "The Great Way," for which he designed five settings and fifty-odd costumes, with more than an average success. Incidentally, it may be of interest to know that in entrusting this production to Ernest de Weerth, Miss Freeman is not showing her first interest in the younger decorators; she was one of the committee of three nondecorators who organized the exhibition for the Bourgeois Galleries in 1919, and even before that she had indicated an understanding of plastic, suggestive staging during the short life of her Nine O'Clock Theatre.

But I wish to talk less here about current productions than about the circumstances that brought the painter into the theatre after many generations of overemphasis on playwriting and acting as the only creative branches of stage activity. As a matter of fact, the roots of the decorative movement in this country go back not so much to the sort of vision that stirs the younger artists today, as to a mere dissatisfaction with the artificial character of the settings in the romantic drama of the late Nineteenth Century. The desire then was merely for more "natural" settings rather than for more beautiful and more appropriate settings. Even that demand might alone have brought us to a plastic form of background in place of the contemporary painted-perspective mode-although hardly to the architectonic, simple, often atmospheric mode of today.

What really effected the change, in this country as in Europe, was the shift in attitude toward production which followed the revolutionary designing and pronunciamentos of Adolphe Appia and Gordon Craig. It was the voice of Craig that literally sounded around the world, declaring that we would never recover the glories of dramatic art until we understood again that the theatre was first of all a place for seeing; that as long as the written or spoken word came first, we would remain lost in the desert of half-articulate stage art. The playwright, the producer and the actor of that day had lost the visual sense of the theatre; and although Craig warned

against giving up the place to the painter, it was the painter who was most stirred by his plea, and it has been the painter who has brought the gifts of greatest worth to the stage in the quarter-century since.

Now the painter can be a nuisance in the theatre, as Craig foresaw. If he comes in and fails to become the artist of the theatre. fails to think in terms of movement, sound, light, colour, gesture, stage and auditorium. emotion projected to an audience, if he remains primarily the maker of easel pictures or of mural decorations, he is likely to be of more harm than good in theatre production. We have seen again and again that he may exploit his own talents at the expense of the dramatist and actor-so that the reactionaries have been able to point the finger of scorn, and with some justice, at many productions parading under the banner of the new movement. But nothing is more certain than that Craig's contention was founded on revolutionary fact, that his dictum has profoundly changed the whole modern conception of theatre art, that the artist with the painter's sense of visual values has been the leader during the last decade and is today feeling forward to a new art of the theatre more effectively than any other worker on the stage.

What the decorators have accomplished on the stage is this; they have exploded the assumption that theatre art is "alive" when playwright and actor have done their part. against any old kind of background; in the mounting of realistic plays they have driven out the absurd artificialities of painted per spective and flapping canvas walls on the one hand, and of the over-faithful, over-detailing "natural" set on the other, substituting something solidly substantial, simplified as a background should be, designed to play up and reenforce the action; and for the romantic drama they have developed a new and heretofore impossible accompaniment of visual beauty, investing the play with light, colour and atmosphere that round out the dramatist's intent while adding a legitimate dynamic appeal to the eye. As examples, think of "The Claw," "Heartbreak House," "Abrahom Lincoln" and "Anna Christic" in the (more or less) real istic group; and in the romantic mode

"Richard III," "The Jest," and the best of Geddes', Rosse's and Urbau's work for the opera companies—or "Liliom," where realistic and romantic curiously but beautifully meet. Can you imagine these productions being half so effective without the appeal of line, mass and colour made to "act," sometimes co-ordinately with, sometimes as a harmonious accompaniment to, the action and the acting?

Beyond this direct contribution out of his knowledge of the applicable principles of design, light and shade, and emotional use of colour, the decorator brought into the theatre again a sense of the value of unity in production, which in turn led to that theory of "synthetic production" which has been so often proclaimed by the "advanced" producers in the last three or four years. And when a production is said to have been "stylized," the reference is usually to stylization of a purely visual sort; the decorator or producer has imposed on the action a sort of pictorial unity, a distinctive style in the physical mounting, which gives the individual production a character different from that which could be achieved in anyone's else production of the same play. "The Jest" was thus stylized, as "Redemption" was; and certainly the much-discussed "Macbeth" as produced by Hopkins and Jones had stylization written all over it-except that this stylization failed to envelop the actor too.

If the painter has thus fitted out the current drama, realistic and romantic, with new garments more fitting and more beautiful than the old, he has already justified his coming into the theatre. But if we accept as true the dictum that the art of the theatre is first and unmistakably visual, the decorator should perhaps be able more easily than any other to discern those paths along which we must travel to find any distinctively different dramatic art of the future. It is fair to ask whether the artist in the American theatre has made any progress in discovering the direction of the next slope—and particularly whether his work forecasts anything comparable to the "modern art" movement in painting and sculpture. I think he has, and my own greatest interest in his work at present lies in those very rare productions and those occasional series of designs in which he embodies his—shall we say "wildest"?—visions.

In the first place I find among the younger decorators a notable similarity of opinion as to the probable form of the future stage; an architectural stage, a frankly theatrical stage, a plastic stage, a confessed platform for acting, with something reminiscent of the pictureframe proscenium retained, perhaps, as a mask for lighting; and then light, designed movement, pictorial rhythm, colour and line used emotionally rather than for the representation or suggestion of actuality: this to make articulate a story or legend out of the human soul and compact of emotion, with acting that is artificial, theatric, microcosmic, words that are expressive, musical, stripped of ornament-all these welded in a theatrical form that is a bridge from spirit to spirit. These may not be their words, but these, I believe, are pretty close to the things they are thinking, visioning.

That a different phase of the art of the theatre will come on the crest of the new spiritual wave now sweeping the world. I have no doubt; that it will interpret and make expressive that spirit, one may feel sure; it will probably be as different from present-day realism (dramatic journalism) as that realism is from the drama of Shakespeare or the Miracle-makers or the Greeks. A first characteristic will be an effort to get down to strata of life not touched before: to release the modern and eternal soul in forms æsthetically and dramatically moving. Its outward mark-and here is a definite parallel to the new art that is developing in painting, sculpture and (seldom American) architecture—will be a frank theatricality, a confessed employment of the means that are typically the theatre's, an abandonment of the realistic illusion, of photographic exactness, of representation of life as an end in itself.

Its content will not be life imitated, but life condensed, formalized, shaped into a performance through the intensification and liberation of emotion in theatric form—even though that intensification and liberation entail distortion of the outward aspects of nature. Instead of working along the surface of life, choosing character and incident with ever so



Curtery Theatre Arts Mann to

DESIGN FOR THE TROLVN WOMEN W + R I I

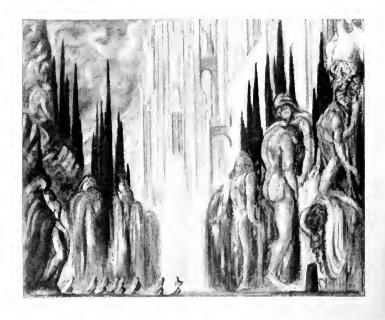
clever an eclecticism, the theatre must plunge into life, conscious and subconscious, outward act and inward feeling, body and soul, until it rerestablishes contact with the essential religious and aesthetic bases of existence. It will thus become not representative, illustrative, descriptive, but expressive, presentative, creative.

Why, we may ask, must the decorator in the theatre be not only contributor but leader in evolving this art? Well, chiefly because the actor is impotent to do it, not having recovered from the devitalization of the last century; if he is successful he is exploiting his own individual personality, if not so successful he is probably filling a series of roles "in type". The one-time producer has been replaced by businessmen-managers. (Arthur Hopkins noted as one exception); and the dramatist has conformed to the market and is

seduced by realism. The decorator remains

the most sensitive person in the theatre of today. That he must find dramatists to support him, and then to take the frime burden of creation from him, goes without saying, for he alone cannot make even half a theatre. But at present he is the man most bloky to tip the heam in the new direction.

I might go or and mention concrete signs that he is alreedy doing so: Jones projecting visually the emotion of dread or foreboding that hangs over the action of "Macbeth," distorting readity, merely intensifying by emotional use of line and colour the spiritual back ground, without suggesting actuality of time or place, or the returnkable "expressionist" backgrounds for "The Calmet of Dr. Caligara," and the way in which the acting fitted into them; or Geddes' project for presenting "Dante" on a stage that would lite illy and



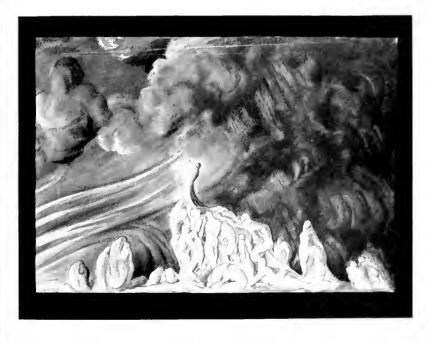
STAGE DESIGN ERNEST DE WEERTH

plastically look like Hell: and even in so small a matter as costuming. Picasso's attempt to dress a ballet abstractly, making the costumes emotional masks for the figures, just as the ordinary (or extraordinary) mask is for the face—displacing the commonplace and the personal for the creative, the designed, the nobly artificial. These are thrusts—not often coordinated—toward that art which will parallel the serious steps forward in music, painting, sculpture. And so far they are more important than any experiments so far made (or made articulate) by "modern" playwrights or actors. Yet it is all only a slightest beginning.

To come back from the future to the present, and from æsthetics to Broadway reali-

ties, it is true that the really forward-looking productions come but very rarely as yet, and that important new designers arrive only by ones and twos in any given season-and half of these, or more, turn out to be duds after the first flash-or worse, compromisers with commerce. It is necessary to use judgment in welcoming arrivals, even though one sees the very great need of encouragement to budding genius. Thus I am not fanning myself into any frenzy of excitement over Ernest de Weerth's settings, which happened to be the starting-point for this article. I am not even trying to blow a breath of life into the suggestion that in such an offering the current drama reaches its finest form. I prefer

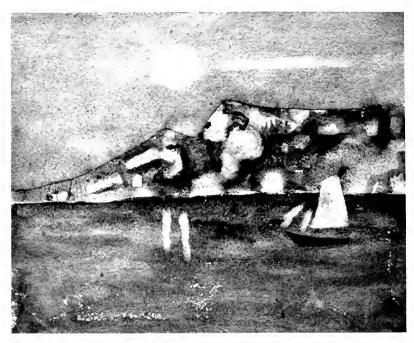
to recognize clearly that, from an ideal standpoint, de Weerth in several points betrays his inexperience, that both the play and the sets belong to the reformed old drama rather than to the new, that Miss Freeman's acting of the pivotal role (one might almost say "of the play") is founded on a virtuosity, albeit a very appealing and moving sort, that may be alien to the coming theatre. But in perspective there is very notable progress in this; a young man comes into the theatre and on his first big professional "job" accomplishes an accompaniment of setting and lighting that ten years ago would have seemed a miracle; he brings along with hum a portfolio of sketches so imaginative that they suggest entirely new vistas of beauty down which audiences may look in some different playlonse from ours; and he finds a professional actress who not only gives him a free hand pictorially in this one big production, but, if her plans for future productions do not fail, will grant him, and perhaps others like him, opportunity to try out practically those visions on which, perhaps, the development of the future or "modern" theatre depends. We have not, indeed, attained an ideal—but these are pretty good signs of solid progress toward it.



ACT IV
THE GREAT WAY

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# American Water Colours in Brooklyn



MOONLEGHT, MAINT

JOHN MARIN

#### A MERICAN WATER COLOURS IN BROOKLYN BY HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

"Do you call those genteel little creatures American poets? Do you term that perpetual, pistarcen, paste-pot work, American art, American drama, taste, verse? I think I hear, echoed as from some mountain top afar in the west, the scornful laugh of the Genius of these states."—Walt Whitman.

Every effort to make over a museum from a mansoleum into an experimental laboratory deserves commendation; not least when the old and the new, the "modern" and the "academic" are steeped in the acid of proximity to one another, so many inescapable objects ranged side by side, as are some three or four hundred water colours by Americans this November and early December of 1921, in the Brooklyn Museum. For the object of the Brooklyn Museum's experiment, as of all true experiment, is faith.

It is therefore hardly beneath the dignity of full-fledged. Americans to attend closely to a group of persons, some fifty or sixty men and women, who have devoted much of their time to seeing, the primary act of vision, and have transcribed in varying degrees of literalness the impress upon them of a coloured and colourful world.

One looks in vain for a mysterious imminence of the world in the resources Sargent employs. One feels the strong and clever hand, the experienced draftsman, but not a spirit for travelled in the realms of gold afforded by

# American Water Colours in Brooklyn

water colour. Not from him shall we hear even the prelude to that final word which sets the stigma of humanity upon a medium, and makes men forsake it because they dread the height and depth in it that others have attained As for Mr. Sargent's water colours being "seigntifically true" to the "facts of vision." whatever they may be, there are many who have happened upon facts in heaven, earth and sea that Mr. Sargent wots not of. Lum inous as water colour may be, there is more luminosity in many of the oil paintings by "Post-Impressionists" of whose work this same John S. Sargent once wrote to the London "Nation" that he was "skeptical as to their having any claim whatever to being works of art" than in the Chinese whiteencrusted illustrations Sargent made of ships, sheiks, gourds and men. These have a vividness that makes them seem to possess the depth and substantiality which on closer inspection they are seen to lack-brilliant as they are, but illegitimate, vivid but hard as nails.

Others of the older men there are, whose work has much of the to-be-expected, if not of the trite,

Winslow Homer at first view and on repeated revisitings puts them all to shame, he is more "modern" than they, having perhaps had less of "arty" nonsense in mind and concerning himself more exactly with the matter in hand, namely water colour and the scaces and objects that Adirondack or Bahaman scenes presented to his eye. There is little music in Homer but there is directness, even depth and salt-breezy lucidness.

We pass in this so light and spacious reome to the farther end, where is what may be lead of youth. Perhaps the old-young and young old may complem to the mustum director of inadequate representation of their work. For one or two among the young, there is ground for regret, more especially for Mary Rogers and Dodge Macknight, also Charles Demuh Their personalities are exhibited, not in any case in their farthest reaches. Georgia O'Keeffe is not represented at all. One passes by Davies's dalo at figures in a silence that is almost shamed. Man Ray's three land scapes show the fine worker, he is a tapestry maker who shows up the emptiness of Pren

dergast, opposite, he is vibrant but one wonders where is Man R y's wash. Demath is here, in flower and tree trunk, andy harmomous and exact in line, his color subdued to softo voce. But Demath his neglected of spots nor sloppiness. The is there complies, such as he is cand such as he are all to crare, though more often mer with than the dangerous explorer and the maker of efficiency costs. I ven Dodge Mackinght, larger in gesture and more a creature of our of doors, is less musical, less fine and exact with himself than is Demuth, and is more addicted to the asnel and the unpremediated in the setting down.

The end of the room is rea he! Mary Rogers, frail and fresh, who died too soen, faces a wall of John Marin. Hers was a slight promise unhappily to remain unachiesed. It is idle now to speculate on depths she might have found in herself, when the talk is of John Marin.

The wall seems to fall away and a great music is being made. Here is one who is not preoccupied with what Marsden Hartley has called the "how" of mediocre painting. The people linger before Marin, troubled or curious. After all, water colour is not dead and all painters have not lost faith. Marin is kin to Winslow Homer only he is greater. Here too are spaces illimitably large, all the larger for being contained in the chosen rectangle He has not been afraid of the vagaries of wash, of colour running over his paper as be't travels over a landscape. On knows that he has lived out of doors, in light. At rin has the mastery and the mystery of rand r is in Marin nature has a voice, may voices even to the suppling of a wind, the cryst "soffices that lies in moonlight, and untile, red nutr's in colour. Why is it or allerks always to bear the thunderous crash of those earth haps because the eye has been at free and the spirit summons the other error for evidence that shall match and consider to what

## American Water Colours in Brooklyn

is going on here. Here are restless movement and implacable form, of the substance of that constant and sustained movement inside a compass greater than that of the moment, to be found in a fugue of Bach, a symphony of Beethoven. Marin has a polyphony no less than theirs. Within limits of his medium he has found and used all of its elements, of drawing in its finest delicacies, of flat and faint washes modulated in their precise vaguery, of the deep tone and accent with dryness of colour that moves like a pedal point with a weighty sobreness and sobriety found only in men too serious for petty distraction.

Many of Marin's phases are represented. The early Marin who knew the poetry of his medium and used it lightly, almost in caricature of his mother nature, has deepened, solidified. Only one of the water colours by which he is represented dates so far back as 1914, and that one, The Little Boat, Maine, 1911. dares a white expanse of paper over tossing seas, beyond the brilliant rocks of foreground. This at last is worthy of our laboratory. Marin is not afraid of white paper with its suggestiveness of grain and texture: if the eye moves into his scene and the imagination proceeds farther into a realm where the given narrative in lines and washes evokes a sort of harmonics of reminiscence, always as finely held in control as the harmonics thrown from a lightly touched violin string-if Marin's The Little Boat, Maine, 1911, accomplishes this for the spectator, that spectator can then proceed closer, myopically close, and examine every detail of Marin's workmanship with the delight that is often reserved for the admirer and the lover of fine prints and engravings. Marin has added to his resources in colour sensitiveness the mastery of line manifest in his etchings. Not any of the vaunted etcher-water colourists whose work is shown can equal him.

Only one other of these Marins is as ancient even as 1918. The remaining dozen are all of what are so evidently the productive two years, 1919 and 1920. Mountain Shapes and Sky, Hoosic Mountains, 1918, is less the violin harmonic, it has bass viol in it, massive hills build themselves to a sunglow that hangs upon the horizon and is falling

in various inclinations from the sky beyond the frame. Here the orchestra is more fully at work, as it is again with wood wind and strings in Tree Forms, Maine, 1010, delectable spaces being given not only to trees and gleaming sward but to a swing of light sky behind. That year, 1919, brought forth as well the amazing Red Sunburst and Moonlight, Maine, antithesis, the two, in man's experience of the silver stillness of night, a moon and sail, and whiteness on hills, sky and waters giving them the quality of formal lyric; and that fierce blaze over the brow of hill and dull waters that betokens the advent of fiery day when day's coming is memorable and the retina has been scorched with splendor.

It is Marin's whimsy and invention that gives these coloured papers life, that invests Moving Showers, Stonington, Maine, 1911. with rain and the uncertain mood of shower. Marin has schooled himself to no one's taste but his own, he smears or draws a pencil line across the surface of a harbour, brings out and deepens the form of a great and green pine tree with heavy charcoal accents, uses the trivial of triangles, sombrely incised with dryish colour, to make a poem of Boats, Blue and Yellow. There is a strong wind blowing, as Marin's title says it is, in Little Boat, Sea and Wind, Maine, 1919, the wind is there shimmering, giving that tremble to the very atmosphere over an iron sea and its livid horizon. Fresh, clean, free and powerful, are words one can use of Marin, tasting of them and their significance with no fear that at any point his delicacy or joyousness will belie them.

Marin, then, and an expressed faith which is Marin's and may by contagion of the eye become that of other people as well, emerges surely and magnificently in this experiment conducted by the Brooklyn Museum. The directors of the Museum are to be congratulated for it, despite lapses and omissions, for it is an earnest of the time when museums will become places of resort of eager, inquiring and relentlessly active spirits, determined upon extracting to its last drop the quintessence of living expressiveness that is recorded and stored up for them by the spirits of finest and most mysterious flower.



# THE WAY OF THE CROSS

FOURTEEN WOODCUTS BY JOHN J. A. MURPHY



I JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH



V SIMON OF CYRENE HELPS JESUS TO CARRY THE CROSS



VII JESUS FALLS THE SECOND TIME



XI JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS



XII JESUS DIES UPON THE CROSS



XIV THE BODY OF JESUS IS LAID IN THE TOMB



# N THE DECORATIVE ARTS BY HANNA TACHAU

This past year the celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, three hundred years ago, gave opportunity to zealous patriots to infur! spirited flags at historic pageants, to visit hallowed shrines, to give lustre to the names of the sturdy little band who first settled here. But it did more, it stimulated enormously an interest in the furniture of America's early days, a time when we had a word to say of our very own. That word was not accounted much until the Centennial Exposition of 1870, before which everything had to be "imported" to challenge attention.

But the idea that the country is barren of art traditions is quickly dispelled when one glances through Wallace Nutting's book "Furniture of the Pilgrim Century" (publishers Marshall Jones Co., Boston), contain ing one thousand hitherto unpublished photo graphs. One feels at once not only the vitality and strength of these early pieces, but the revealing character of the Pilgrims themselves, who produced designs that were vigourous yet executed with a certain finesse, whose hands knew the cunning of refined ornament and whose brains were capable of conceiving motifs that were exactly suited to the structural design. These early craftsmen, cast upon their own resources, like real Robinson Crusoes. were forced to utilize the materials ready at hand, and this use of native woods, with the modifications of foreign styles that naturally follow the exigencies of local and individual requirements, is the basis of identification between the early. American pieces and those of foreign make. The term "Colonial" is a ready epithet spoken only too glibly to cover those pieces veiled in doubt. It is even sometimes applied to the late Empire style. But to quote Mr. Nutting, "Nothing is Colonial that follows 1776, and so far as concerns those who desire to be correct, the Colonial name should not be applied to any furniture later than Chippendale,"

The Bolles collection presented by Mrs-Russell Sage to the Metropolitan Museum, represented at that time the finest examples of

this early furniture that has, been gotton to gether, but since then, through the axis out 1 interest of collectors, many fine pieces have followed Perhaps our tendence towardof the over-elaborate has focussed the atterthese simpler types. The same feeting that impels us to seek and restore early todomal sire for early furniture, and when we amost possess an environment that is altogether true to type, we create adaptations of the old that needs. This pertains especially to comitry houses. The eighteenth century masters Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite and the Brothers Adam have for some time been the arbiters who influenced the style of our Lome making, and indeed their ideas seem rarely fitted to our mode of living, but there are those who crave something less snave for their country houses furniture and utensils it a bring living to sumpler, plainer terms, and I fr the burden of a more complicated menage-

The connoisseur covets those very early chests made in Connecticut with carved panels in sunflower, rulip and palm designs, or the Hadley chests with their crude, all over patterns. Even more rare are the precious little Pilgrim Chests and Desk Boxes on Frames which were the musterpieces of the coloner maker's art of that day, fashioned for the pure love of his craft. The same unpulse that brought these delightful little pieces into ers known as Highboys, which were simply chests of drawers on legs. They are as pracwhen they were first made to till a special need. Indeed, all of our early furriture was the product of urgent necessity, each piece being designed for a specific space to function for a specific purpose, and that is why it possesses such rare charm and an individuality which is so significant

After chests and bods, chairs and tables were given early consideration, indicate the velopment of the various types is a never

#### On the Decorative Arts

ending source of interesting study. Naturally, the new world did not offer the same feeling of permanency in home building as did the old, and in consequence the permanent table was the product of an established civilisation. Those with folding contrivances, chair tables that could be moved about and made to do duty for both table and chair, gate-legged tables and the very simple form of boards and trestles were of the more popular type.

The very sturdy Wainscot, Carver and Brewster chairs make their appeal as distinctive examples of craftsmanship, but only the zealous collector can hope to own one. The Windsor, Slat-back and Bannister-back chairs can be more readily had for the seeking an I they can command an environment a bit less crude. Keen interest in pine cupboards has lately been awakened, and Mr. Nutting has

offered a rich field for study in his book. He presents the quaint little pieces of humble mien that add so much to the real home feeling to a house, as well as the finest examples of domed cupboards with their beautiful carving upon capital and cornice.

The subject of Colonial hardware also merits our deep attention and we are here given a splendid opportunity of becoming acquainted with this craft in having placed before us so vividly and frankly the various examples of hinges and fastenings and fireplace appurtenances that the Colonists so happily conceived and wrought. The simplicity and directness of their designs not only fit the material from which they are fashioned, but they exactly fulfill their mission as well, and it makes us blush for the ugly hardware that we tolerate in so many of the houses of today.



ONE-DRAWER HADLEY CHEST COLLECTION MR. BROOKS REED, BOSTON

#### On the Decorative Arts



ROOM WITH 17TH CENTURY FURNITURE

WALLS IN OLD 1918F

When we review the various arts, especially this very early furniture, and follow its development, say for a century and a half, we feel without prejudice that there was an era in our history when the decorative arts were the real expression of its people, and that no chance happening produced the craftsmanship of Paul Revere, nor the more beautiful flowering of Stuart, Sully and Copley

Of the various exhibits at the Art Center—the new home that is to shelter a number of organizations representative of the practical and decorative arts—the textile display calls for special attention.

Things made by hand will always be under taken by a few artists whose love of beauty must find some form of expression, but unfortunately these rare pieces can not carry a universal message to those who need it most. Democracy in art can only be assured who beauty becomes an inherent part of the things we use and see in our daily life. This can be brought about only through the intelligent co-operation of the artist with the machine.

In this exhibition, the H. R. Mallinson

Company shows the designs of two elever craftsmen. Martha Ryther and Hazel B. Slaughter. The former is represented by the original sketch in colour for a batik design which she carries to completion in the finished product.

The processes of block printing on chifton is also shown, beginning with the coloured sketch by Hazel B. Slaughter, whose design appears upon six wooden blocks, each cut for printing a different colour. These designs are essentially suited to the material and lend themselves well to varied colour combinations. Chency Brothers show some exquisite stuffs each with a repeat two and a half yards long.

Harry Wearne is a craftsman whose patterns are based upon a wide knowledge of the best designs that the centuries have handed down. He works directly with the manufacturer and together they come to an understanding of what they want. Then Mr Wearne develops his design, making new essays in colour and form upon various textures and fabries, and gets very interesting and sometimes beautiful results. However, he sends his designs for hand blocked linens and cotton fabries to England to be printed.



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Ix general, things are beginning to wake up. The most important event of the month is undoubtedly the Brooklyn Exhibi-

TUDIO-TALK

wake up. The most important event of the month is undoubtedly the Brooklyn Exhibition of Water-colours. This is discussed elsewhere by Mr. Seligmann. In asking Mr Seligmann to write the article, I knew that his criticism of individuals would not be lenient, but of the importance of holding such an exhibition at this time, there can be no doubt.

The exhibition bears out what was here written in the August issue. There is no American School, but several individuals of the first water. In particular it showed that the majority of painters who use the medium neither understand it nor respect it. That a picture should be awarded the Philadelphia Water-colour Prize, yet look for all the world like a pastel, shows what scant respect the medium receives from those whose business it is to uphold and foster it. Until this state of affairs is changed, we shall not make much progress. And the way to change matters is to show what a real water-colour looks like. Brooklyn had led the way. Some enterprising museum or private gallery should now get together an international exhibition of the finest water-colours the world has produced, giving first consideration to purity of technique. Such an exhibition would do an im mense amount of good.

The fine Hals reproduced opposite is from the collection of Count Zamoyski. It has recently been brought to this country, and is now in the collection of John McCormack.

Anne Goldthwaite's exhibition at the Brummer Galleries established her as a painter of very considerable charm. I use the word "charm" in the most agreeable and complementary sense. Her canvases have a quiet strength, usually lacking in work of her genre. For the most part she cho sees Southern scenes, but unlike the majority of those who essay a colourful country, her colour is always restrained. There is no flamboyancy about her work, but a charming intimacy. She is a very original spirit.

The Mary Roger- exhibits and Dudeleling's will strengthen her growing reputation. There is no doubt that in her death we lost a mater colourist who would have gone for . She had her adoption of it was due, not to inclustion. but to force majoure. She herself had gi en all her study to oils and would probably never from her the necessary leisure which oil paint ing demands. The water colours were dashed off on Sunday afternoons and in the two weeks of the summer vacation. As an example of the difficulties under which she worked; there is a set of autumn landscapes, seven in all, a really fine group. These were : It painted in one day, the only chance she had of painting autumn tints. When one takes these things into consideration her success is the more astonishing.

Henry Wight, at the Ehrich Galleries, presents the extraordinary case of a highly imaginative upu, all of whose energy has been absorbed in business, with no art training, yet feeling the necessity of self-expression, and despite all drawbacks, succeeding It must first be admitted that he had from the start a sense of composition. His carliest work is tight and formal, slightly primitive, but beautifully composed. But his imagination was not to be curbed by any long apprenticeship. He forthwith plunged headlong into fairyland and returns now with his arms full of fairies. In nine hundred and mucty nine cases out of a thousand such a course would have been disastrous. It is Mr. Wight's distinction to be the thousandth. He has, as it were, taken as his theme the mist and out of it has woven figures, floating with a sweeptypes. In his oil paintings he seems to have taken the grain of his panel as a basis and woven fancies our of it. A delicate art, and delightful for its very lack of prefersion

For yivid contrast, Rubin and Kolijik! No delicate fancy here, but vivid reality. Rubin is oppressed by the sufferings of humanity. He has seen suffering, and knows it. He has seen famine in Europe and its horrors hav

burnt into his brain. He would be an apostle, if he were not an artist, albeit an artist whose hand ever lays belind his brain. He has the burning fire of van Gogh, but not, alas, his power. But he will go on and who knows . ? His canvases give one little pleasure, they were not designed to do that. A few, like the Temptation in the Desert here reproduced, satisfy by their masterly handling of forms. But the man absorbs me. Will the fire consume him, or will be master it? I take comfort in his own declaration of optimism. "Do you see that woman?" he asked me, "she is trying to hold me back, but I shall go on. That is not pessimism. And do you not see those flowers springing up out of the grave?"

There is no hint of all this in Derujinsky. I am not sure that it was wise of him to give a one-man show yet. Yet I know that I am in the minority. I do not admire his portraits. To me they are lifeless. His success

is in his small statuettes, which are less sculpture than illustrations in plaster and bronze. He is a linear artist. But the *Leda* is undoubtedly an achievement. It is beautifully composed, and exhibits qualities which the other sculptures lack. Had I seen this work alone I would have said, "Here is a great man."

Mr. Kraushaar has made a find in Van Vleet Tompkins. Here is a young man who should go far. Even this small exhibition shows how extraordinary has been his progress. From The Third Day to The White Boxel and Landscape. The Landscape shows most promise, it is dynamic and strong throughout, carrying the eye far back. The White Boxel is an achievement. It would grace any collection. Mr. Kraushaar remarked that he found in it some of the qualities of the later Twachtman, the same extreme delicacy of colour, combined with the same strength.



Colortesy Anderson Galleries
THE TEMPTATION

IN THE DESURT

OIL PAINTING BY RUBIN





LANDSCAPE

JEAN METZINGER

My knowledge of early American painting is too slight to allow me to comment at length on the exhibition which Knoedlers have collected. But I have persuaded Mr. Winfred Porter Truesdell to write about Early American Art from time to time, as the spirit moves him.

The ubiquitous and irrepressible Louis Bouché is now running an exciting show at the Belmaison Gallery, Wanamaker's. As I write it is not yet opened.

It is gratifying to note that the home of the Bible Society, reproduced in a recent issue, has been awarded a prize by the Fifth Avenue Association.

It is useless to complain, the exhibition of the New Society is qualitatively the best annual exhibition held in these parts. When all has been said against the individual members—and much could and should be said the standard is pretty high.

There is much to be said in favour of group. I shall hope to show in a later issue.

exhibition. They at least are honest. All exhibiting bodies tend to fall into the hands of cliques and outsiders are invited to compete for prizes which they do not stand one chance in a thousand of winning. The values thus created are entirely false. In a group exhibition such as the New Society this element is eliminated. The pictures and sculpture represent a selection of the work of given painters and sculptors. You may take them or leave them.

Taking the catalogue one may begin with Bellows. Two portraits. The first is the least satisfactory of the group of four shown during the last year, the Portrait of My Mother. The other is the Portrait of Katharine Rosen, which contains fine passages, but lacks the directness of the Old Lady in Black. Both hands and he'd are poorly modelled, and the composition as a whole lacks distinction. It is not wrought of one piece throughout.

Robert Chanler has done better screens, as shall hope to show in a later issue.



TOOL PLASTERER

LENEST L.

Paul Dougherty's Battacock Cove is imposing, but I find no life in his forms.

Randall Dancy displays a surprising boyishness. He is too close to illustration, but his design is fresh. Vide Buffalo Dancer.

Dubois! A year ago I set a seal of silence on my lips. Dubois is a vulgarian, but clever—

Frieseke and Glackens- true to form. The latter almost entirely submerged in Renoir.

Halpert. A splendid interior, one of the best things in the show and with real feeling for colour. Composition slightly marque.

Hassam nothing of importance. Etchings Henri's Helen. Beautiful modelling

Kent (a landscape), Kroll (which is it to be?), Lever . . . I wonder what Lever is doing. Lever feels that there is something in the air. He studies Marin, he studies the post

impressionists. Now forget them, Lever.

Lie, Lawson, Luks . . . Luks' Jey of Living will improve when the nose cools. A nose to Luks is like a red rag to a bull.

McFee grows. Cezanne is the master, McFee, not Derain.

Melchers has evidently repainted an old canvas, Faster Sunday. It is still beautiful. So is his pastel, Mother and Unid.

I have arranged to publish a set of Myers' drawings. He is a draughtsman

With Mcknight not showing, Joseph Pennell has the field of water colour to himself. He has essayed a difficult tisk, that of painting the downtown skyline from a Brooklyn window. Good luck to him.

Perrine and Prendergast are essentially decorators, Sloan a draughtsman

1 reproduce Speicher's Southern Slav. Nocomment is necessary. 1 rate it very high.

Albert Sterner never reaches in oils the level of his drawings, but the head of his *Hari Govind Govril* is superbly modelled.

Maurice Sterne is at Bali still. I was disappointed to see no sculpture by him. In this held the highlights are Calder's Scratchino Her Heel, Hunt Diederick's splendid Portrait of Mrs. Albert Sterner, and Lachaise's Peacocks.

On the whole, then, a good showing. I missed Boardman Robinson's drawings and

noted on the list of members several who should be kept up to the mark, Paul Bartlett, Emil Carlsen, Charles Grafly, Paul Manship and Dodge Macknight. The addition of these men would add considerably. At present the print and water-colour room is weak.

Disregarding the print room, there are 287 exhibits at the winter academy, but the high lights are few, very few. The general level is low. It is useless to blame the jury and hanging committee. They doubtless did their best with available material (though I fail to



PORTRALL OF HARLGOAINA GOVII

ALBERT STERNER



see why the dullest canvases should ado:n (he best gallery). But it is none the less a shame that the one exhibition which draws a crowd (excluding the Independents), should not contain the best painters, even of the academic school. I am not interested in art politics, and I have no desire to join in any squabble, but so long as we have an academy which retains popular prestige, it should be supported.

I am pleased that Blumenshein should be honoured. He is a very solid painter, and both his canvases stand out. His elimination of the third dimension is, I hope, not definitive.

Seyffert again with a strong portrait, *Nincty Years Old*. The body a little sketchy, but the head powerful.

Max Bohm's *Norsemen* is a tour de force. I like it. Beside me some one remarked, "I don't think those figures were posed."

Emil Carlsen has founded a still-life school. The real thing is a joy, but Heaven protect us from moonshine! Rittenberg's Joseph Hartley is deuced clever and leaves a better taste than most of his work.

Frieseke's Autumn is an amazing stunt. Was it worth doing? I wonder. I am reminded of Shelley: "One would have said her body thought."

I took a sneaking delight in Armin Hansen's Anchorage.

Is Abraham Poole's Miss Virginia a copy? Or is Mr. Poole a primitive? I like his directness.

Mr. John Lane of London needs no introduction. Ipsen has achieved an extraordinary likeness. The whole posture is extremely characteristic, though that made composition difficult.

Eugene Higgins' Spent is not one of his best, but stands out.

Of the sculpture I was most impressed by Alice Morgan Wright's riny Lady Macbeth in the print room. It is splendid, and achieved seemingly out of nothing. Bravo!



NORSEMIN

MAX BOHM



ME TORULT VVI.

POOK REVIEWS

VISION AND DESIGN. By Roger
Fry. Sometime Curator in the
Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Brentano's, \$7.50.

A short time ago, in a symposium on the function of criticism, published as a supplement to The New Republic, Mr. Middleton Murry contrasted the present state of art criticism with that of literature, very much to the former's disadvantage. In particular he commented on the fact that, while there is quite a group of men capable of discussing the merits of a book from inside, applying purely literary standards, there are very few who are capable of doing the same thing for a picture or a sculpture. The art-critic socalled approaches the work of art from every standpoint but the purely æsthetic; he judges it, if at all, from outside, by wholly irrelevant standards. He will discuss at length the literary qualities, enlarge upon the inspirational side, note the painter's fidelity to the appearances of nature, or, if he be a subjective critic, record in minute personal detail his own emotional reactions. Almost the only thing he is incapable of doing is to discuss a work of art in terms of itself.

Two brilliant exceptions at once come to mind, our own Willard Huntingdon Wright, whose "Modern Painting" has, as an expository of modern asthetic theory, never been surpassed, and Roger Fry, whose "Vision and Design" is the subject of the present review. These two books form the indispensable aucleus of any modern art library and, until they are superseded, which will not be yet, should be read—and re-read, for they are not easy going—by every serious student of art, whether he lean on the past or project himself into the future.

To review a book like Roger Fry's is indeed a hopeless task. Any one of the five and twenty essays included contains enough matter for a book in itself. It is the life and thoughts of an artist, both painter and critic, that are here recorded. Twenty years have gone to the making of this book. The man develops, matures. His thoughts crystallise, elements which had appeared to him to be of the essence are later seen to be almost entirely irrelevant, other elements which had seemed subsidiary now take front rank. Que faire? Every man, in the realm of thought, must start from the beginning. Nothing happens until it has happened to him. The modern theory of progress crumbles when applied to the intellectual-emotional life of man. We do not stand on the shoulders of the giants that went before. We inherit the inhibitions of the pygmies.

All vital thought is the result of the objective self, which we call the intellect, acting upon and analysing the subjective self, which we call the emotion. The intellect cannot of itself give birth to thought. It is, as it were, an acid, sterile when isolated. The great mind is thus one in which an abnormally powerful intellect controls and employs to its own ends an emotional nature of its own stature. (The spectacle of a great intellect compelled, because ill-mated, to spend its force on the emotions of others, is one of the tragedies of life. The common spectacle of the mediocre mind in the same plight is not tragic. Thus are pedagogues produced.)

We can obtain an idea of Roger Fry's development by comparing the Giotto article, written in 1901, with his Retrospect written in 1920. In the Giotto a great deal of stress is laid on the part played by the dramatic element in reinforcing the pure design. (This is already a tremendous advance on the popular attitude still obtaining among critics, where the element of form is only admitted insofar as it assists the expression of dramatic or descriptive elements.) In Retrospect and the later articles Fry is inclined to doubt whether the dramatic element plays a helpful part, and inclines to the view that it rather confuses the beholder, by distracting his attention from the "disinterested contemplation" of pure form.

In this connection the three general articles, Art and Life, An Essay in Aesthetics, and Art and Socialism, are exceedingly valuable and should be printed in some cheap and convenient form for the benefit of those who confuse the nature of their reactions to works of art.

That it is possible to do this no one now doubts, and few who think, question the supremacy of the æsthetic emotion. As to its value, controversy rages and will rage. I will quote Roger Fry: "One can only say toat those who experience it feel it to have a peculiar quality of 'reality,' which makes it a matter of infinite importance in their lives. Any attempt I might make to explain this would probably land me in the depchs of mysticism. On the edge of that I stop,"

POIS AND PANS OF Studies in Still-life Painting. By Arthur Edwin Bye. Princeton University Press. 8vo. \$6,000 net.

I had intended to publish this review in the same issue as Mr. Bye's comprehensive article on Modern Dutch painting, but, finding that my praise would be more measured than I had anticipated, I refrained.

Mr. Bye is primarily interested- I had almost said, in pure decoration, but that would not be just—in the decorative aspects of painting. Probably Mr. Bye would deny this, but I can only judge by the impression which the book has left. This predilection accounts for the high place he accords to a charming talent like Lizzie Ansingh and his complete lack of comprehension of the genins of Cézanne. Indeed, it seems that the essay on Cezanne, which is rapidly becoming an essential mgredient of every book on art, provides the best test that we have of the writer's limitations. It is not a question of like or dislike, admiration or detestation, it is just that a picture by Cézanne has the effect of making the beholder state his own æsthetic beliefs, and prejudices. I advise writers to keep off Cézanne. The limelight is teo strong.

Mr. Bye's contribution to the symposium is striking. At one moment he seems at home, the next he is hopelessly at sea. In the same paragraph he states that Cézame was striving for structure, seeking the essential form of his subject, and five lines above, that he represents a landscape as primitive man would see it. Here is a flat contradiction. No primitive man could, would, or would have attempted to tackle Cézame's problems. They would not have existed for him. Cézame was a primitive only in so far as his conception continually outdistanced his execution. In his own words he is the "primitive of the way I have discovered."

"What is the aesthetic value of volume and mass in art? Of mere plastic quality?" Mr. Bye's answer is that pleasure derived from these things is not a purely aesthetic one. The emotion aroused by the contemplation of a work of art is rarely, if ever, purely aesthetic. In the case of an unfamiliar work, never. All that we can say is that familiarity tends to weaken and eventually eliminate the non-aesthetic elements. The formal elements remain. In Cezanne's case the intellectual pleasure will undoubtedly diminish as his methods become familiar, but his great concepts, which in all art are expressed through form, will remain.

But the most significant remains. Mr. Bye finds that Cezanne's work lacks "design." Mr. Bye and Paul Cezanne understood different things by "design." I suggest that Mr. Bye means "decorative quality." Eliminate one element in a great canvas by Cezanne it cannot be done.

But I am devoting columns to what is after all a minor part of the book. Mr. Bye is a great lover of still-life and has many and cogent reasons for his love. He is most at home in Holland, among the old Dutch painters. Like them he has a passion for the arrangement of simple and homely things.

My criticism must not be taken for condemnation. Mr. Bye has done something which was needed, and his book is exceedingly valuable. It would have been even more valtuble, if the illustrations, which are numerous, had been on a par with the printing of the text. Many of them seem to be half-tones made from half-tones.

The scope of the book is to be commended, covering, as it does, Holland, Spanish, French, Chinese, Japanese and American still life painting, from Vittorio Carpaccio (1478-1522) to Emil Carlsen.

ROBERT HENRI. His Life and Works. Modern Art Library Vol. 1 Edited by William Varrow and Louis Bouché Privately printed for subscribers only. Poni & Liveright

This is a splendid project and one cannot but wish the publishers all success. They plan a series of monographs on American artists, of which this is the first. But . . .

There are a few things which need to be said at the outset and with no lack of emphasis. I have already expressed myself with some force to Louis Bouché and trust that this will reach the other parties concerned.

First, the format is as bad as it could possibly be. I do not know whether there is any technical name for a book which measures 14x10 inches. If not, we might name it a "white elephant." It must be remembered that this is, we hope, the first of a series, and no one wishes to have to build special shelves to house it. 10x7 inches would be ample for all purposes. This should be remedied in the next volume, oblivious of uniformity. Next, the violet rule around the type body is most obnoxious, and the cut-out at the foot of each page very annoying. The type face is squat and ugly and the ink used in the printing of the half-tones so black that all the colour values are lost. Anyone unfamiliar with Henri's work would get the impression that he covered the greater part of his canvases with tar.

As regards the arrangement of matter, this might be improved in several particulars. The illustrations should be arranged in some kind of sequence and the dates, owners and size appended. Further, an exhaustive list of paintings is an essential in this kind of book, the value of which is largely dependent on its use as a work of reference.

Altogether it cannot be said that the first volume is a success. Messrs. Boni & Liveright are enterprising publishers, but some of their enterprise might be directed to finding a manufacturing man who understands the making of a book.

The Street of Faces. Glimpses of Town. By Charles Vince. Drawings by J. D. M. Harvey. E. P. Dutton & Company. Large 8vo. \$5.00.

Town is of course London. The book an unimportant, but delightful series of studies of the London Streets, written by an incorrigible wanderer. It is thus to the lover of London that these slight sketches are dedicated and he will not fail to find enjoyment in them. It was the illustrations however which drew my attention to the book. These are pencil sketches, reproduced in collotype. I recommend this process to American publishers. Collotype is not suited to every kind of illustration, but for pencil work it could not be bettered. Especially delightful are The Gates of London and Pierre Loti and Kensington Gardens. The expense of collotype lies in the make-ready. If the run is a fair length it is not much dearer than half-tone, with the great advantage that the impression is much softer and the screen is lost. A well-made book!

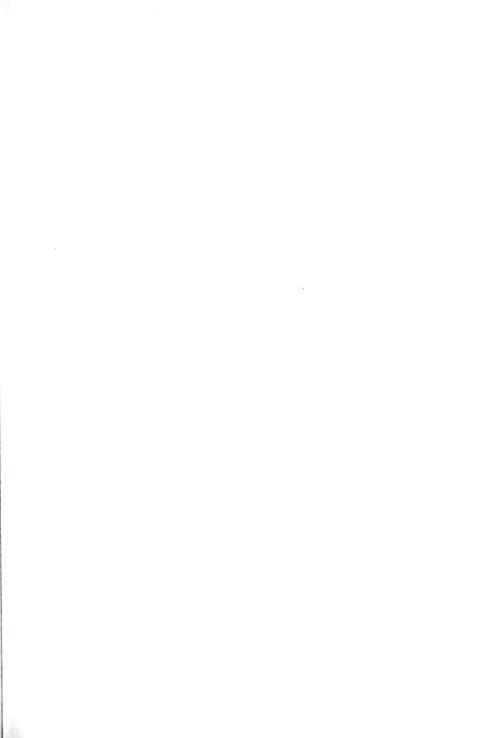
THE LIVING ARTS. A portfolio reflecting the literary and artistic taste of our time. No. L. New York. Condé Nast. Published six times a year. \$3.00 per copy. Subscription \$15.00 per annum.

Gradually one becomes intired to the experience of welcoming newcomer after newcomer into one's field only to see them disappear after a few hectic issues, or, if they stay awhile, lose their freshness and vigour and go the way of all art magazines. In the last year there have been The Art Review, The Gargoyle, Broom, and now The Living Arts. Now both the latter have something to say, so the welcome is quite spontaneous (no copy of Broom has been sent me so I cannot give particulars).

The Living Arts is ambitious, a good sign. It is lavish, which is still better, if the wherewithal be provided. Here are the contents of the first number: A French play by André Suarès, Poems by Paul Valery and Jean Cocteau. L'Art au Théatre by Henri Bidou. Charles Péquin by Elie Faure. The Landscapes of the Early Painters by Gabriel Despian by Waldemar George. Mourey. Premier Menuet for the Piano by Erik Satie. Colour-plates of work by Soudeikin, Charles Péquin, Sano di Pietro. Other work reproduced in offset, rotogravure, and wood-block. Altogether a balanced fare. The reproductions are uniformly excellent.

To only one thing do I take exception. A better type face should have been selected. I recommend to the publishers Goudy's "Alphabet."

Good luck and a long life.







THE BLUE BOY''
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH
FROM THE MEZZOTINT
BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS

# INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

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VOL. LXXIV, NO. 298

JANUARY, 1922

#### The New Year

A NEW YEAR. And a new "Studio."
But two months old, beginning already to find its legs, and becoming more sure of its tongue.

The old "Studio," which lived from March, 1897, to October, 1921, did in its day fine work. It was founded on the principle which then held in America, dependence on Europe in matters artistic. The American supplement was at the outset no more than a leaflet inserted at the end,

But during a quarter of a century many things have happened. The principle no longer holds. America is beginning to resent the imputation of provincialism, and aspires to be more than a market for the cast-off artistic wares of other countries. That does not mean the promulgation of an artistic Munroe Doctrine or Infant Industries Protection Act, far from it. America wishes that the finest in her art be placed against the finest in the art of other nations, and be judged on that basis.

The old "Studio" had to go. Its day was past. What will the new "Studio" be like?

The new "Studio" will be modern in spirit, but classic in background. To be modern is not to decry the great figures of the past. It is youth that cries: "Nous avons change tout cela." To be modern is to be alive, to be vitally interested in the struggles and strivings of one's age, to live in the present, looking backward for help, looking forward for

inspiration. The man who is inspired only by art may be a great man, but he cannot be a great artist. The artist looks at life. Rembrandt, El Greco, Rubens . . . these may teach him, may transport him into a Heaven of wonder, but they are powerless to make him one of themselves. Only life in its fullness, its grandeur and its infinite meanness can do that.

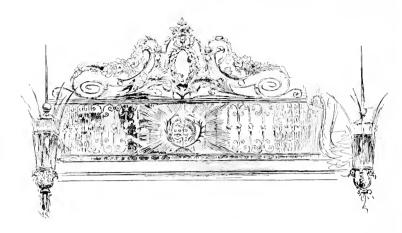
So that to be modern is but to say, "I am of my country and my time." "The clothes you are wearing will be outmoded tomorrow," objects the conservative. Perhaps, but are not the reactionary's clothes outmoded already?

But a critic must have more than the modern spirit, if he is to fulfill his function. He must hold the balance not only between art and life, but between past and present. He must see the present as the child of the past.

Balance must therefore be the aim. It will not be our achievement—perfect balance is attained only in death. We aspire to live. And life in its highest manifestation is the striving of atoms to find order in chaos. The balance attained is tentative, the pendulum swings around the centre, but it is dynamic. And there is no life without movement, no movement without passion.

This is at least a beginning. Let us face the future.

G. C. F.



FORGOTTEN MASTER: BRENNAN BY JOSEPH PENNELL

Illustrations Courtesy The Century Magazine

It is a strange thing to have lived long enough, and worked long enough, to have passed from artlessness in this country through a genuine art movement which has brought us to degeneracy and decay, dry rot.

When in the late 70's I started working—drawing, for it was my aim and ambition to

be an illustrator—Abbey, Pyle, Blum, Brennan, had made an international reputation for themselves and for *The Century* and *Harper's* for which they worked. The name of *The Century* then was *Scribner's*, the spirit was the coming century.

The two magazines were edited by authors, Gilder and Alden conducted their literary departments.

Their art departments were managed by artists, Drake and Parsons. There were, I believe, some business men in the outer rooms,



READING ROOM—PLAYERS'
CLUB, NEW YORK

ALFRED L. BRENNAN

but we saw nothing of them save when we cashed our cheques, which were paid without haggling when the illustrations were accepted.

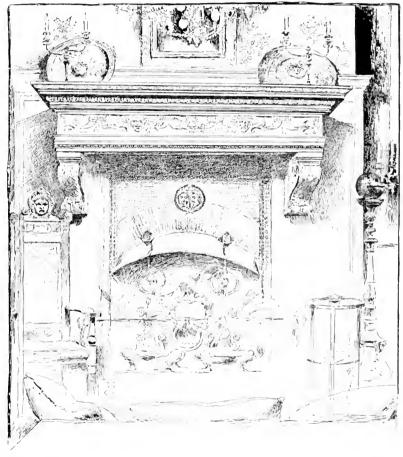
There were a few other things rather differently managed from the way they are today—At Harper's there was a staff of artists—at The Century there was no staff. Harper's worked with new men in the old fashion, they drew on wood and the designs were engraved.

But at The Century, though much of the

work was engraved, hearly all the drawings were done on paper or canvas and photographed on to the wood, and then engraved.

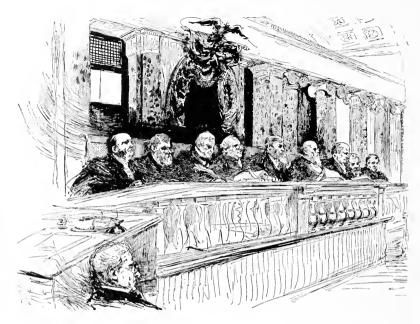
At Harper's "the house" was conservative, at The Century everyone was progressive.

But with the artists who worked for each there was pride, not only in their work, but in the magazines, of which they felt themselves a part. They knew what would appear during the coming year, but a *Harper* man would no more blab to a *Century* kid, than he



MANTEL IN THE CENTRAL HALL PLAYERS' CLUB, NEW YORK

ALERID L. BRENN VN



SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

would draw for the rival publications—those were the days of real art, real competition, real rivalry, fought out, mostly over schooners of beer and frankfurters in the real art centres of New York—and there were then no uplifters or dry boosters—the curses of art, for no dry country ever has produced art, does produce art, ever will produce art, only deceit, lieing, imitation, hypocrisy.

None of these men would tell a rival what he was doing—it was all a secret, a mystery, and to be on the inside was wonderful,

Everyone was keen about the magazines and what the next number would contain—the papers, then edited with something besides a chuckrake, boomed the magazines with leaders—instead of artless, senseless, stupid ads, and the people, who then read more of the papers than the head-lines, bought the magazines. They knew and they cared, they did not have to be told what to know, what to buy, by the advertising oafs who have

bought and sold the honour and the decency of our land.

The coming of *The Century* was coincident with the return of Chase, Duveneck, Dielman, Muhrman, to this country and with the appearance of Cole, Wolf, Quengling, the engravers—all foreigners—and all were given a chance by Drake to work, each in his own way: the artists perfectly freely and the engravers perfectly slavishly after them. And those early numbers of *The Century* soon proved to *Harper's* they must put up or shut up, and they gave Abbey, Reinhardt, Pyle and Frost their chance. No cheap imitations were employed or considered, the men who had ideas were encouraged.

But another thing happened. Ten years before photo-engraving in line had been made practical in Europe, and Fortuny, Vierge, Rico had drawn their masterpieces in pen-and-ink, and these had been photographically and chemically engraved by Gillot and Yves et



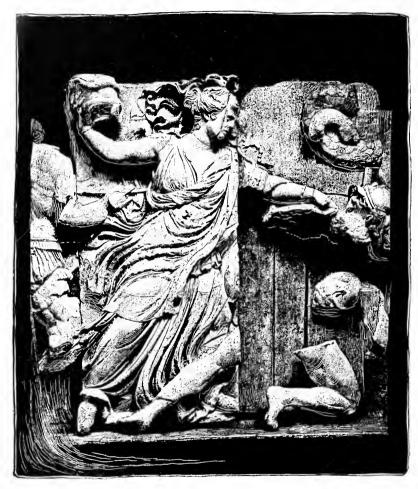
ALFRED LAURI NS BRENNAN

Barratt. These men, with Menzel still at work in Germany, and Sandys and Houghton in England, set the standard of American illustration and it captured the world. Because it was better, not cheaper. It was art, not business, but it paid. Then came in a younger and newer batch of men. They came from the Middle West, where some had come from before, and few, if any, have come from since. It is strange that when new aims, new methods are discovered, there appear new men to practise them. I don't mean when -Isms are set up-those anyone can follow, to the abomination of desecration we are now stewing in-but I mean a certain number of real artists appear, skilled to practise and to experiment with new arts and crafts.

The group which became most prominent hailed from Cincinnati. I believe they had studied with Duyeneck, and worked on the papers with Farney. They were Brennan, Blum, Lungren, and Kenyon Cox. Why they

left Cincinnati I do not know, but I was told, I think by Duveneck or Farney, that one day a steamboat blew up down the river and Brennan was sent down by a paper to do the incident, with all his expenses paid. All he could find was a foot of smoke-stack sticking out of the water, so be drew that in an hour and spent a week drawing other things that interested him more. That might have had a mething to do with his coming east.

They stopped in Philadelphia and went to the Academy of Fine Arts which then had an art school with an artist at the head of it. Thomas Eakins. Whether they took to Eakins or not I do not know, it was before my time, but they did take to Stephen I. Ferris and he showed them, if they had not seen the work before, prints and drawings by Vierge, Rico, Fortuny. They had found themselves. At this time also Ives and the Levy Brothers were experimenting with screens, and I think Ben Day was in Philadelphia. They did not



VEILED GODDESS HURLING SNAKES AT THE ENEMY

ALFRED L.
BRENNAN

stay there long, no artist can. New York was the only place. I know nothing of their adventures or misadventures—I did not know them—I had not seen them—and I only saw Brennan once, in a green coat with Roman buttons. Drake was fearfully impressed with the fact that he could, like Chase, do wonderful things with a gun, and said he had to spend twenty dollars a day to live. We, years

later, lived on a dollar—and better than we do now.

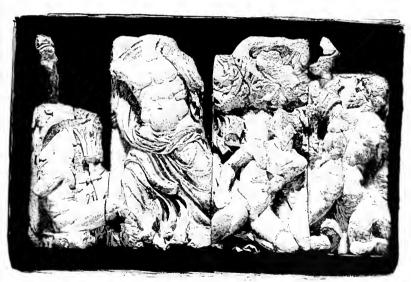
Bhun I never saw, Cox I always tried to avoid, and Lungren I got to like in London.

Brennan must have been the inspiration of them all—Laugren knows—but I know that almost every number of the old *Century* contains an experiment in pen drawing and reproduction and printing, all of which Brennan



ATHENE GROUP (FROM PERGAMON)

ALFRED L. BRENNAN



ZEUS GROUP (FROM PERGAMON)

ALFRED I. BREXXAN



INTERIOR OF THE CASINO THEATRE, NEWPORT

ALFRED L. BRENNAN

superintended, which was often a masterpiece, and in these experiments he was aided and encouraged by Drake, by the photo-engravers, who talked to him about the methods of reproduction, let him work on the blocks—at any rate I did—and sent him proof. And then, often, he and Drake would go to DeVinne's and make the thing print on the big Hoe press. Now it is all business, so there is no art. And some of those designs in the pages of The Century are still not only an inspiration as drawings—but are as engravings far better than our standardized labour-saving, moneywasting plants can turn out.

And Brennan, Drake, and the rest went on till the end, the break-up of the old *Century* and *Harper's*. This experimenting in art carried the American magazines to success. Collect the old numbers, if you can find them, marvel at them, if you can understand them, and then

turn to our books, magazines and papers of to-day and know what a foul pit of mediocrity we are squirming in, owing to the art and literature. He has, to fill his pockets, dragged us to his depths of ignorance, the lowest in the world; he has Bok-ed the land. Today we have new methods of reproduction and printing, but we have no Drake, no DeVinne, no Brennan—or if we have, they have no chance to experiment. Then we experimented, now we are cock-sure of everything save that we are what we are, an illiterate, artless race of snug oafs.

Brennan died the other day, I have heard, without a note in the press. His work will be remembered when that of most of the forgotten millionaire muralists is whitewashed out, and all the cheap junk magazines have returned to pulp or powder.

This is a letter to my dear friend William Theodore Teters ametime called Bientot begun this seventh day of November I B B at my hotel a danned hosterie in noisy troublesome vile New York & to be continued from time le time during my unhappy sojourn here away from my Hearts of Good Gold Myown Quartette My Reople whose protector and best lover is Rad Brenn, erstwhile Alfred Brennan \*\*\*

Christmas Day: at home in Milford.

Says Rad to his Sweetheart Daughten: "Eo you know what chat is? That's a letter form Will Peters Brentot. Do non know him? He is a posel. Do non know what a Post io?"
"To Papa". Well a Post is a lovely gentleman who writes lovely chings." \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

And so it is my dear Boy, with not a thousandthe part said and man but a lettle space for our portraits done here for you by most truly your freed Africa Brenn.



Ah, Ba. is & Polmer - i.e. Papa's own Dovey Cove - the Bunkle Bee Alfred Brenn It. And such a wonderful and friely developed young gentleman is rarely seen. His religion is all his own: his ways of daing things admired and particularly of his Sister and his Papa.



sorry about this: the "augmalie" came and tolked of it

RONDEAU onent BÉBÉ rur Birthday Anig done for her by rur Lapa in New York her Tifth Birthday: September the 26th,

Another Ring, my Beh faine Nath for her own -: a solitaire -My Girthday lift whose gen so wee Now vies with her for brelliancie But in the contest fails -: compare It as you will it needs the glave Of lamp, or Moon, or Sun, to see Another Ring.

But Bibi! sweetest charms of the wear By Day or Night; as have a case Rash Tuture Swain, that freely she Takes first her Neart from me to Thee, Before you ask her Hond to share Inother Ring.



My dear God
You who love the quaint ways of my
Children: At home recently, my
Children: At home recently, my
Daughter Alfreda, sat her fragrant
colourful self on the edge of her
Manunds bed wherein represed her
Younger brother I the distinguish's
almost a foreigner, whom I kave out
yet seen) He doubtless was placed
and altogether unminiful of her
presence: than which nothing so

mearly approaches to annoyance of my Sweetheart Daughter for she is intentely a wonder, but bring that cannot accept a slight. The did this and that as chiedren will to attract attenten - two of no avail. For a moment then she did nothing until her thought come out "Oh wee Dott don't you want to bow at your suster she has been in the world such a long, long time."









# APE'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CABELL'S "JURGEN" BY BURTON RASCOE

A LIMITED edition of "Jurgen" by James Branch Cabell has been published in England by Mr. John Lane, with illustrations by Frank C. Papé. The literary significance of this treasure trove of wit and beauty need not here concern us: the curious book has been the occasion for much bandying of many words and now, in the United States, at all events, final pronouncement (in this decade) rests with the courts.

An illustrated edition is preened with advantages a pictureless one cannot boast. We all like pictures and it is a boon to us when an illustrator draws for us scenes and situations which, with mere words as stimuli, our imaginations fail to encompass readily. In Frank C. Papé we have a deft and lively prompter to our halting mental processes. He has caught much of the Cabellian spirit (save only its irony) and if he fails of perfection, it is because the facets of that spirit are too numerous to be delineated in flat design of black and white. Indeed, says Cabell, "this table of Jurgen is a book wherein each man will find what his nature enables him to see. which gives us back each his own image; and which teaches us each the lesson that each of us desires to learn." That Pape's nature en ables him to see jocose burlesque where saure is, for some, inherent, is certainly not to be quarreled with.

But let us examine the illustrations which are reproduced in this issue of The International Studio. The exocation of Dorothy la Desirée, "that first love whom every man must lose, no matter whom he marries," is conventional to dainty prettiness and might easily have been the illustration for one of a hundred Christmas glitter books. But it is perhaps the least satisfactory drawing of the group.

The conception of Jurgen astride the Centaur is excellent and it is brilliantly executed. It has sweep and movement. It was the Centaur whom Jurgen found in the cave beyond Amneran Heath and who gave to lurgen the Nessus shirt and upon whose back Jurgen was mounted in search for justice. "For a while they went through the woods, which were composed of big trees standing a goodish distance from one mother, with the Centaur's gilded hoofs rustling and sinking in a thick carpet of dead leaves, all grey and brown, in level stretches that were unbroken by any undergrowth. And then they came to a white roadway that extended due wist, and so were done with the woods. Now happ nell in incredible thing in which lurgen would never have believed had he not seen it with his own he gained a little by little on the sun, thus causing it to rise in the west a little by little.





and these two sped westward in the glory of a departed sunset. The sun fell full in Jurgen's face as he rode straight toward the west, so that he blinked and closed his eyes, and looked first toward this side, then the other. Thus it was that the country about him, and the persons they were passing, were seen by him in quick bright flashes, like pictures suddenly transmuted into other pictures; and all his memories of this shining highway were, in consequence, always confused and incoherent."

The artist's depiction of Mother Sereda is, perhaps, his masterpiece in this collection. Here the pattern and detail, the apparent stark economy of line, are all of a piece in this presentation of the bleak symbol of commonsense. "This was a depressing apartment, in its chill neat emptiness, for it was unfurnished save for a bare deal table, upon which lay a yardstick and a pair of scales. Above this table hung in a wicker cage a bluebird, and another wicker cage containing three white pigeons. And in this hall a woman, no longer young, dressed all in blue, and wearing a white towel by way of head-dress, was assorting curiously coloured cloths.

"She had very bright eyes, with wrinkled lids; and now as she looked up at Jurgen her

shrunk jaw quivered.

"Ah,' says she, 'I have a visitor. Good day to you, in your glittering shirt. It is a garment I seem to recognise.

"'Good day, grandmother! I am looking for my wife, whom I suspect to have been carried off by a devil, poor fellow! Now, having lost my way. I have come to pass the night under your root."

"'Very good: but few come seeking Mother

Sereda of their own accord."

".... 'And what do you do here, grand-mother?'

"I bleach. In time I shall bleach that garment you are wearing. For I take the colour out of all things. Thus you see these stuffs here, as they are now. Clotho spun the glowing threads, and Lachesis wove them, as you observe, in curious patterns, very marvellous to see; but when I am done with these stuffs there will be no more colour or beauty or

strangeness anywhere apparent than in so many dishelouts."

The duel between Jurgen and Heitman Michael, whereafter Jurgen resorted to an expedient not countenanced in the code duello to gain that which his heart was set on, does passably, if only because of the sardonic tailpiece with its shattered Cupid.

In depicting Jurgen attended by his shadow, the artist has achieved a sinister, nightmarish effect with cloudy witches astride nebulous mounts and with a phosphorous eyed, inky bat posed against two tones of grey. Here is a technical achievement in colour gradations from pure white to jet black, and the fancy behind it is daily stygian. The tail-piece, too, has a motive that is appropriately unorthodox.

The scene from "The Orthodox Rescue of Guenevere" shows Guenevere seated at the feet of Trofl king. Here, as always, Pape has packed his drawing with details in an unobtrusive manner, even if they fail to conform with the text. "Here suspended from the roof of the vault was a kettle of quivering red flames. These lighted a very old and villainous looking man in full armour, girded with a sword, and crowned royally; he sat upon a throne, motionless, with staring eyes that saw nothing. . . . Then Jurgen saw that at this unengaging monarch's feet were three chests. The lids had been ripped from two of them, and these were filled with silver coins. Upon the middle chest sat a woman, with her face resting against the knees of the glaring, withered, motionless old rascal."

The depiction of the ghosts King Smoit and Queen Sylvia Teren haunting Jurgen's bedchamber is full of merry minutiae and is waggish satire, carried out even unto the motto from the king's armorial bearings, "Armore et Diligentia." "Now it befell that for three nights in succession the Princess Guenevere was unable to converse with Jurgen in the Hall of Judgment. So upon one of these disengaged evenings Duke Jurgen held a carouse with Aribert and Olwen, two of Gogyrvan's barons, who had just returned from Pengwaed-Gir, and had queer tales to narrace of the Trooping Fairies who garrisoned that place.

"All three were seasoned topers, so Jurgen went to bed prepared for anything. Later he sat up in bed, and found it much as he had suspected. The room was haunted, and at the foot of his couch were two ghosts: one an impudent-looking leering phantom, in a suit of old-fashioned armour, and the other a beautiful pale lady, in the customary flowing white draperies.

"'Good morning to you both,' says Jurgen. 'and sorry am I that I cannot truthfully observe I am glad to see you. Though you are welcome enough, if you can manage to haunt the room quietly.' Then, seeing that both phantons looked puzzled, Jurgen proceeded to explain, 'Last year, when I was travelling upon business in Westphalia, it was my grief to spend a night in the haunted castle of Neuedesberg, for I could not get any sleep at all in that place. There was a ghost in charge who persisted in rattling very large iron chains and in groaning dismally throughout the night. Then toward morning he took the form of a monstrous cat, and climbed upon the foot of my bed; and there he squatted yowling until daybreak. And as I am ignorant of German, I was not able to convey to him any idea of my disapproval of his conduct. Now I trust that as compatriots, or as I might say with more exactness, as former compatriots, you will appreciate that such behaviour is out of all reason.'

"'Messire,' says the male ghost, and he oozed to his full height, 'you are guilty of impertinence in harbouring such a suspicion. I can only hope that it proceeds from your ignorance.'

"'For I am sure,' put in the lady, 'that I always disliked cats, and we never had them about the castle.'

"'And you will pardon my frankness, messire,' continued the male ghost, 'but you cannot have moved widely in noble company if you are indeed unable to distinguish between members of the feline species and of the reigning family of Glathion.'

"'Well, I have seen dowager queens who justified some confusion,' observed Jurgen, 'Still, I entreat the forgiveness of you both, for I had no idea that I was addressing royalty,'

"'I was King Smoit,' explained the male phantom, 'and this was my ninth wife, Queen Sylvia Tereu,'

"Jurgen bowed as gracefully, he flattered himself, as was possible in his circumstances. It is not easy to bow gracefully while sitting erect in bed.

"'Often and over again have I heard of you, King Smoit,' says Jurgen. 'You were the grandfather of Gogyrvan Gawr, and you nurdered your ninth wife, and your eighth wife, and your fifth wife, and your third wife, too: and you went under the title of the Black King, for you were reputed the wickedest monarch that ever reigned in Glathion and the Red Islands.'

"It seemed to Jurgen that King Smoit evinced embarrassment, but it was hard to be quite certain when a ghost was blushing."

There is a charm of a dainty, trim tapestry in the illustration showing Jurgen with King Anaïtis, and the design is relevantly Egyptian. "So Jurgen sat with Anaïtis in the two tall chairs that were in the prow of the vessel, under a canopy of crimson stuff embroidered with gold dragons, and just back of the ship's figurehead, which was a dragon painted with thirty colours: and the ship moved out of the harbour, and so into the open sea."

There is a pre-Raphaelite hint in the illustration for the idyll of Jurgen and the Hamadryad. "So they talked nonsense, in utter darkness, while the locusts, and presently a score of locusts, disputed obstinately. Now Chloris and Jurgen were invisible, even to each other, as they talked under their oak-tree: but before them the fields shone mistily under a gold-dusted dome, for this night seemed builded of stars. And the white towers of Pseudopolis also could Jurgen see, as he laughed there and took his pleasure with He reflected that very probably Achilles and Helen were laughing thus, and were not dissimilarly occupied, out yonder, in this night of wonder.

"He sighed. But in a while Jurgen and the Hamadryad were speaking again, just as inconsequently, and the locusts were whirring just as obstinately. Later the moon rose, and they all slept."

Jurgen's descent in the wheelbarrow trun-



dled by Cannagosta to the Hell of his father is gorgeously conceived and intricately worked out. "Cannagosta was something like an ox, but rather more like a cat, and his hair was curly. And as they came through Chorasma, a very uncomfortable place where the damned abide in torment, whom should Jurgen see but his own father. Coth, the son of Smoit and Steinvor, standing there chewing his long moustaches in the midst of an especially tall flame.

"'Do you stop now for a moment!' says Jurgen, to his escort.

"'Oh, but this is the most vexatious person in all Hell!' cried Cannagosta; 'and a person whom there is absolutely no pleasing!"

The halo of industrious imps bestowing upon Coth the punishments he believes to be his due because of the fancied enormity of his peccadilloes is a happy conceit. There is a nimble imagination displayed in the whole design. The reptilian character of the denizens of the lower regions, the barbed and lanciform accessories, and the imperial accountrements and insignia of Jurgen are in key and character with this delightful episode.

The scene between Jurgen and Satan's wife in the Black House of Barathum is treated in a manner which it is inconvenient to describe. The passage reads: "Now Grandfather Satan's wife was called Phyllis: and apart from having wings like a bat's, she was the loveliest little ship of devilishness that Jurgen had seen in a long while. Jurgen spent this night at the Black House of Barathum and had more nights, or it might be three nights: and the details of what Jurgen used to do there, after supper, when he would walk alone in the Black House Gardens, among the artfully coloured cast-iron flowers and shrubbery, and so would come to the grated windows of Phyllis's room, and would stand there joking with her in the dark, are not requisite to this story."

The visualising of the ascension of Pope Jurgen, by means of Jacob's ladder, is joyous though derivative and is as replete with symbols.

We come at last to the apostrophe to Helen which is, as would all attempts be, an inadequate attempt to capture the quality of beauty in that perfect symbol of all men's desire.

"And so farewell to you, Queen Helen! Your beauty has been to me as a robber that stripped my life of joy and sorrow, and I desire not ever to dream of your beauty any more. For I have been able to love nobody. And I know that it is you who have prevented this, Queen Helen, at every moment of my life since the disastrous moment when I first seemed to find your loveliness in the face of Madame Dorothy. It is the memory of your beauty, as I then saw it mirrored in the face of a jill-flirt, which has enfeebled me for such honest love as other men give women; and I envy these other men. For Jurgen has loved nothing-not even you, not even Jurgen!quite whole-heartedly."



RCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK III. EDUCATE THE CLIENTELE

BY MARRION WILCON

Decidentally not academic is the instruction in New York's architecture given by M. Jacques Greber, whose volumes on L'. Irchi tecture aux Etats-Unis (Payot & Cie, Paris) have just come to my hands. Describing in popular terms the residences in the Fifth Avenue section, he teaches that the exteriors of a majority of these houses are very bean tiful copies of old Paris or Bordeaux residences, when they are not more or less faithful reproductions of châteaux on the Loire or of Florentine palaces. And he adds regretfully that the originality and great variety manifested in American country houses are no longer in evidence when one returns to town. The tendency of apartment house design in New York is to give an artificial aspect. he asserts, to apartment house life. In France, on the contrary, perhaps because the houses are not so new, it is possible to perceive a certain charm and to establish one's home in buildings of this class. In New York it nearly always seems, in an apartment, as though one were à l'hôtel. That is not due to the furnishing, which is occasionally very beautiful and such as one might find in a country house; it is undoubtedly due to the plan of the apartment itself, in which are found all the refinements and conveniences which a private house would supply, but one feels that the formula of home in a single étage has not vet been discovered. As for New York's office buildings, their architects have added decorations which are sometimes useless and inappropriate, but often the structure of their edifices has a really monumental aspect, the expression of power and of majesty; and words of praise are found for the towers of these grandes maisons du travail, rather than for the recently built churches. The architecture of the latter must be thought of in connection with the architects' sources of inspiration, the French cathedrals of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and more or less nearly related works of the Norman and English schools, since certain contemporaneous archi-

texts are valve por more more record ever, examples such as the Chipel of the litter cession, at 155th Street, near the Hispan

Now, one's gratitude for such instruction is. I think, apt to be withfuld for a moment, without systematic development of the mental processes leading up to them, bege's scepticism, instead of winning immediate assent,

In the Architectural Record, November, 1921, Professor Moore gives his conception of a proper university course in architecture. He has in mind, not training for those who are to become architects but rather for those who will become clients, owners, donors, Training for the practice of architecture, he holds, cannot be given in a university. On the other hand, every scheme of liberal education should include instruction in the art of building. "Architecture is not merely an important branch of what we call the fine ests. it is the root of them. For all graphic and plastic arts depend for their primal qualities on principles that are fundamentally architectural. It is often said that the fine arts are essentially one; but how they are so is seldon made clear. They are one because they are all based on the same principle of organic coordination of parts with a view to beauty. They differ among themselves only from differences of purpose, of materials, and of consequent technical treatment. Every true design, whether in building, in sculpture, or in painting, has an arrangement of Fines, spaces, or solid forms that are proportioned and adthus the architectural principle of structure. to them all." He invites attention to the of architecture, precisely the right of by which

INE PENCIL DRAWINGS BY ABBOTT H. THAYER NOTES

BY GERALD H. THAYER

Sardinian Girl. This little drawing is of special interest as being almost the only bit of art-work which came from my father's hand during a period of several months when his vigour was at its height. We were spending the winter of 1900-1901 in Italy; and it was his custom not to paint during such sojourning amid the shrines of the immortals. Instead—between intensive pilgrimages to the midmost of those shrines, in Florence and elsewhere-he devoted himself, with the whole vehemence of his nature, to that other lifelong passion of his, ornithology. We were comrades in this, equal in ardour and resource; and for joyous long weeks at a time painting would be all-but forgotten while-leaving our women-folk somewhere ensconced-we two together strenuously studied, hunted, shot, and taxidermized "new birds" for our collection, in unheard-of nooks and corners of the country. We went across to Sardinia to get vultures and flamingoes; and it was there, in the coastal hamlet of Sarroch (not to be found in the atlas), that this little drawing was made. To me, it connotes hot, barren hills covered with tangled scrub, in which furze-warblers chattered and over which swift falcons poised and darted; and, more particularly, it connotes the odour of astounding cheeses and mystic sausages and breadstuffs in the village store where we espied this bewitching little peasant girl. Her shy and delicate beauty struck us both—I think we both fell in love with her on the spot! (I was seventeen, my father fifty-one; but more than once on that Sardinian trip we were taken for brothers!) In the older "bird-man" the artist awoke in a flash: her he must draw; and through our taxidermist-guide, Bonomi (who wrote the inscription on the drawing), the matter was explained, with the result that, amid neighbourly giggling, this elfin-beautiful little "Elisia Dessi" stood very graciously for her picture.

Head of the Artist's Son, at the Age of Six. Minerva Driving Chariot. This was a composition by which my father set great store, and which for years he hoped to be able to execute somewhere as a large mural decoration. It exists, however, only in a few variant pencil drawings, and in two or three oil sketches on canvas,—one of them of considerable size and importance. Date ca. 1897.

Studies for Paintings. A composite sheet of studies and sketches, related to more than one painting. The lady with the veil is a portrait-study, for the painting Portrait of a Lady, shown in the recent exhibition of the National Academy in New York, but painted some years back. The child's head on the left is from his daughter Gladys at the age of four or five, and is evidently a study for the little girl at the left (likewise Gladys) in the picture known as the Virgin Enthroned. The group of hands must be inverted.

The Artist's Son (aged perhaps eleven). Study for a Painting (?). Age and position of the boy in this study make it difficult to assign it to any of the completed paintings. It may have had to do with the mural decoration at Bowdoin College.

Portrait of Mary. This elaborate life-sized portrait, in black-and-white, of his daughter Mary, who appears as the central figure in the Virgin Enthroned, and other pictures, seems to have been done independently of any painting. Its date is 1897.

Girl Arranging Her Hair. (Sketch from A. E. W., later Mrs. Gerald Thayer.) This, said to have been a seven-minute sketch, is perhaps the most interesting of a number of pencil studies of the same theme, which appears also in one or two of the later paintings.

Self-portrait, 1019. My father painted several portraits of himself during the last years, and the drawing here shown is a study for one of these paintings.

Sketch for a Painting. (Drawn on a piece of ribbed cardboard, part of a box—?). Probably the last drawing my father made, and dated within a few weeks only of his death. A composition of this sort (in certain other sketches more elaborate than it here appears) he had set his heart on painting; and it had advanced as far as outlining and first blocking-in, on a large wooden panel.

# NINE PENCIL DRAWINGS

By THE LATE
ABBOTT H. THAYER
(COURTESY THAYER ESTATE)

(Zarren)

SARDINIAN GIRL BY ABBOTT II, THAYER



Sindu

MEAD OF THE ARTIST'S SON, AGED SIX YEARS BY ABBOTT II, THAYER







MINERVA DRIVING CHARIOT STUDY FOR A DECORATION BY ABBOTT 'I THAYER





Studic







THE ARTIST'S SON STUDY FOR A PAINTING BY ABBOTT H, THAYER





















Studie

SKETCH FOR A PAINTING—192L BY ABBOTT H, THAYER

+ ky



URRENT TENDENCIES IN ARCHITECTURE

1. THE FREPLACE AND THE HEARTH

MINE own fireplace where I sit writing these fugitive thoughts recalls the brave days of old following the Civil War. Its style is variously known as Black Walnut, Victorian Gothic, or more democratically, as General Grant Gothic. By the latter, a young but virile republic repudiates leading strings, and announces boldly to the world that, under competent leadership, we can produce work as awful as another. Something touching there is in the way we honour the memory of our military genius. Nor let it be hinted that the occurrence is merely fortuitous; that another holding office at that moment would have received the distinction instead; a President Harrison Style, or Grover Cleveland Gothic is manifestly absurd.

The fireplace in question is of that chocolate marble which harmonises so well with its near kinsman, Black Walnut, Esq. It possesses, indeed, a certain architectural form, vaguely reminiscent of Egyptian mortuary work, with a surface ornament of incised lines inspired from some French château. A smattering of finer ornament, not visible in the sketch, is accented with gold leaf. The whole effect sounds dismal beyond words, I confess, and candid friends have asked why I do not tear it out and put in something modern—jazzy. I presume, though they did not use the term.

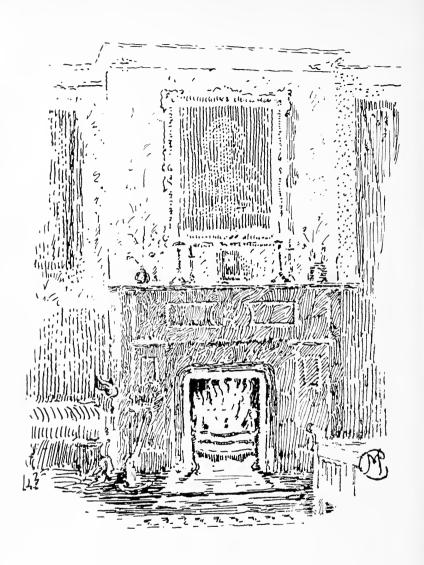
To this proceeding, which has been seriously contemplated, two objections are urged. To begin with, I don't like something modern, jazzy; even a modified form of jazz, nearjazz it may come to be called. In short, I prefer an ugly old thing to an ugly new one. But the real objection is subtile, and far more difficult to voice. For, in the last analysis, what, in such a situation, is modern? Wouldn't it be modern, after removing the Victorian 1 beg pardon, the General Grant fireplace to find an antique, say of the MeIntyre type, transposed bodily from Salem and fit ed in as best may be. Or still more modern, import a Jacobean mantel from England - Most molern of all were the acquisition of a mediaval bit from the confinent to rendered possible by the financial strain of the war. Which brings us to the great partition, the more modern you want to be, the farther back you have to go

The craze for antiques, especially in the cast, is not to be ignored. It has, however, redeeming features. In so far as it brings before the public objects of real ment, and many antiques are that, in so far as it induces a study of these, it tends to elevate publicitaste and to arouse interest in what has too long suffered neglect. Its drawbacks are obvious. But for better, for worse, it is with us, and whoso attempts to ignore it, reskons without his host. It is, in a word, a fictor in modern art.

All art may be said to have a triple basis: primo, the preferences or prejudices of the people, what we call public taste; secundo, its economic aspect; and finally, it has physical limitations. The last, which usually in the past dominated architecture, may today be considered under control. My chocolate mantel may be replaced with almost any material. Nor is the problem essentially economic, in this sense at least, that a simple stone or even white marble facing would cost less than carved wood. In short, if I am willing to spend the money, I can do what I like.

Perhaps this very embarras des richesses makes it hard for us to choose. No one can produce a masterpiece until he cares passionately for what he is doing. We have money; to complain that we lack time is alsurd, anyone can find time for what he loves. nor should the economic situation be longer used as a scapegoat. So noich has been writmade work that we accept it as proved by force of repetition; but a little research grossly unfair to the craftsman, who, often couragement with little but the leve of his art to sustani him. Documents prove that early eagerly sought after today, were far better treated; that their patrons spect in re-freely on the door tion in front in a feether the le

The fireplace I have chosen a subject of



my introductory essay as being the centre of the home; by it more surely than by the friends he keeps may we know the owner's character. He who "spreads himself" on the outside (especially the entrance) but is satisfied with the first stock mantelpiece he sees, is thinking primarily of what others think of him. For by the hearth, if ever, our real personality develops; before the fireplace are spent the really intimate moments of our life. That these in the hurly-burly of modern competition, are only too few, is but an added reason for making them perfect.

To pay overmuch attention to what others think of us, is an essentially American failing, This it seems to me is largely responsible for the confused state of our fine arts. Not stingy as a race, nor indifferent to beauty, nor unwilling to spend on it, we yet seem to have some besetting desire to get a little more than our money's worth, to "beat the game" as we say. "It is indeed a lovely mantel," a client once said to me, "but it seems a dreadful price to pay for anything so simple." In vain I pointed out the beauty of hand-cut mouldings; the necessity of a craftsman, superior not only in technical skill, but in artistic experience as well. She finally obtained a piece elaborate with cast ornament, which cost more but gave her the temporary satisfaction of "getting her money's worth": but in the end, I feel sure, she was not satisfied; could she ever sit down before it to a quiet evening without being confronted by the monotony of mechanical reproduction, which is about as restful as the endless clack of a typewriter? Restful, if nothing more, the simpler design would unquestionably have been.

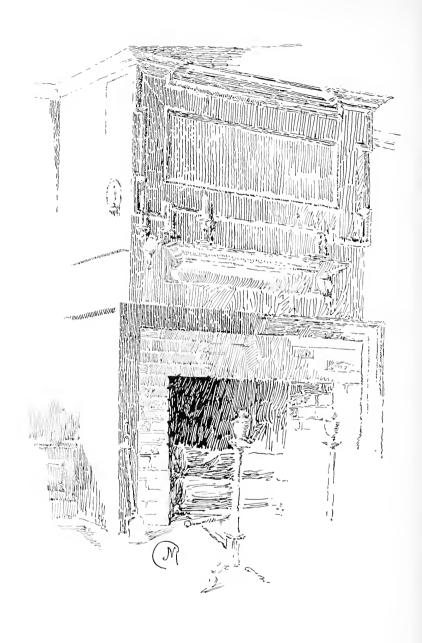
Now we are confronted with perhaps the one great physical limitation. The Machine and its work. This seems to be our Frankinstein. Some have gone bravely to meet it, like Ralph Adams Cram on the heroic battle field of Bryn Athyn, (the history of which I hope to detail ere long); some have lain down before it, declaring that Art is ended; too many of us have tried to ignore the matter completely, like the Christian Scientist caught out in the rain without an umbrella. Some solution on a large scale will be found eventually; on a small scale there is no excuse for

giving in. My fireplace, whatever else it is, shall not be "turned out by the thousand."

Of the Fireplace theme, two main variations are possible, that which comes out to meet you, as it were, and that which sets discreetly back of the wall surface. In a general way they correspond to the two great antagonists of modern architecture, the Classic and the Gothic. Lines of demarcation are not sharp; even in Gothic times, when circumstances required, the fireplace was inset; but the mongrel type, usually the result of indecision, and seen altogether too frequently, is easier to appreciate than to describe. The contrasting spirit may be admirably seen in the illustrations, both of hearths designed by architects for themselves. Parenthetically, the work that an architect does for himself is often more illustrative than any other, and he is unhampered by the personality of a client. Both examples are admirably expressive; that of Mr. Dana, depending as it does on colour, exquisite turquoise blue woodwork with a narrow facing of polished Sienna marble, is less effective in the illustration; that of Mr. Van Pelt's, more appropriate in its informality to the country house; both are the products of sincere artists capable of putting their ideals into concrete form.

If this article seems to wander too far from its subject, Current Tendencies, the moral is this: we see here plainly the two main factors at work today, namely the love for an iques, and the obligation to face the machine problem. Both problems have been met by both architects, each in his own way. The results, critics may complain, are not "original." In a sense they are not, but in the same sense nothing good ever was. Certainly not the Parthenon. My Black Walnut mantel is. Perhaps that is what I dislike most about it. Nobody ever did or ever could create something out of nothing. The Victorians tried to and got nothing. Both Mr. Van Pelt's and Mr. Dana's work are felt to be distinct expressions of themselves. The mere fact that they are adapted to a new situation gives them a certain originality. Nor are they copied, any more than the façade of Rheims is copied from that of Paris.

In a seathing arraignment of modern archi-





#### Current Tendencies in Architecture

tecture delivered before the American Institute of Architects, Mr. George Howe, an architect of Beaux Arts training but of irreproachable taste, declared that the Victorian style had at least enough vitality to maintain itself for a number of years, whereas modern fashions, (he could not dignify them with the name style), came and went, leaving no trace and having no effect on contemporary thought. The question of taste, he remarked, was beside the point. It would be difficult to reply directly to what Mr. Howe stated, yet there is another aspect. It must be obvious to anyone that the Victorians could not have cared passionately for their work. To care passionately for my chocolate mantel is inconceivable. Exceptions there were, like Richardson, but the majority were occupied

with what was correct, "gentlemanly," I believe the term was. The world had sunk into a polite apathy; it was bad form to care too much for anything. That we are pulling out of this is the most hopeful sign of all; confusion and lack of unity are a natural result. Let no one complain that it is a state of transition, the transitional state is often the most interesting to live in. What we do today, we may despise tomorrow: but if we do it with a full heart, we may feel something akin to divine inspiration, and we are paving a way for better things. The next ten years will see some startling developments; though there may be no "national style," our taste will grow more sure and we will begin to pull together. But for the present my chocolate mantelpiece will remain undisturbed.





MRS, DAVID FORMAN AND CHILD

CHARLES WILLSON

# MERICANA NOTES BY WINFRED PORTER TRUESDELL

The quest for American portraits has been going on for some time past, portraits of Americans by American painters of our earlier days. A subject of little public consideration some twenty years ago, these paintings are now coming to be recognised as having played no inconsiderable part in the advance of American nationality. Art may be the essential of the quest, but in their depiction of the historical background of the nation in its formative period there is further reason for much of the attraction these early

crude efforts have for us. In them we see our long forgotten forbears whose impress made the country we know possible; we see not only their portraits, artistic or otherwise, but the atmosphere in which they lived and their outlook upon life and the various activities of the time. They are historical documents and as necessary to our understanding of the spirit of the period as the printed word of history.

Messes, M. Knoedler & Company have been showing this last mouth a group of important examples of Early American portraits, including one each by Copley, Charles Willson Peale and James Sharples, eight by Gilbert Stuart, and three by Thomas Sully. Of



PORTRAIT OF MRS. BRYAN BARRETT

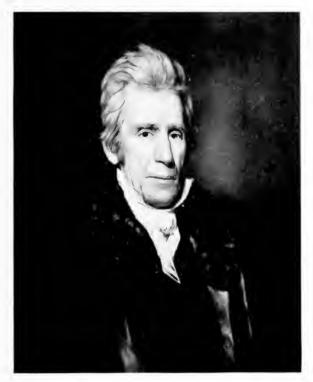
GILBERT STUART

these, the Stuarts are the more important and include one of twelve portraits of Washington, formerly the prized possession of "Light Horse Harry Lee," of the type showing the right side of the face, as well as the more common "Athenæum" type, of the left side. It is of interest to note also that the Portrait of Mrs. Bryan Barrett is one of those painted during his sojourn in England, and now returning to America. This lady, of Stockwell, in Surrey, was daughter of Jonathan Tyers, Esq. The canvas is from the collection of Lieutenant Colonel Boyd C. P. Hamilton, of Brandon House, England. chosen for illustration for the nonchalance of pose and transparency of colour so typical of

Stuart at his best.

Charles Willson Peale is one of the most important of these early painters; his career as a portrait painter had its beginning coincident with the events leading up to the War of Independence, and we are indebted to him for many portraits of Revolutionary leaders and others of whom no other likenesses exist. We have illustrated his portrait of Mrs. David Forman and Child. It lacks the grace of Stnart's work, the colours are colder, and the outlines hard, the pose is more formal too, but it forms an excellent foil to that of Stuart, and shows the strong influence of Copley, under whom he studied.

The American Art Association, in a recent



PORTRAIT OF ANDREW JACKSON

VRT1ST UNKNOWN

sale of "Americana Rarissima," introduced an innovation by including with the usual books, broadsides and autograph letters, a number of paintings of famous Americans. Among these we note two really excellent canvases of Washington Irving and Andrew Jackson. The Irving is attributed to Washington Allston. The Jackson, unsigned, lacks attribution, but is a very convincing likeness in so far as it resembles other portraits with which we are familiar. These two are illustrated as well on account of their excellence as for the public interest displayed in them

In the last number of The Brooklyn Museum Quarterly there is an important article on the work of Ralph Earl, one of our earliest American painters, and one about whom there has been much conflicting and slipshod comment by writers on art.

Mr. Morgan quite disposes of the fallacies of these earlier writers and succeeds in painting for us a convincing word picture of the life and work of the artist. Much of the charm of Earl lies in the fidelity with which he has depicted local colour and preserved the spirit of his time. A characteristic of his work usually referred to is that of painting his sitter by an open window, through which may be seen a landscape showing a homestead; further, his portraits are veritable fashion plates. His earlier work is quite in the style of Copley and is so described by Dunlap and



PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING

ATTRIBUTED TO WASHINGTON ALLSTON

others, but few realize the great resemblance of the paintings of his later years to those of Stuart. The article in question illustrates the Portrait of Rev. Truman Marsh from the collection of the Museum, quite in the manner of Copley, while in direct contrast to this in the exhibition at Messrs. Knoedler's there is shown a Portrait of the Wife of the Artist, which would not disgrace the signature of Stuart. The former is cold, uncompromising and austere in character, while the latter shows a genial warmth of tone and graceful poise. Curiously enough neither of these portraits shows the proverbial background of a landscape through an open window, but in-

stead well-filled shelves of books.

Earl seems to have led an eventful life, having been twice married, and deserting both wives. He was intemperate in his habits and it is to this that the uneven quality of his work is ascribed. He is thought to have studied under Sir Joshua Reynolds, but if so without trace of the teaching of that master being discernible in his paintings. His intemperate habits finally caused his death in 1801. It is interesting to remember that he was the author of the original sketches "taken on the spot," from which Doolittle engraved his four crude views of the Battle of Lexington, Concord, etc.

### On the Decorative Arts



RINGS OF SCARAB, LAPIS, SAPPHIRE, RUBIES AND PEARL, SET IN GOLD

FROM KSPOP

# X THE DECORATIVE ARTS

It is a hopeful sign that some of our craftsmen are turning their attention to beautifying the objects of daily use, and that they are not content with furnishing designs alone, but they themselves carry them out to their final completion. The result is a harmony of intention and execution which is seldom found when a craftsman is given another's idea to bring to fruition. We are but beginning to glimpse that far horizon where art once formed an integral part of life, when it found expression even in the most subordinate bit of decoration or detail.

In the days of great aesthetic impulse, no artist was too proud to lavish his talents upon the little things of utility or some small decorative item, and only the other day at an exhibition of paintings by a well-known American artist, one's attention was captured at once, upon entering the gallery, by the beauty of a finely wrought frame that encircled one of the pictures. It was a fantasy of beamiful carving, very sculptural in feeling, whose design was imaginative yet purely decorative in treatment. The hand of a master was unmistakable. At once the query, "Who was the master?" And one felt a little awed but not the least amazed at the answer, "It is credited to Sansovino." So it was that one

of the greatest sculptors of his time occupied a leisure hour."

And so I say that it is a hopeful sign that we are beginning to demand that the things we have about us for daily use should manifest an art feeling. Miss Marie Zimmerman has put on view at the Ehrich Galleries examples of her work that range from her more pretentious essays in wrought from to the smaller things for personal use. The gold and silver bowls, mounted on metal stands and beaten into simple forms without cruament to hide the beauty of their surfaces, boxes of silver with handles of jade, crystal and ivory that have been conceived to serve varied purposes, are all particularly happy in their conception and execution.

Miss Zimmerman has the gold and silversmith's gift rather than that of the smith who forges the more robust metal. Her touch is more readily suited to the mounting of precious stones that develop into interesting pieces of jewelry, or in fashioning cunning handles that hold great clumps of ostrich feathers royal plumage for milady's fan. Hers is an art that should be encouraged, because our need is great. We require every weapon to fight the dark ages of ugliness from which we are just emerging

In quite a different mood are the hole figurines of Mrs. George Oakley Totton, Ir., better known in Sweden, her native land, as

#### On the Decorative Arts

Vicken Van Post. These little figures proclaim a unique talent, for they have none of the insipid immobility or the artificial vivacity that so many examples of these sculptures in miniature portray. They are rather the outcome of little bursts of humour, of sympathetic insight into the pathos and pleasures of youths and maidens, and a sentiment for the joy and poetry of life. These qualities Mrs. Totten has caught and made permanent in clay, so that each piece reveals an individuality—a feeling all its own.

The production of this particular form of art is fraught with difficulties because of the need of very special facilities. Mrs. Totten conceived the idea of co-operating with the Rörstrand factories in Stockholm, whose porcelains and glazes, somewhat similar to those of the Copenhagen, are well known. The hard porcelain body lends itself well to the production of delicate details and the underglaze painting has a "glitter and go" that is spontaneous and refreshing. The number of duplicates must of necessity be limited if they are to be kept up to an art



JADE BUTTERFLY WITH EMERALD SCARAB AND CARACHON DROPS

WORKSHOP OF MARIE ZIMMERMAN



CARVED AMBER MOUNTED
IN ENAMELED GOLD
WITH CARNELIANS

WORKSHOP OF MARIE ZIMMERMAN

standard, and their success as a commercial venture is uncertain—yet the Swedish factories were willing to take the risks for the sake of encouraging an art expression. Have we any pottery factories in this country who would undertake such a project?

About a dozen years ago, Mme. Maria Gallenga, a craftsman of Rome, discovered the secret of applying silver and gold to velvets, satins and the most delicate chiffons and muslins, without in any way affecting the soft or lustrous texture of the fabric. The process of hand blocking has thus found a new medium of expression and she uses her craft in an eminently practical way, applying it to hangings and stuffs for decorative purposes, and upon gowns and costumes, which through their workmanship and design are raised to the standard of an art product. Every detail is fashioned by hand as in the days of the Middle Ages and Renaissance from which periods Mme. Gallenga says she has found the source of her inspiration. Her work is to be seen at the Arden Galleries.



Courtesy Milch Gallery

THESE, as I see them, have been the events of the month. First and foremost, the exhibition of paintings and drawings by Abbott H. Thayer, at the Milch Galleries; second, the exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, held at the Brooklyn Museum. follow, in no kind of order, Bellows and Overton Colbert at Montross's, Schaler at the Anderson galleries, Whistler etchings and lithographs (a splendid collection of the latter) at Harlow's. And for sheer enjoyment the Krauschaar exhibition. [I omit such events as the neo-classic Japanese exhibition at the Metropolitan and the Russell Cheney show at Babcock's for no better reason than that I have not been able to find time to visit them.}

TUDIO TALK

It is the continual joy of cynics to remind us that we reserve our greatest honours until the recipient has left us. I cannot help feeling that this is not only inevitable, but just. So long as the element of progress is there, there can be no just appraisal. We are confronted with isolated achievements, often wholly unrelated, and have no means of welding them into a coherent whole. The death of an artist, however, makes public not only the facts of his life, but allows us to look into his workshop. We are able to follow the lines along which the artist's mind was working, and may compare his achievements with his studies.

This is the value of the Thayer exhibition at Milch's. When set along side of the Memorial exhibition to be held at the Metropolitan next March it will doubtless pale. Thayer's great works are not there. But these drawings, water-colours and canvases (some unfinished) give a picture of Thayer the man, which will lend the memorial exhibition a new significance. The life of a man is not spent in the making of masterpieces.

Bellows and Overton Colbert in adjoining rooms do not agree. Even the *Padre* and *Mrs. T.* agree better. They belong at least in the same world. But I realize that I can not speak of Colbert. I grasp his symbolism

and enjoy his design, but I am not sure that that is what he wishes. One day he shall have a chance to speak for himself and his pictures in colour shall corroborate.

For Bellows, I cannot feel that he is a landscapist. I do not believe that he ever sees a landscape. If he did he could not paint a cow so, or water so, or those pasteboard hills, No, these serve to keep the hand free and the wrist supple for the portraits.

I believe that Bellows is the biggest figure painter in America. There is a distinction about these portraits (whether good as portraits I know not) that the others lack. Seyffert has it. Ipsen has it. Speicher shows occasionally that he has it strongly (vide December issue). But Bellows has it pre-eminently.

I spoke shortly of Van Vleet Tompkius last month. Here is his landscape. It is not quite lost in the black and white, and your imagination may supply the lacunæ. Place the page at a distance and admit that it is a handsome piece of work, constructed all of one piece.

I know nothing of Shaler, but what the catalogue and a visit to his show have told me. His talents were greater than his achievements. He died too young to leave a deep mark. But nevertheless I take hope. Are there not surely a hundred Shalers in America today, unknown as he? And may not one achieve greatness?

And so to Brooklyn. The etchers are in full force with 287 exhibits. The level is high, but the highlights are few. These men stand out: Arms, Borein, Burr, Cleo Damianakes, Kerr Eby, Heintzelmann, Orr, Reynolds, Roche, Simmons. . . There are others: Benson (not well represented), Detwiller (strong but not entirely convincing in his shipyards), Hall, Hassam (very much himself and the better for that), Higgins (off colour and smudgy), Jacques (not sufficiently himself). Roy Partridge (a prize-winner, free in his drawing of foregrounds, but too fond of sharp gradations of light and shade), Shope. Stanley Woodward (decorateur in black and white).



Courtesy Anderson Galleries



Courtesy Montross Gallery



of W. Citter





But above all Arms, Borein, Burr, Eby, Orr, Roche. Arms is the finest technician in the show and his gargoyles show a mastery hard to find in American etching. Arms is not strong ou imagination, but give him a subject suited to his needle and there is no one to touch him. Look at the Froq. It is no matter of clever printing. Every line is in the plate. In this he resembles "Clean-wipe Orr." These two represent pure etching.

Borein, the cowboy etcher. Who knows but he may be the next collectors' darling? He has the marks, and a few more plates like *The Long Throw*... Who knows?

Eby is excellent in conception, but in detail lacking in distinction. What do all those lines mean? Is that wood, and where does the stone begin? Dull, technical questions, yes. But Eby's art is the art of representation.

Roche asked me to reproduce the *Song Sparrow*, a child listening to a bird's song. Why? I do not like it. I find distinction and charm in *The Spinet*, although not certainly legitimate etcher's technique.

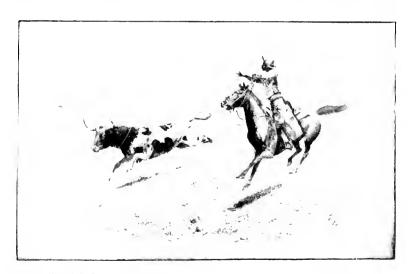
Brooklyn is worth a visit.

I know nothing of Maxcence (the elder Maxcence, I am told). I got this from the "Salon Française," at the Anderson Galleries. It is very beautiful.

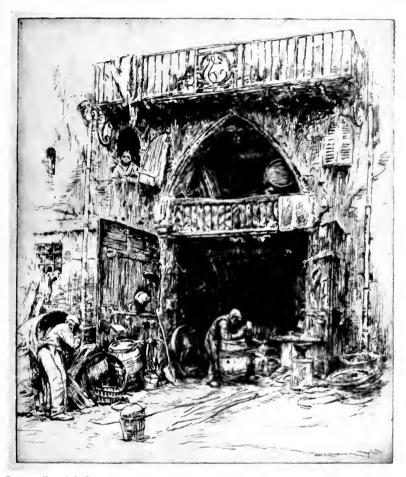
At the Metropolitan some months ago three small Pisanos were put on view in the Recent Accessions Room separately. They have now been installed. My attention was drawn to them as I was being taken to see the new Della Robbia, I marvelled at the freshness of colour, and the amazing technique, my reaction to Pisano was quite other.

I referred above to the Kraushaar exhibition. This is perhaps not such a novelty as I have supposed, but the underlying idea is one which might be used more frequently. For here foreign and American work hang side by side, young Americans alternating with almost classic Frenchmen. The result is a most stimulating exhibition.

Here is a list of the pictures in the inside gallery, in the order that they hang: Luks' Little Milliner, a Jongkind Marine, a Gifford



Courtesy Keppel & Co.



Courtesy Keppel & Co.



Courtesy Brown-Robertson



Courtesy Anders to Galleries

BRETON GIRL MANAGEMENT AND ACTION OF THE STATE OF THE STA



Beal Marine, Sisley's Morett Sunset, Augustus Vincent Tack's The Glucier, Fantin-Latour's Ariadne, two Prendergasts, Carriere's Childwith Cherries, John Sloan's The Wake of the Ferry, Zuloaga's Merceditas, Jerome Myers The Autumn Dince, Fantin-Latour's Flowers and Tack's The Listeners. Outside Courbet disputes with Halpert, and Bourdelle with Gaston Lachaise and Mahouri Young.

Tack looks the better for his tête-â-tête with Fantin-Latour and Myers for a slight squabble with Zuloaga. Aside (in a hourse telusper) Lachaise knocks Bourdelle all of a hour!

HICAGO

During the past few weeks Chicago art circles have been dizzied by a rapid succession of opening exhibitions. All of them are interesting, some of them are good, and one of them is refreshingly satisfactory. Three, at least, are of prime importance.

Harry B. Lachman, a former Chicagoan. having returned from France as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and with the unique distinction of being the only American artist with four pictures in the Luxenbourg, has brought us over a hundred of his paintings of Italy and Normandy. Their exhibition was opened with a reception at the Drake Hotel presided over by Mary Garden, general director of our opera. As a social event it was interesting, but many of the canvases did not have a really fair showing until they were moved to the larger galleries of Carson. Pirie, Scott. Mr. Lachman's best work shows a youthful vigour and strength and a daring to undertake the difficult. In the Luxembourg painting, The Valley of Grand Andely, and in The Grand Rue, Petit Andely, and again in Tivoli, he proves his knowledge of the value of contrasting light and shadow. Of his architectural pieces, The Bridge, Semue, is one of the best. Danntless industry and an impetuous ambition to produce are undoubtedly commendable traits and yet I wonder if they are not responsible for the somewhat moven quality of these many pictures. The artist is faithful to detail, but there is a lack of imagination. I would rather be had painted tewer landscapes and had at down to dream with them more, had put into more of them that indefinable spirit that is in some of the better ones, that indefinable spirit that is brane and is Italy to those who know the lands. I am not decrying Mr. Lachman' work. It is a keen appreciation of his best that makes me wish he would more often achieve it. Maybe I ask the impossible.

One of the most beautifully hung exhibitions in the recent history of the Art Institute now fills the galleries where the Thirtyfourth Annual Exhibition of American Painting and Sculpture is in progress. Wayman Adams' Portrait of Edward Redfield is brisk with an invigourating freshness. John Singer Sargent's Rehearsal of the Pas de Lour Orchestra is like nothing of his I have seen before. It is a hilarious, fantastic black-andwhite conceit in which the notes from the rapid music fairly whirl up from the pit. He must have had a good time doing it. One of the notable canvases is A Model by Leopold Seyffert, who is now head of portrait painting in the Institute. This picture, which won the Temple Gold Medal at the Philadelphia Academy, is excellent in drawing and exquisite in colouring. The fact that Cecilia Beaux has done better work than The Dancina Lesson, which won the Mr and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal, is nothing against the picture. George Bellows' Old Lady in Black received the Norman Wait Harris Silver Med d. These and several other important canvases make the exhibition well worth seeing in spite of a number of mediocre things that make one want to know why they were selected instead of two or three that are found in the "Salon des Refusés" la collection of pictures refused by the Art Institute Certainly Movsius Co. Weimer's character study the mt M the.

The exhibition which is to me the most

satisfactory and probably will be to Chicago the most significant one of the fall is that of a selected group of contemporary and nearly contemporary American and French paintings at the Arts Club. A few of the pictures were shown in New York, but the collection was assembled by Mr. Forbes Watson especially for this exhibition at the Arts Club and it is remarkable not so much because it comprises canvases of the renowned Renoir, Cezanne, Picasso, Mary Cassatt, Manet, Glackens, Redon, Courbet, Seurat, van Gogh. Marie Laurencin, Stella, and others of equal note, but because it includes many of their finest paintings, and because those paintings are the work of artists honestly seeking to find and to give the truth. They are an eloquent argument that makes the most recalcitrant reactionary pause and listen and at last be persuaded out of that unhappy delusion into which the mawkish brush-maunderings of poseurs has pushed him-a delusion

characterized by mutterings of "Art has gone all to the bad."

One cannot look at the six by van Gogh and escape the man's intensity. His delight in *The Postman* is as evident as the grim, gray realism in *The Plow*. The richness of colour and fullness of form in the two Renoirs provide joy for those who like less the severity of Derain's *Forest at Martigues* and his *Pine Tree*. Scurat's *La Poudreuse* is a triumph of his peculiar technique. And I have watched many a person stop with a catch of breath before the lyric colour and pure inspiration of Stella's *Naticity*. To me it is a colour song of the beauties we have lost because they are too subtle—too finely exquisite—for us to find on earth.

These are the things we need. They do what all art should do; they open up the hearts and the minds of men. And if they are some whom they do not fully convince, of them they ask questions and require



Musée du Luxembourg

### Studio Talk



Musee du Luxembourg

THE VALLEY OF ANDELY

HARRY TAX HMAN

answers that demand deeper thinking. They stir doubts in sinug satisfaction; they rouse discussion and discussion is good for us. That is why they are significant. They give us a breath of fresh air. That is why they are satisfactory.

In the galleries of the dealers the holiday season brings out a varied assortment of prints, water colours, and oils, but little in the way of sculpture.

The Albert Roullier Galleries announce the annual exhibition of selected masterpieces of fine prints from the time of Rembrandt and Dürer through to the modern period of Lepère, Leheutre, and Anders Zorn. It is a gathering of the aristocracy of the print world and an excellent opportunity for a comparative study of the art, for the selection is made with the utmost discrimination.

In the House of O'Brien are lung canvases from the Boston Guild of Artists. I particularly like the quiet beauty of Harry A. Vincent's Old Boat Houses Provincetown, and, near it, a small canvas by Gretchen W. Rogers who knows how to make light live in a still life. There are Porto Rican scenes by Herman Dudley Murphy, annumal landscapes by William J. Kaula, and ship pictures by both G. L. Noyes and A. T. Hibbard. The simplicity and clean cut lack of pretension in Mr. Hibbard's work are distinctly good. Some prize winning thumb box sketches from the Salamagundy. Club. complete the O'Brien oftering.

Ackermanus are showing recent portraits by Charles Sueed Williams, a young man who has the rare gift of painting the person behind the features. Andersons promise the early arrival of paintings by Lee Hankey, better known here as an etcher since his oils and water colours so rarely reach this country. Neoma Nagel's galleries in the Courtyard expect George Bellows' lithographs.

If the galleries continue through the winter with their present activity and give us displays as interesting as those with which they have begun the season, Chicago will increase her reputation as a centre of art that is worth while. Of course, in the strict sense of the word, there really isn't any other sort of art.

K. E. R.

## PARIS

THE Autumn Salon is not a threering circus. It is a thirty-ring show. They have pictures, sculpture, furniture, designs for ships (the model of the Paris was there), clothes, wall-paper. The show is held in a place so big it frightens you.

The pictures left me pretty much unmoved —except the Russian group. Don't be alarmed. I'm not going to turn your respectable sheet red by suggesting that Bolshevism and art go together; for the catalogue shows that practically every Russian exhibitor resides in Paris. So, I suppose, they are refugees. Never mind what they are. Their paintings are worth-while. Georgeous in colour, joyous in spirit, the product of sheer emotion, of a sense of living, the Russian group gave me a thrill. Names mean no more, perhaps, to your readers than they did to me. But I'll give a few. They're real painters and their very names sound like pictures—Boris Grigorieff, Milovnovitch, Wassily Schoukhaiff, Milo Nathalie Gontcharova, Savely Sorine, Chana Orloff (a sculptress, whose work will some day land in New York and make a noise), Serguëi Soudeikine—the leader of them, I should say, a magnificent painter; supremely gay, resplendent in his colour, a rare personality. Then there is Lacovleff with the really primitive impulse which modern ratiocination does not imitate. A dozen more, all worthwhile.

To leave the Russian section was to go from light, life, colour, joy, abundant passion, into a scientist's workshop. Who was it that answered the student's inquiry as to how he blended his colours by saving, "I mix my paints with brains"? Was it Whistler? Everybody credits Whistler with art epigrams. Whistler it was, then the deuce take him. All the French painters who exhibited at the Salon (not all, of course, but so nearly all that you can count the rest on your fingers) are mixing their paints with brains. They forget what the Russians know unconsciously; that is, to mix your paints with blood, with laughter, with song, with wine, with youth, which is the spirit of creation.

The spell of Cézanne hangs over the French like a gray-blue cloud. Cubism is as dead as a pickled herring. Out of three thousand pictures there were six cubistic abstractions. In Vienna, by the way-I shall l counted. come to Vienna later—not one cubistic picture hung upon the walls of the Secession show. Yet, though Cubism is dead, the Frenchmen are palpably puzzling at the problems Cézanne evolved. What will be the outcome only the future holds. For the present, French art seems to me to be a laboratory. Good enough. We've all got to study. But the product of the laboratory is science, not art. Mere intellect does not suffice. Art requires a flame.

There was a fine retrospective Daumier exhibit. An interesting Caillebotte retrospective exhibit also gained my attention—some fifty pictures by this almost unknown member of the impressionist group. A man with money, I believe—helped the rest of his crowd. Painted well, too. One said to oneself, "This is as good as Monet—nearly; that, as Sisley—almost; this, as Renoir—but not quite," etc., etc.

It is unfair. I suppose, to leave the salon without mentioning the few names that stood out from the rest. Yet as I consult my notes made while I looked at the show, the only moments of enthusiasm were evoked by the Russians. Good-bye, then, to the Salon d'Autonne. No. Not quite good-bye. At the entrance stood a man selling leaflets for about a franc. I bought one. It contained a series of questions propounded by someone;

and the answers of about tifty artists. I preserved a copy of the leaflet; so carefully that I cannot put my hands on it. Such, however, were the questions: What are the relations of the artist, (a) to the public, (b) to the dealer, (c) to art? What is art striving for today? How shall the artist make a living?

The artists answered as they saw fit. The directors of the next Independent show might profitably try a similar experiment.

Why the Autumn show at Vienna is called the Secession exhibition (except for the fact that the exhibitors are the younger men who have not been elected to the Vienna Academy—called the Kuenstler House—a place looked upon as of the past generation) Heaven only knows. Scarcely a picture would be found too radical or modern for that Holy of Holies, the Academy in New York. This is not to say the Vienna show is not good. On the contrary, it is of a high order of sound modern painting.

But it is not of the Austrian painting I wish to write. I am incurably Philistine about art; incurably practical; I cannot help being interested in the question of the purchase and sale of pictures; I cannot resist any opportunity of trying to make Americans wish to buy American paintings by living American painters. Hence my article in the October Studio. Hence my auction sale last May of seventy-five of my own pictures. Hence my article, "Art and Wall Street" a year ago in the Weekly Review, etc., etc.

On many such occasions I have laid on the painters themselves a portion of the blame for their failure to sell their pictures. I have blamed them because, whereas the poet sells his sonnet for ten dollars so that it may but see the light, the American painter, forgetting that Ruysdael and Hobbema are not thought less of because they died in a poor-house, puts a price of hundreds of dollars on his picture, for fear that it will be thought valueless if he puts a low price on it. The painter whether for fear of the dealer, the public or his fellow craftsmen, has not the courage to sell a picture for ten or twenty or forty dollars. What is the result? Last year's Independent show

must have contained titteen hundred pictures. Not twenty were sold, and the sales at Academy shows, and all other American exhibitions, are just as small.

Let us look at the case of Vienna.

The Secession show is a small one. In all, one hundred and sixty pictures are exhibited. Of these, seventy have been sold. I had an actual count made.

Vienna is, as everyone knows, in a fearful financial plight. Before the war, a dollar did not quite buy six kronen. Today a dollar buys over six thousand. This means that the cultured, income possessing people of Vienna are bankrupt. A man who in 1914 had an income of 100,000 kronen was rich. That same income today buys him one suit of clothes; or twenty taxi rides or twenty dinners. Yet despite this condition of affairs, the pictures sold extraordinarily. Why? Partly because the people in Vienna have seen kronen drop from six to the dollar to six thousand to the dollar and therefore have little faith in their own money. As a result of which, things possessing an intrinsic value-objects of art, rugs, pictures, etc., have come to their own as definitely valuable assets. Partly this explains the large purchases, but chiefly they are explained by the prices at which the pictures are offered.

The highest price asked for any picture in the whole show was 100,000 kronen, or about \$16, about the price in Vienna of a respectable suit of clothes,—that is to say, the price in terms of buying power was about \$50. The average price was about 50,000 kronen or about \$8. Which is better,—to sell your picture at \$20 or keep it at \$200?

"Which is the wiser course for the American painters?" I asked my companion. "And before they answer, let them remember this. Every time a picture of theirs gets on somebody's walls, they are expressing themselves just as does the poet who publishes a somet, but their canvas, stuck away in a corner of their studio, is a flower withering in the desert. It dies of thirst."

"Thirst?" said my companion "Have you tried a quart of the excellent Hungarian champagne they sell in Vienna for thirty cents?" J. N. R D. H. BURNHAM; Architect, Planner

of Cities, By Charles Moore. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. Two volumes. Illustrated in full colour. \$20.00.

What a responsibility it is to write of another man's life! Of his character, his ideals, his achievements! If one venture beyond mere biography, if one attempt other than a curriculum vitae, he thereupon assumes judicial authority, proclaiming himself the wielder of analytical power, the possessor of particular knowledge and insight into another's mental processes and material affairs. Especially is such the case in portraying a figure of one's own time: For need genius be illuminated beyond record of its works; and can mediocrity attain high place even with fulsome praise.

In the recently issued book, "D. H. Burnham; Architect, Planner of Cities," the author goes beyond the range of a biography. recounts the history of American architecture. He chronicles the progress of city planning in America. In these arts, he spot-lights the achievements of his leading character without waiting for time to permit or soften censure, and didactic analysis to replace eulogistic praise. One questions the author's knowledge of another's innermost thoughts, even to religious tenets; the author's privilege of summary and ex cathedra statement, especially in aspects of a profession to which a mastery of the subject material is commonly considered essential for essay or treatise. For let it be noted that this book by Charles Moore is not one of personal reminiscence, but a résumé of the professional life and work of one in high place in the architectural annals of his time.

Compare for example the admirably thorough work of the architect Fiske Kimball in the splendid volume, "Thomas Jefferson, Architect," published a few years ago as a memorial to Jefferson's great-great-grandson. No potential archive was left unexplored, no map or plan of known existence apparently left unexamined, no avenue of research untravelled. With result, that out-spoken judgments of the previous recorder, Glenn Brown,

likewise architect but obviously less painstaking in research, are shown to be in error by documents and drawings presented for the first time minety years after Jefferson's death, in this worthy tribute to the architectural genius of our third president. Charles Moore's book leaves unmentioned and unrecorded the mass of studies, designs and memoranda, unquestionably as yet available, which would settle for all time questions of credit due on the many public projects with which Burnham was associated,—the authorship in design of which may become a point of controversy by the very assignment of honours in Mr. Moore's account.

Somewhat detailed information of the books with which a man surrounds himself gives definition to a portrait of his character. In the case of an architect, the date of acquisition of the various portions of his library, association of books with his travels, his fondness for certain authorities, throws light on his sources of inspiration, his allegiance to various precedents and styles. Mr. Moore could well have followed Fiske Kimball's example in devoting some portion of his book to this purpose. It may safely be said that Burnham turned to men for aid and stimulus as Jefferson did to books; which may give reason for the prodigal space throughout the book allotted to Burnham's contemporaries. So in extenso are many of the accounts that the figure of Burnham is nearly hidden from sight by subsidiary characters; the number of which, moreover, gives almost effect of a modern Plutarch, Mr. Moore's reference to all characters introduced is so uniformly laudatory as to seem ingratiating, and precludes critical quality in his writing. We are grateful, however, for the added light thrown on such noble characters as McKim and Millet, as well as to encounter lesser known artists in Root, Atwood and Codman. latter, whose "knowledge of formal setting was greater than that of all others put together," to quote the words of D. H. Burnham, died at the very offset of his career; a parallel case with that of President Elliot's son, memorialized in the well known account, "Charles Elliot, Landscape Architect."

The best portions of the book are those

#### Book Retrieses



From The Whistler Journal
E. R. AND J.
PENNELL

TWO LITHOGRAPHS BY:
J. MCN. WHISTLER

based on Burnham's letters and personal memoranda. The diary extracts are as exact and terse as those of Samuel Pepvs. The cablegram from Burnham in London to Senator McCall in Washington, regarding a monumental entrance way to the capital: "There is not a shadow of a doubt that a peristyle, as shown by us before I left for Europe, is the right solution," has all the naïvete of Benyenuto Cellini's "Vita da lui medesimo scritta." The savings of Burnham, which largely make up the last chapter, "Methods of thought and work," gathered by Willis Polk and Edward H. Bennett, both of whom had opportunity of knowing Mr. Burnham invimately in the drafting room, are vital to the picture, and as essential in the portrayal of Burnham's character as the anecdotes told by Vasari throughout his "Lives of the Artists" In fact, a man speaks best through his letters. chronologically arranged, clucidated by brief remarks here and there by a sympathetic compiler. One had hoped for personal reminiscences of D. H. Burnham, or by him, in character of the fascinating volumes "Reminiscences of August St. Gaudens" by his son, based largely on autobiography; one finds instead a history of Burnham's affairs, together with much extraneous material. We must content ourselves as yet with the creditable Burnham monograph issued by The Architectural Record, July, 1915, the articles contributed by such authorities as Peter B. Wright, William E. Parsons and A. N. Rebori What a pity that D. H. Burnham, the man, could not have disassociated humself from D. II. Burnham, Architect and City Planner, sufficiently, or in time, to have written an autobiography. Would be not have revealed that there were not one but two personalities, both apart from his private self; and, like Edward Bok, applauded and criticised each in turn-GEORGI BURNAP

The Whistier Joeks M. By F. R. and J. Pennell, Authors of The Authorized Life

of James McN. Whistler, Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. 88.50.

What a pleasure it is to be able to praise unreservedly. Or, better still, to forget praise in sheer enjoyment.

Here is a book after my own heart. Not a formal book, demanding respect, challenging criticism. Not the usual art book, pretentions, but betraying the maker's incapacity on every page. Such a book as this disarms criticism, puts it right out of court. Properly speaking, it is not a book at all. Even Journal is too formal a title. It is a great, bulging scrap-book, filled to the brim with notes, oddities, sketches, caricatures, memories, of half a hundred people. So full vou wonder how the covers hold it all. And yet without the bulk and intolerable weight of a real scrap-book. A scrap-book in miniature, such as you carry around with you, and dive in where and when you please. And, boon of boons, indexed at the end. To have crammed all this material into a square Svo. is an achievement. Other publishers please note.

I do not know whether the Pennells will rank with Boswell among the world's biographers. I do not know whether later readers will find in their records of Whistler the same flavour. But I do know that no artist, or writer, has ever devoted the years of unsparing labour to the memory of another artist that these two have given to the memory of their friend. Such things should and will be remembered.

It is pleasant to say nice things about Joseph Pennell, just as it is sometimes amusing to indulge in a slight altereation with him. And this reminds me that in an editorial recently I did him unwittingly—an injustice. Mr. Pennell did not say all the things attributed to him in the *Times* interview on the French exhibit at the Metropolitan, and I have since learned that the interview was corrected. Mr. Pennell harbours a very sincere respect for the firest work of van Gogh and Gauguin. Cézanne, he says, is a duffer.

But I am not discussing the Whistler Journal and for a very good reason. Whatever I, or anyone else, might say of Whistler, however laudatory, would only rouse the author's ire. And I desire, for the present, nothing so much as peace, perfect peace.

I will only repeat that the book is full to the brim of good things, scattered helterskelter through the pages. Do not sit down at first and read from the beginning. Fish a little and whet the appetite. Soon you will grow accustomed to the jerky, disconnected style, and the whole will take shape as a portrait composed from many angles of an artist and his friends.

ART AND ARTISTS OF INDIANA. By Mary Q. Burnet. The Century Company. Illustrated 8vo. \$6.00.

What a number of painters Indiana can claim. George Winter, Jacob Cox, William M. Chase, Samuel Richards, J. Otis Adams, Otto Stark, T. C. Steele, Wayman Adams, Daniel Garber... here are but a few of the men and women Mary Burnet has collected. And when we come to the Who's Who in Art, the number seems endless.

I confess that I am most interested in the early chapters of the book which deal with the early men who worked there. I would like to know more of W. R. Freuman (or is it Freeman?), and especially would I like to see Charles Alexander Leseuer treated at greater length. The self-portrait and drawing by the latter artist are exceedingly interesting. This artist worked at New Harmony from 1815-1837, drawing a pension from the French Government the while for scientific work. He was recalled to France and made curator of the Museum at La Hayre. But he can fairly be claimed for Indiana and an effort should be made to collect material relating to him.

Among Leseuer's activities here recorded are scenes painted for productions by the New Harmony Thespian Society. He seems to have been a wizard into the bargain, for in one play he constructed a magpie which actually flew, an occurrence unparalleled in the history of the stage!

Will not someone find out more about this artist? If the results are what I anticipate the columns of The International Studio are open.







# THE STUDIO

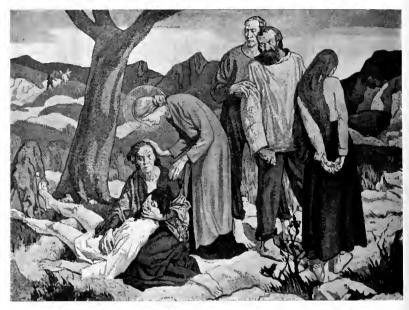
CAPTAIN J. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION. (FIRST ARTICLE.)

IT would be interesting to analyse the motives by which men are impelled to become collectors of works of art, interesting because such an analysis would prove that though the foundation of these motives is always the craving to acquire they are themselves as varied as the temperaments of the men whom they influence. There are collectors who merely believe that the possession of wealth obliges them to pose as patrons of art: they buy what is represented to them as the right thing for them to have, and they are more often than not the prey of the unscrupulous dealer with a persuasive tongue and a shrewd understanding of human weakness. There are the speculators who gamble in art objects and whose only desire is to make a substantial profit out of their dealings. There are the men who specialise in certain types of art production and who ignore everything which is outside the narrow limits of selection they have chosen to lay down. There are the well-meaning enthusiasts who boast that they know what they like and who think that an untrained taste is a sufficient guide in their erratic incursions into the art market.

But there are also collectors who without lapsing into specialism cultivate an understanding of the best things that are available, things of widely differing character and of varied artistic intention, things which represent the highest achievement of many schools and illustrate the divergent aims of independent masters. Collectors of this order buy what they like, but their



#### CAPTAIN J. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION



"THE MOTHER OF JUDAS"
BY CLIVE GARDINER

likings are based upon serious study and long experience, and their selective sense is controlled by an intimate knowledge of æsthetic essentials. They are real judges of art, and the collections they bring together have a significant balance of qualities which is very convincing because it is the result of a consistent effort to realise certain ideals.

It is particularly because it shows so well how this effort can be most effectively directed that Captain Audley Harvey's collection claims consideration. As an example of judicious selection and as the expression of a discriminating taste it is most interesting, and as a gathering of important works of art it has a definite authority. To the people who limit themselves to the recognition of one only of the many possible forms of artistic practice it would, no doubt, seem rather incoherent because it is full of contrasts of styles and ranges over rather wide ground, and

because it includes paintings which attack the problems of art from all sorts of standpoints. But this incoherence, which can better be described as comprehensiveness, is not the least of its merits; it proves that the collector who is correctly observant of the artistic achievement of his time must, if he wishes to acquire the best things that come within his reach, develop a thoroughly catholic judgment and appreciate the fact that no one school has a monopoly of great accomplishment.

Decidedly, Captain Harvey must be credited with this acuteness of observation, and, as well, with a collector's ideal which is more than ordinarily enlightened. He has brought together Brangwyn and Edward Stott, Arnesby Brown and Oliver Hall, Clausen and Edgar Bundy, J. S. Sargent and J. M. Swan, Cazin and D. Y. Cameron; he has not neglected the modern primitives and he has not despised



"HOSPITAL AT GRANADA" BY J. S. SARGENT, R.A.

#### CAPTAIN J. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION

the followers of long established tradition. But always he has chosen works which not only represent well the men by whom they were produced, but have also a right to be reckoned as examples of well-conceived and rightly disciplined effort. Moreover, he has not hesitated to mix British and foreign artists, to put Cazin, Boudin, de Bock, Roelofs, Fortuny and Domingo, for example, beside the men who are leaders in the art of this country. Incoherence of this kind deserves a very sincere welcome; it makes the collection a summary and an expression of the varieties of modern practice and an instructive commentary on the broad-minded outlook of the art of to-day-an outlook, by the way, which the reactionary modernists are doing their utmost to destroy. It is the collector with a comprehensive understanding and with trained impartiality who provides the best, because the most practical, safeguards against the fanatical excesses of the revolutionaries who would bring art back to its primitive beginnings and throw on to the scrap-heap the knowledge which has been accumulated through centuries of progress.

Yet, as has just been said, Captain Harvey does not ignore the primitives. There is in his collection a picture, *The Mother of Judas*, by Mr. Clive Gardiner, which is painted with a formal simplicity and a disregard of technical graces that would seem affected if the artist's sincerity were not so obvious. Treated as it is, the subject gains in dramatic effect by the method of its



"PLOUGHING." BY G. CLAUSEN, R.A.





THE EXPLINATION OF THE EXILENCE BY RANK BRANGWAN RA



#### CAPTAIN J. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION



"AVIGNON." BY OLIVER HALL, ARA.

presentation and its conventionalised decorative manner saves it from the danger of becoming theatrical or cheaply sensational. But, as if to prove that primitive emotion can be expressed just as sincerely and just as cogently without primitivity of treatment Captain Harvey has Mr. Brangwyn's composition, The Crucifixion, a picture as directly dramatic and certainly no more theatrical than Mr. Gardiner's, and yet in its technical qualities unhampered by reservations and in the attainment of its decorative purpose not limited by conventionalities of colour, tone, and drawing. Both pictures succeed because in each of them the artist has done seriously in his own way what he conceived to be right. a

So, too, has Edward Stott in his *Hagar* and *Ishmael*, the work of a man wholly in earnest, entirely convinced that thus only could he convey the sentiment by which he

felt his subject to be inspired, a man too independent and sure of himself to be influenced by the tricks and fashions in paint about which his contemporaries were arguing and quarrelling. As primitive in his sincerity as any early Italian, Stott laboured as faithfully and with as much love of his craft, but he belonged to modern times and had a technical equipment which enabled him to avoid the angularities and the formalities of the pioneers in Italian art. The Hagar and Ishmael is a canvas which represents him admirably; it marks the full maturity of his practice and it counts among the best things he ever produced.

The same kind of pre-eminence can be given to Mr. Sargent's wonderful *Hospital at Granada*. Among his many studies of similar effects none surpasses this brilliant painting in certainty of vision, confident

#### CAPTAIN J. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION



"1726." BY WIL-LIAM STRANG, R.A.

directness of statement, and consummate skill in the realisation of atmosphere, tone, and colour. It is the work of a master and one on which a master's reputation could be securely based. Very well chosen, too, as an example of Mr. Clausen's art is the Ploughing, one of those pastoral subjects which he paints with such thorough understanding of the genius of country life: and altogether typical in its delightful originality and its serious, considered restraint is The Goatherd, by J. M. Swan, a pastoral of another kind and of another period. Yet both pictures are right in their rustic atmosphere-Mr. Clausen's because it gives a dignified suggestion of the facts of to-day, Swan's because with a touch of appropriate fantasy it hints at the picturesqueness of life in countries where the people are much the same now as they were in classic times and where the classic spirit still persists. Swan might have seen his goatherd as he has painted him at almost any moment during many centuries, and his picture would have been true to that moment. The other works which have to be noted in this first selection from Captain Harvey's possessions are by Mr. Bundy, Mr. Oliver Hall, and William Strang. All three arc absolutely characteristic of the artists responsible for them, and have been chosen with the same care to secure representative examples which has kept the collection throughout at its unusually high level.

"STRADIVARL" BY EDGAR BUNDY, A.R.A.

THE ETCHINGS OF F. L. GRIGGS. BY ALEXANDER J. FINBERG.

Y/HEN I think of the kind of artist who is hailed by the crowd as a heaven-sent genius and superman, I feel inclined to congratulate Mr. F. L. Griggs on not having achieved a reputation of this sort. But though he has not gained an unenviable notoriety, he enjoys a reputation as an etcher of which he may deservedly be proud. He has only produced a small number of plates; he has never been puffed by the Press, nor have the dealers conspired to force up the prices of his works in the auction mart: yet his work is known and warmly admired by all artists and collectors who take an intelligent interest in the art of engraving. If his name is still unknown to the general public, he has a circle of sincere and discriminating admirers, composed of those who know good work when they see it, and who love his work for the good they themselves have found in it.

The chief enemies Mr. Griggs and all sincerc artists of the present day have to contend with are, I think, those critics who assert that no artist can express deep emotion without all kinds of exaggeration, emphasis, and distortion. These writers seem honestly to believe that an artist can have no feeling unless he tears a passion to tatters, "o'erdoes Termagant and outherods Herod." For my part, I think they are greatly mistaken. It is only the man who has never felt deeply who thinks that exaggeration and distortion are the necessary signs of deep feeling. All the great artists and poets not only feel every-



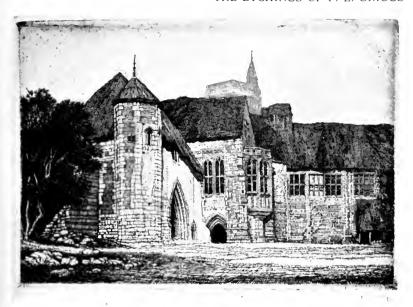
" MORTMAIN." BY F. L. GRIGGS, R.E.





" PRIŌRY FARM."
BY F. L. GRIGGS R.E.





"PALACE FARM." BY F. L. GRIGGS, RE.

thing more strongly than ordinary people, they also control their feelings better. It is only the little men, the journeymenartists, like El Greco and Cézanne, who tear a passion to very rags. The big men are more concerned to control their passion than to strut and bellow. That is why their style is generally so restrained, so curiously precise and felicitously truthful.

How admiraby these words describe the style of Mr. Griggs's etchings, and what better evidence could we have that he belongs to the company of the great artists? Like them he seems always to work with his eye on the object, and it is this objective outlook, this self-transcendence, this recognition of something higher and better than himself outside himself which gives greatness and distinction to all he does. So that though his works are so temperate in statement, so deliberately and carefully wrought, they yet move us profoundly and leave their image stamped sharply and for ever on our hearts.

I have said that Mr. Griggs draws with his eye on the object, yet few of his etchings deal directly with things seen only with the outer eye. The unfinished dry-point of Carnagh (1915) is one of these exceptions. It is a magnificent rendering of the untamed grace and wild grandeur of the great trees—a kind of stately and sonorous Pindaric ode to the old sylvan gods. Most of his plates are imaginative reconstructions, in which the things seen with the outer eye are mingled with visions seen only with the inner eye.

Let us take the beautiful little plate of Mortmain. It represents a small monastic grange standing neglected in its old age. Such sights are only too common in our country, and to the selfish passer-by they say and mean almost nothing. To a romantic artist the building would have been merely a promising theme to be embellished with the picturesqueness of decay. To Mr. Griggs it was interesting: first as a fine piece of pre-Renaissance

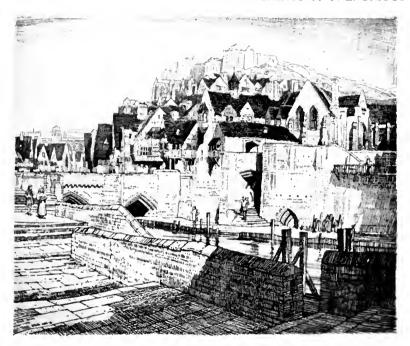
#### THE ETCHINGS OF F. L. GRIGGS

building and, secondly, as a part of the country in which it was placed; a focus of human joys and sorrows, a part of the history and destiny of this little land which is now our own and was our forefathers'. He has not merely drawn the building accurately and carefully; he has known and understood all that it has been and all that it has suffered and endured. It was originally, the work tells us, a religious foundation, destined to comfort and assist the labouring poor of the neighbourhood. Then it was given, at the Dissolution, to some Court rogue and sycophant, perverted to private and secular uses, and enlarged, before our native architecture had wholly succumbed to the Renaissance pride and greed. But the building would not-or could not-submit to the new conditions. It was held by Dead Hands which could not alienate. It remained a " recusant" building, haunted by the past. Now, the curse of sacrilege has overwhelmed its spoilers. All this Mr. Griggs has expressed, with outward calm, but with suppressed passion, in his marvellous little plate—a plate which might well have been dedicated to the historian of sacrilege, old Sir Henry Spelman.

We find the same thoughts and emotions in Palace Farm, Priory Farm, and in other plates, as in Mortmain. In them past and present are bound together inextricably: there is a looking back wistfully to an earlier and better and happier England; a treasuring of all that reminds us of our wasted heritage, and a pained tense feeling of our present misery. Mr. Griggs does not rail at the present, nor weep over it: but the joyous alacrity with which he turns his back on it helps us to realise how much it weighs upon him. One of the happiest of his plates is St. Botolph's Bridge, in which the present is forgotten. The Cressett, The Ford, The Quay, and The Minster, belong to the same series, in



"THE CRESSETT." BY F. L. GRIGGS, R.E.



"THE QUAY." BY F. L. GRIGGS, P.E.

which the artist delights himself by looking back at a past now gone beyond all hope of recovery.

The elements of expression in his work then are buildings and places. Nature and man's work are to him what the human figure has been to most artists. This choice gives his work a different orientation from that of nearly all the popular art of today and of the past. It quietly ignores our politics, our insane worship of money, our debased ideals of art and literature, as we know in our heart of hearts they deserve to be ignored. And in this turning away from finite things, this opening of the heart to the infinite, these beautiful visions are entirely in harmony with the best thoughts of our wisest men. To us to-day man is no longer the centre of the universe, the hero of existence, as he was in the glow

and pride of the Renaissance. Man we now know is complete only in the universe of thought, feeling and circumstance: in the society of his fellow workers and sufferers, and as a moment in that Nature which surrounds him.

To have expressed so much in his etchings proves that Mr. Griggs is no inconsiderable artist. "But is he a great etcher?" I may be asked. Such a question seems to me as foolish as most of the questions put by current art-criticism. Etching is only one of the many forms of artistic expression; it is not merely a handicraft with its own little tricks and trade secrets. That Mr. Griggs is a born etcher is proved by the quality of his line, by his evident pride and joy in the material he works in. What he has to say could be said in no other way than

by that marvellously supple, delicate and thoughtful line of his. He seems to think and feel in line, and in line, moreover, which is drawn upon and bitten into the copper. For some years now he has used the stark naked line with ever-growing mastery and felicity. In plates like *Palace* Farm and St. Botolph's Bridge he has used it with such felicity that even when you are too tired to exert your mind or imagination its visible melody, the lovely pattern it makes, will charm and delight vour senses. In the whole range of present-day etching I know of no more thoroughly individual works than these, nor of any more beautiful in thought and feeling, or more perfect in their workmanship. Ø

MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION.—VIII.: PORTRAIT OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN, BY HENRY EDRIDGE, A.R.A.

MESSINGER MONSEY, whose portrait by Henry Edridge is here presented, was an eccentric old physician, who contradicted his patients, laughed to scorn their little ailments, quarrelled with them and with all his companions, boasted of his irreligion and free thought, aroused the fierce animosity of Dr. Johnson by his ribald language, and yet was the most popular physician of his day and found his waiting room crowded with all the élite of eighteenth-century society. Born in 1693, he practised in Bury St. Edmunds with great success for some years, and then, having the good fortune to be called in to attend the Earl of Godolphin, so pleased his noble patron by his candour and uncompromising hostility that he transported him to London, made him Physician to Chelsea Hospital, and sounded his praises all over London. His powerful and drastic remedies were as much hated as he was himself, but he performed some notable cures, and he amused by his gruff manner all who came to see him. Hence his high popularity. Garrick was one of his patients; Johnson refused to be and would not even see him.

He held his position at Chelsea all his

life and, apart from his profession, lived the life of a hermit and recluse. papers are now in the College of Surgeons, and very curious some of them are, seasoned by a shrewd wit, considerable skill, and a far-reaching diagnosis, very remarkable in his time. His portrait hangs in the College of Physicians, so both branches of the profession honour his memory. He died in 1788 in his 95th year, and the record of the post-mortem examination of his body still remains for students to peruse. A very odd document it certainly is. a

His epitaph was composed by himself, and marked by ferocious cynicism and vulgar infidelity. His will, too, was as remarkable as any other feature of his career. To a young lady, with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, he left an old snuff box worth sixpence, while to another he first bequeathed a considerable sum of money and then cancelled the gift with the statement, that finding her to be "a pert conceited minx" he had changed his mind.

Edridge painted the portrait before us, and a very fine miniature it is, signed and dated in full. He painted very few miniatures-not more than a dozen all told are known to the writer, and of these none are really fine, save only this tourde-force. He is better known by his pencil drawings, especially his dainty portraits with the heads and hands often slightly touched with colour. He was a Londoner, born at Paddington in 1769, and in London he died in 1821, and was buried at Bushey. His master was Pether, the mezzotinter, and his constant friend and admirer was the great first President of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His home was at Hanwell, but in 1817 he went to France and there executed many charming drawings and some water-colours, all of which go to enhance his fame. Some of these were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1820, and it was in the following November that he was elected an Associate of the Academy, less than six months before his death in April, 1821. The same year witnessed the death of Richard Cosway, R.A., famous as a painter of portrait miniatures. GEO. C. WILLIAMSON.





"MESSINGER MONSEY, PHYSICIAN FROM THE MINIATURE IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION BY HENRY EDRIDGE, ARA

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# THE PAINTINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS OF STANLEY CURSITER.

THE outstanding features of the art of Mr. Stanley Cursiter are its vitality and sincerity. He has not been unaffected by the art movements of his time and the theories of the various schools of thought. But the spirit of enterprise which he has inherited from the Northmen who colonised those Scottish Ultima Thule islands, round which the Atlantic surge beats so vehemently, kept him alike from succumbing to traditional methods of expression and from veiling his personality by adhesion to new devices which in their turn have become with so many a convention destructive of individuality.

Mr. Cursiter had an idea of becoming an architect and had some training in that direction, but soon discovered that this was not to be his métier. He then spent some years with a large firm of lithographic printers, and in designing posters

had his introduction to colour work. In this department he acquired a good knowledge of the technical side of painting and the effect of the judicious arrangement of masses of pure colour, while it also taught the value of design in composition. He attended the old Edinburgh School of Art when it was under the charge of Mr. Blacklock, and made such progress in pictorial work that when eighteen years old he was elected a member of the Society of Scottish Artists, of which he is now the President. The Academy School, after a short experience of it, did not appeal to him, the theories of different visitors with their diverse views having what he felt to be a distracting rather than a guiding influence. During the war Mr. Cursiter was in France, and while in Army service he was able to do some pictorial work, while last year he spent several months in the South of France and revelled in the new visions of colour that its sunny climate afforded him. Most



"DOLCE FAR NIENTE"
BY STANLEY CURSITER
Labley Addition to

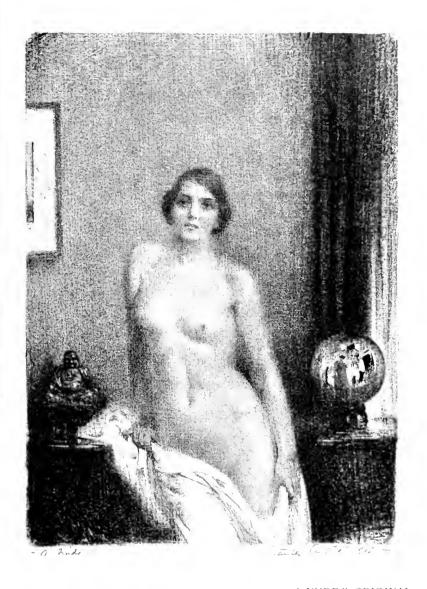
# PAINTINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS OF STANLEY CURSITER



"THE TERRACE, MONTE CARLO"
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR
BY STANLEY CURSITER
(In the possession of W. Baird, Esq.)

of his sketching had previously been in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, his homeland, whose grey skies and rockbound shores had given him ample opportunity for the study of atmospheric effects such as those indicated in one of the lithographs reproduced.

The two water-colours. A Mediterranean Port and The Terrace, Monte Carlo, are symptomatic of his open-air work. He is no believer in the synthetic method of landscape painting. So strong is his fidelity to nature that where a landscape, as he sees it, does not appeal to him he passes it by. He is no believer in the sketch that has to be supplemented in the studio, and consequently he escapes the pitfalls into which so many artists fall by the introduction of false colour notes and alterations of design that do not conform to the essentials of the actual scene. Thus his view of Cassis, a small port near Marseilles. with its limestone cliffs surmounted by an old fort and the high bluffs behind, mostly of limestone with intrusive eruptions of a volcanic nature, is a faithful reproduction of the place, without, as a matter of course, any distracting detail. achieves his result by a very rapid style of work which bears every evidence of surety of touch. There is no indecision, no reaching after bizarre effects, no over emphasis and equally no falling into the commonplace. One instinctively feels that whether or not in all its details his work may at times not entirely satisfy, it is manifestly sincere and personal, and that what it may lack in subtlety, or in the production of those seductive aspects of nature that appeal perhaps more strongly to the southern temperament, it is incontestably vital and free from trivialities. He has not fallen into a groove by the persistent following of one type of subject, his temperament is too sensitive to influences for that, and his energy too



"A NUDE." ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY STANLEY CURSITER

# PAINTINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS OF STANLEY CURSITER



"RAIN." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY STANLEY CURSITER

abounding for curtailment by academic schemes of expression.

Mr. Cursiter is not only a landscape artist. He has done much excellent figure work. His studies of the nude are characterised by fine draughtsmanship. His colour sense is acute, and there is a gracefulness of pose and refinement of treatment that satisfies the esthetic sense. The *Dolce far niente* group, which is the only one of the series of illustrations that has been exhibited, was seen at the last show of the Scottish Artists' Society, and has since been acquired by the Paisley Art Gallery. Thoroughly expressive of the title, the arrangement was actually built up in all its details and then repro-

duced on canvas. The effect of the lamplight on the figures and its contrast with the outside night is realistic without suggestion of the theatrical. It is this fundamental quality of truth to nature, combined with a discriminating sense of the beauty of line, a capacity to produce the effect of light on colour as it plays on a variety of objects of different texture, and an efficient technique, that makes Mr. Cursiter's work so successful and so full of promise for the future.

[Mr. Cursiter's water-colour, A Mediter-ranean Port, belongs to Mr. Robert Duncan, M.I.N.A., who has been good enough to lend it for reproduction.—EDITOR]







#### STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

ONDON.—The selection of Sir William Orpen's Royal Academy picture Le Chef de l'Hôtel Chatham, Paris, for purchase under the terms of the Chantrey bequest seems to have met with general approval, and although there are some who, with M. Gabriel Mourey, are disinclined to regard this painting as the best of the artist's works at the Academy, the cancelling of the selection as not being strictly in accordance with the terms of the bequest naturally caused disappointment. However, this much discussed picture will continue to be available for

public inspection in years to come, the Council having accepted it as the artist's diploma work, and it will accordingly go to the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, to which free admission is given throughout the year. The acceptance of this work by the Council completes Sir William Orpen's qualification for the rank of Academician, to which he was promoted over two years ago. The laws of the Academy decree that the diploma work shall be presented for consideration of the Council within six months of election, in failure of which the election is to be void unless a suitable apology is made and accepted. The name of Mr. Brangwyn, who was elected an Acade-



"THE FLOODED MEADOW OIL PAINTING BY S I AMORNA BIRCH, P.W



"THE HAT SHOP," WATER-COLOUR BY MABEL LAYNG (International Society)

mician at the same time as Sir William Orpen, still appears among the Associates as "R.A. Elect" through non-fulfilment of this essential condition, nor has he contributed to any of the Academy Exhibitions since his election, much to the regret of all who remember with admiration the works from his brush which gave distinction to the exhibition of 1916.

The display which the International Society has brought together at the Grafton Galleries—after the lapse of more than a year since its last exhibition at the Grosvenor—approaches more nearly to the pre-war standard of the Society than any collection it has shown since the Spring of 1914, not only in the general quality of the work exhibited but also in the greater abundance of foreign contributions, which during the war diminished of necessity almost to vanishing point.

Sir William Orpen, the new President, is liberally represented by works eloquent of his genius as a painter and draughtsman, and he is ably supported by others who, with him, have helped to uphold the prestige of the Society in years gone by. Mr. James Pryde, Vice-President of the Society, sends a characteristic composition, The Arch, and among other British artists whose works gives strength to the display are the late President, Mr. W. Strang, R.A., Mr. Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. Oliver Hall, A.R.A., Mr. Gerald Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, Sir John Lavery, Mr. Philip Connard A.R.A., Mr. Ben Nicholson, Mr. E. A. Walton, Mr. Lamorna Birch, and Mr. Ambrose McEvoy. The foreign contributions include works by MM. Manet, Claude Monet, A. Besnard, Antoine Vollon Degas, Forain and Renoir, Mary Cassatt, Cecilia Beaux, and several other Americans,



"THE PINK DRESS." WATER-COLOUR BY THEA PROCTOR



"YOUTH." CHALK-DRAWING
BY AVERIL BURLEIGH



HEAD OF SPANISH PEASANT BY GERTRUDE WHITNEY

as well as artists of various other nationalities. Not the least interesting section of the exhibition is that containing drawings and prints, where are to be seen excellent examples of work by some of the artists already named and others, such as Mr. John Copley, Miss N. B. Simon, Mr. Nelson Dawson, Mr. Russell Flint, Mr. Mann Livens, Mrs. Burleigh, Miss Thea Proctor, Miss Gabain, Miss Mabel Layng, Mr. Blamire Young, and Mr. George Belcher who, among other etchings, shows an excellent portrait of Mr. The few select examples of Prvde. sculpture include two excellent bronze masks-one of Margaret, by Mr. W. Reid Dick, the new A.R.A., and the other of The Jolly Miller, by Mr. E. Whitney Smith. a

The Council of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers early last month unanimously elected Mr. Malcolm Salaman to fill the vacancy left in the small and select group of Honorary Fellows by the death of Sir Frederick Wedmore.

An exhibition of more than ordinary interest was that which comprised a collection of sculpture by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, recently displayed at the McLean Galleries in the Haymarket under the direction of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, of the Leicester Galleries. Mrs. Whitney belongs to one of the wealthiest families in America, and when people of her social standing and affluence take to art there is a disposition to apply to them and their efforts the epithets "amateur"



"CARYATID." BY
GERTRUDE WHITNEY



"TITANIC" MEMORIAL, GIVEN BY THE WOMEN OF AMERICA TO BE ERECTED IN WASHING-TON. BY GERTRUDE WHITNEY

and "amateurish" which, as generally employed, denote a feeling of contempt on the part of those who use them. though she has never been impelled to the pursuit of art by the necessity of earning a livelihood thereby, it is evident that sculpture has with her been by no means a mere hobby or pastime, and that she has not spared herself any of the rigours of training which must be endured if success is to be attained. She has, in fact, made sculpture her chief aim in life and devoted herself heart and soul to it—and it is this after all which distinguishes the professional from the amateur rather than any difference of vealed a talent at once genuine and personal.

status or means. From an introductory note contributed to the catalogue of her exhibition by M. Bénedite, of the Luxembourg, it appears that Mrs. Whitney's earlier studies were pursued in New York. at the Art Students' League, and under Mr James Earle Fraser, and her subsequent studies in Paris, where she came in touch with Auguste Rodin, who offered her his studio and personal counsel. The influence of the great French master could be detected in certain of the exhibits in her collection at the McLean Galleries, but neither this nor any other oustide influence was unduly prominent, and her work as a whole re-



SMALL CHEST OF DRAWERS OF PAINTED WOOD, AND FLOWER TRAY. DESIGNED BY JOHN BORIE (The Canal Workshop)

English sculpture has suffered a serious loss through the death of Professor Havard Thomas, to whose work an article was devoted in this magazine early in 1919. He came into prominence some years ago when his statue of Lycidas was rejected by the Royal Academy. The rejection was regarded in art circles outside the Academy as a grievous affront to a sculptor of distinction, and steps were taken to secure the statue for the nation, as the result of which a bronze cast of it is now in the Tate Gallery. It was reproduced in the article just mentioned along with other examples of the sculptor's work. Mr. Thomas was appointed Professor of Sculpture in the Slade School, University of London, during the war.

Painted furniture is coming into vogue again and, as a variation from the ordinary range of polished woods employed by the cabinet maker, it offers a wide field of possibilities. The examples we illustrate are selected from the productions of the

Canal Workshop in Harrow Road, conducted by Mr. John Borie, in association with Lady Henry Bentinck, who takes an active part in the undertaking, and has shown her skill in the production of charming clusters of artificial flowers. All the furniture made in this workshop is designed by Mr. Borie and, though the forms are repeated, the variations of colour ensure that no two pieces are alike. As the wood employed is mostly what is known as "three-ply," lightness is achieved without sacrifice of stability. Bright colours are used with due discrimination, and the results are very effective from a decorative point of view.

A career of much usefulness in the domain of art was brought to an end by the death early in May of Mr. Marcus B. Huish, who founded the Fine Art Society and was for many years until quite recently its director. Mr. Huish, who had reached the age of 75, practised ir early life as a barrister, and subsequently

became Editor of the "Art Journal," a post which he held for twelve years until 1893. He took a keen interest in Japanese Art and the affairs of the Japan Society, of which he was at one time Chairman, As a painter in water-colours his work often appeared at the Royal Academy Exhibitions.

Readers of this magazine have on more than one occasion been made familiar with the productions of the Russian peasant craftsman, and in addition to the various articles on the subject which have appeared in our past issues, the subject was dealt with comprehensively in a Special Number published before the war. We again return to it briefly in connection with the accompanying illustrations of articles produced under conditions very different from those of former days. The great upheaval in Russia has driven vast numbers of its inhabitants into exile, most of them belonging to the educated classes, unaccustomed to manual labour.







PAINTED FURNITURE. DE-SIGNED BY JOHN BORIE ( i be Canal Workshop



CARVED AND PAINTED WALL CUPBOARD, MADE BY THE RUSSIAN REFUGEES IN SWITZERLAND

The problem has been to find suitable employment to enable them to become self-supporting, and to this end workshops have been established in various parts of Europe under the auspices of the Russian Zemstvos and Towns Committee for the Relief of Refugees, which has its headquarters in Paris under the chairmanship of Prince Lvoff, Prime Minister of the first Provisional Government formed after the abdication of the late Czar. The various objects here illustrated were made in the workshop established at Lausanne. mainly through the exertions of Dr. Nicholas Kassianov, a naturalist who has long taken a keen interest in the native arts and crafts, and was fortunate in finding instructors competent to train the refugees in the traditional methods of work. How excellent are the results of this training can be seen by anyone who pays a visit to "the Russian Shop," recently opened by the London Committee at 194, Brompton Road (close to the Tube Station). Here, besides carved and painted woodwork of the kind seen in our illustrations, a great variety of work executed by refugees in the numerous workshops may

be seen, including children's garments and toys, embroideries, blouses, etc. ø

IVERPOOL. — The Walker Gallery is Liverpool's most art centre, and until its recent rearrangement the city has hardly realised how many treasures she possesses. the vigorous handling of the present curator, Mr. A. G. Quigley, the whole building has taken on a new aspect. The Roscoe Collection has created more debate and contradiction among critics than almost any other collection in the country. Now well and suitably hung it leads the student of art history from Byzantine days through the Italian and Flemish periods to the eighteenth century masterpieces at present in the Art Gallery. Sir Foster Cunliffe's fine collection has been loaned to the city, as has also Sir Richard Brooke's magnificent Romneya portrait of a former Lady Brooke and the daughter of a Cunliffe. In the Cunliffe Collection are works of many masters, Nicholas Maes, including Revnolds. Gainsborough, Hoppner, Wilson and



CARVED AND PAINTED WOODEN TEA CADDY MADE BY RUSSIAN REFUGEES IN SWITZERLAND



CARVED AND PAINTED WOODEN BOXES. MADE BY RUSSIAN REFUGES IN SWITZERLAND

#### STUDIO-TALK

that remarkable north country master, Old Cranke. The city's more modern possessions carry on the history through the Pre-Raphaelites (in which school Liverpool is strong, being the home of Rossetti's Dante's Dream, Millais' Lorenzo and Isabella," and other notable works) to the most recent purchases from the Autumn Exhibitions. A splendid education for a big commercial city's population, and a matter upon which the Arts Committee may be congratulated. J. W. S.

E DINBURGH. — Lovers of animal paintings, especially those of bird life, found much to attract them in an exhibition of the work of Miss Mabel Dawson, R.S.W., held earlier this year in the galleries of the Petit Salon, Edinburgh. Water colour deftly intermingled with body colour is the medium she employs with marked ability, notably in her pictures of pigeons and ducks, which are uncommonly interesting. The quaint characteristics, too, of her subjects are offttimes humorously as well as lovingly observed, while her fascinating

titles give a certain clue to the joyous interest she experiences and charmingly expresses. The accompanying illustration of A Little Grey Nun represents but one amongst many drawings, all of which are personal and equally captivating.

E. A. T.

The poster designs reproduced on the opposite page are the work of Mr. M. R. Caird and Mr. W. R. Lawson, two young artists who have established a studio in Edinburgh and whose talent has already elicited appreciation from advertisers who recognise that, while a poster must attract attention, it may do so through qualities of design and fitness rather than through clamour or vulgarity. The simplicity of these designs is one of their most attractive features, for the ordinary poster is such a complex of irrelevant matter that its message is either not seen or soon forgotten. The poster of the starving Serbian mother made an almost irresistible claim in support of one of the Serbian Relief Funds and formed one of the outstanding posters produced during the war.



"A LITTLE GREY NUN"
WATER-COLOUR BY
MABEL DAWSON
(Petit Salon, Edinburgh)]

POSTER DESIGNS BY M. R. CAIRD ANDW.R. LAWSON



#### STUDIO-TALK

PITTSBURGH, U.S.A.—In this year's International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, out of 633 pictures sent in 385 were hung, and of these 182 were by artists belonging to various European countries. The three medals, each carrying with it a sum of money, were awarded to American painters, the first going to Mr. Ernest Lawson for his Vanishing Mist, the second to Mr. Howard Giles (Young Woman), and the third to Mr. Speicher (Girl with Green Hat). Mr. Enraght Moony and Mr. Sydney Lee, both of London, were awarded Honourable Mentions, as was Mr. Ross Moffett, an American.

Observation of the collection as a whole impressed one with its dignified conservative tone, no sign of the wild outbreaks of the revolutionaries being visible. These, no doubt, have their place as manifestations

of the times, but no one would have cared to find them here.

The entrance halls were devoted to examples of sculpture by two well-known Americans — the late Augustus Saint Gaudens, whose heroic bronze portrait of Abraham Lincoln and medallion portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson were the most notable objects in the group, and Mr. James Earle Fraser, whose ability was creditably shown by a bronze relief and marble bust.

The honour of the "one man exhibition" was given to the French painter Henri Le Sidaner, whose group, hung in a specially reserved gallery, included twenty-five canvases delightfully vibrant in broken colour. Notable contributions from other French artists were a full length portrait of Lucien Simon, by M. Charles Cottet; a delicious



"THE RUINED CASTLE." OIL PAINTING BY SYDNEY LEE (Carnegie Institute)



"GIRL WITH GREEN HAT"
OIL PAINTING BY EUGENE
SPEICHER
(Carnegie Institute)

water-colour, Easter Tide, and an interesting composition, The Parade at the Fair, by M. Simon himself; a flower piece by M. Jacques Blanche; M. Ménard's richly coloured Farm at Paestum; a fine study of the nude by M. Paul Chabas; some pictures of Old Houses by M. Henri Martin; and M. Matisse's Portrait on a Red Background. Spanish art of to-day had representation in a fine low toned work of Scnor Zubiaurre, Flowers for Mary.

Among prominent British painters represented were Mr. Richard Jack, with a fine classical subject, Love tunes the Shepherd's Reed; Mr. Edward Hornel with Easter Morning, one of his characteristic groups of

children; Sir A. S. Cope, with a portrait of Viscount Jellicoe and a landscape; Mr. Augustus John, with a boldly handled figure of A Canadian Soldier; Mr. R. G. Eves, with a dignified portrait of Mr. Justice Darling: Mr. Clausen with two representative studies of heads; Mrs. Laura Knight (The Cove), Mr. G. J. Coates (King Lear), and Mr. Russell Flint, who sent a group of charming water-colours. There was also a very impressive work, Golden Autumn, by the late Sir Alfred East. Mr. Hayley Lever, now settled in America, contributed a capital example of his work, 0 Around the Harbour. o

Four portraits represented the work of

#### STUDIO-TALK

Mr. J. S. Sargent-one of them being his famous presentment of Carolus Duran, lent by the Knoedlers and recently reproduced in this magazine. Mr. McLure Hamilton sent a convincing portrait of Mr. Asquith, and among other works of distinction were a large interior with figures by Mr. Gari Melchers, and a figure of a young woman by Mr. Childe Hassam, who also showed a capital street scene, The Easthampton Elms in May. Other interesting figure and portrait contributions by American artists included a very decorative life-size Seated Angel, by Mr. Abbott Thayer; a graceful study of the dancer Ada Forman, by Mr. Frank Linton; Mr. G. W. Bellows's Old Lady in Black: Mr. Louis Betts's The Rose Gown; Mrs. Jean McLane's feelingly painted Mother and Child; Mr. Robert Susan's well drawn Girl in Black; Mr. W. M. Paxton's One in a Yellow Dress; and two virile portraits by Mr. Leopold Seyffert. \( \rho \) A group of seven canvases by the late J. Francis Murphy admirably exemplified the work of this great American landscape painter, and the exhibition also contained excellent work by others who have won distinction in the same field, such as Mr. Elwes Schofield, Mr. E. W. Redfield, Mr. Robert Vonnoh, and Mr. William Ritschel. Two fine marines were by Mr. Charles Woodbury, and some good animal paintings by Mr. Horatio Walker and Mr. Carl Rungius.

E. C.

ETROIT.—The exhibition of British Arts and Crafts assembled here during the closing months of last year through the efforts of the Detroit Society of Arts and Crafts proved a great success and, in accordance with the plans originally formed, the collection has, with some minor changes, been transferred to other large American cities where it has aroused



"THE BEATITUDES." TEXT
WRITTEN AND ILLUMINATED
BY ELLA GORDON MILNE
(Detroit Museum, Exhibition of
Brush Arts and Crafts)



STAGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS PLAY-HOUSE, SHOWING THE BURNE-JONES TAPESTRY "THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE." AND EMBROIDERED BED-HANGINGS BY MAY MORRIS

great interest. The work of organising the exhibition fell to two officers of the Detroit Society, Miss Alexandrine McEwen (Vice-President) and Miss Helen Plumb (the Secretary) who visited England together in the summer of 1920 and made the necessary arrangements for the collection and transport of the exhibits. During the currency of the exhibition here it was visited by very large crowds, drawn not merely from the immediate locality but from near-by cities as well; and many museum directors and art experts came to see it.

The building of our Society of Arts and Crafts lent itself most agreeably to the purpose of the exhibition, which was to display the individual works, whenever possible, as they might actually be used. For example, the stage, which has a most elaborate and flexible lighting equipment, was used with rich taupe velvet curtains as a background for the Burne-Jones tapestry, The Building of the Temple, from the looms of Messrs. Morris & Co. at Merton, and also for the excellent embroidered bed-hangings by Miss May Morris. The auditorium was used to show, on screens, a group of decorative panels by Mr. George Sheringham, Miss Sybil Meugens, and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Mackintosh.

The collection generally was, with the exception of bulky articles such as furniture, and fragile things like stained glass, which were excluded on account of transport difficulties, representative of the best work now being done by the artist craftsmen of the United Kingdom, and, in fact, experts who have studied it have declared it to be the best collection of applied art which has ever gone out of England. The contributors included the President of the English Arts and Crafts Society, Mr. Henry Wilson, and most of the leading members, as well as a few who do not belong to that organisation-such as Miss Ruth Rayner, whose charming needlework panel, The Edge of the World, of which a coloured reproduction was published by THE STUDIO a few months back, has been purchased by our Museum of Art. The Burne-Jones tapestry mentioned above as coming from the Morris looms has also found a home in Detroit, having been purchased by a collector of this city.

It is safe to predict that by the time this exhibition has been the round of the American cities as planned, finishing up at the Cleveland in June, it will have left an enduring impression on the American N. B.

public.

BvFour Irish Landscape Painters. THOMAS BODKIN. (Dublin: Talbot Press: London: T. Fisher Unwin.) people," says Mr. Bodkin, "distrust their instinct woefully in matters of art, though Dublin must be one of the best places on earth in which to sell worthless old paintings," and "they will back their fancy for anything but a modern picture." Hence, as he points out with regret, most of the Irishmen who have won distinction as artists in the course of the past century or so have had to make their way on alien soil, and while this has been especially the case with portrait painters, it is also in the main true of the chief landscape painters of Irish birth, such as the four whose lives and works are set forth in this volume. These are George Barret, R.A., a Foundation member of the English Royal Academy and father of the better known water-colour painter, George Barret, junior; James Arthur O'Connor (1792-1841); Walter Frederick Osborne, R.H.A. (1859-1903); and Nathaniel Hone, R.H.A. (1831-1917), a distant relative of another Foundation member of the R.A. The first two left Ireland early and never returned: Hone spent much of his time abroad, and Osborne, who refused a Knighthood, was the only one who elected to live and work mainly in his own country, which, as the author remarks, provides almost every form of landscape dear to the painter. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bodkin's effort to arouse interest among his countrymen in the work of their artist-kinsmen may bear fruit. He gives a large number of reproductions of pictures by these four painters, and in the seventeen appendices, to which he modestly assigns the chief importance, complete lists of their productions as exhibited or sold at auction are given.

Drawing. By A. S. HARTRICK, R.W.S. (London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.) Printed on the title-page of this little book is a pithy and significant saying by Ingres, often quoted but in these days more often ignored—"Le Dessin, c'est a probité de l'Art." This motto gives a clue to the contents of the book, which, stated briefly, is a plea for the adoption

of rational methods of teaching drawing based on the experience of the great masters, and it is, therefore, as Mr. Clausen remarks in his foreword, in the best sense academic. Intended for teachers rather than the student, it is to be heartily commended as an earnest and wellsubstantiated plea for a wider outlook than that which prevails in the majority of our art schools, where, as Mr. Clausen again points out, the studies are too much restricted to certain aspects of Greek and Roman art and to the posed model, and the neglect to pay due regard to the general development of art has begotten a narrowness which repels the student even from whatever good there is in the training. Mr. Hartrick records his conviction that with the adoption of a simple and sound system of teaching drawing in our primary and secondary schools the problem of the art and technical schools would solve itself -a system, however, in which "short cuts " find no place, and he urges that any tendency in that direction should be discouraged, while on the other hand he speaks with almost unqualified approval of the memory training system of Lecoq de Boisbaudran. The book, every page of which is pregnant with thoughtful observation and instructive information, concludes with reproductions of drawings by the great masters and others by high school girls with comments thereon.

Looking at Pictures. By S. C. KAINES SMITH, M.A (London: Methuen and Co., Ltd.) This handy volume is apparently the outcome of Mr. Kaines Smith's experience as official guidelecturer at the National Gallery in London. He discovered that the majority of visitors were afraid to form, and much more afraid to express, a preference for any picture for fear of exposing themselves to ridicule or to the accusation of being inartistic, and his aim in writing his book is to lift from the minds of such as these the "burdensome superstition" that to enjoy pictures it is necessary to be a judge of painting. What he has here written is so clear and so much to the point that it cannot fail to help those who visit the public collections to understand and appreciate the great works of art they see.

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ROM his earliest working days Lord Leverhulme has collected works of art, but his tastes have been too varied and comprehensive to permit exclusiveness in his collecting and restrict his enjoyment to specialisation. His practice has been to acquire, as occasion offered, the things he cared for, things he felt would bring beauty into his dwelling places, and give him pleasure to live among, rather than to seek, or to set agents seeking, the rare pieces which professional connoisseurship might ordain as requisite to fill lacunæ in his collections. "I buy nothing because I am told I ought to have it," he said once to me years ago, after he had been showing me the treasures of art and craft he had gathered in such variety and profusion in his beautiful Hampstead home. "People seem to think I employ agents to collect for me; but everything you see here I have got myself because I liked, admired and wanted it. I have always loved art and tried to understand its various forms. and I still treasure the first picture I ever bought-bought simply for the pleasure of living with it-when I was a grocer in Wigan, living in a house at forty pounds a year." That far-off memory, recalled with such happy pride, may be taken as the key to that continuous enjoyment which has spurred Lord Leverhulme's hobby of acquiring artistic things to keep pace with increasing means and opportunities. One cannot but feel this as one walks through the rooms and galleries at "The Hill," North End, Hampstead Heath, where amid the wealth of fine and applied art that lends decorative beauty to the living charm of the place, one may get a fair idea of the directions in which this great industrial chief allows his artistic tastes to express themselves. Here are pictures ancient and modern, water-colours, miniatures, prints, statuary, bronzes, Chinese porcelain, Wedgewood ware, furniture of all the periods when the craftsmen were artists. It is not my present purpose, however, to attempt a comprehensive survey of Lord Leverhulme's collections. In a future article I may be privileged, No. 295 .- SEPTEMBER 1921

perhaps, to speak about the notable examples he possesses of the great eighteenth century English portrait-painters: also about the fine group of drawings representative of the great school of English water-colourists for whom this collector has always had a special fondness; and of the exceptionally rich collection of William Etty's pictures, which are favoured with a gallery to themselves, because their beauties and qualities have long made a genuine appeal to Lord Leverhulme. His appreciation, defying, as it does, collecting fashion, must credit him with far-sighted connoisseurship, for Etty has yet to be accorded his just place among the masterpainters of the nude female form.

For the moment I must be content to speak only of the series of pictures at "The Hill" which one may suppose to represent the most modern phase of Lord Leverhulme's collection. Perhaps



"MOTHER AND CHILD" BY LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A — 45



"LOVE STRONG AS DEATH IS DEAD." BY BYAM SHAW

"modern" may be regarded as a misleading term in association with pictures which recall the days of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood's expressive activities, and the Royal Academy Exhibitions in the 'sixties, 'seventies and 'eighties; but I use the word for convenience to distinguish the art of men still living, or of comparatively living memory, from that of the older schools. Of the modern art spirit, as we have seen it of late in its various extreme manifestations, the picture galleries at "The Hill" are entirely innocent. Here no isms of artistic modernity are found disturbing the serenity of the pictorial traditions with dynamic ab-

stractions expressed with plausibilities of distorted form and complex pattern. But here among these familiar pictures, old friends remembered from almost forgotten exhibitions, yet seen again now among permanent home conditions, one cannot deny a feeling of tranquillity; and as one looks at such a picture as Orchardson's *The Young Duke*, with those qualities of conception and execution which prove it surely the work of a master, one is inclined to question whether a picture by, say, M. Piccasso himself, could fill one with quite the same sense of artistic satisfaction. Orchardson has justly been called "our greatest novelist in paint," but he was





"A BRECONSHIRE LANDSCAPE"
BY RUTH HOLLINGSWORTH

this and very much more—he was a great artist, a master-draughtsman, a master of his brush and palette, and our colour-reproduction of this fine picture shows how he has revelled in his opportunities for broad and harmonious composition, subtle draughtsmanship and painting. In depicting the accessories of the table he achieved a tour de force, yet how perfectly they are subordinated to the general harmony, and how admirably their static charm helps the life of the picture!

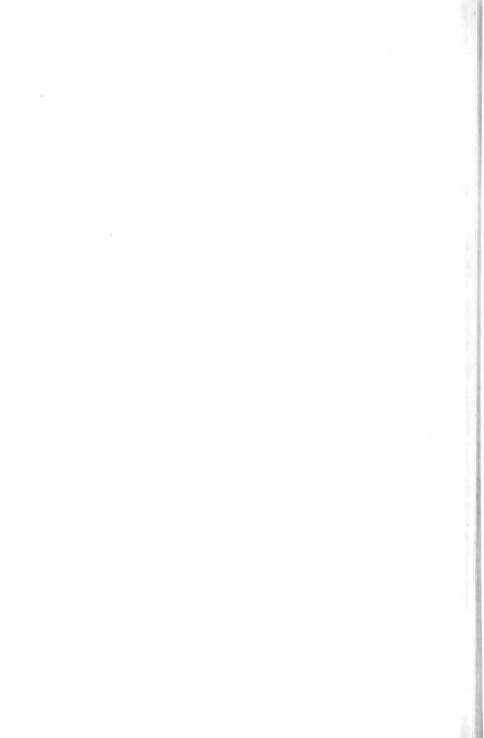
The Pre-Raphaelite period of Sir John Millais, covering the most interesting phase of his art, is adequately represented in the collection. Here is the *Cymon and Iphigenia*, begun in 1847, when the artist

was not yet eighteen, and finished in 1851. Full of a charming spirit of youthful frolic it is, while in the painting of the nude the influence of Etty, whom the young Millais greatly admired, can be clearly recognized. The Apple Blossom is another important picture of the same period, 1856-9, with its bevy of bright girls and its delightful spring freshness and colour. Then, here is also the famous and popular Black Brunswicker, of 1860, but perhaps the most interesting of this group is the muchdiscussed Sir Isumbras at the Ford, which we reproduce here in colours. history of this picture's vicissitudes has been too fully written to need more than the barest repetition here; how it was painted in Scotland under many difficulties;

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"TOPAZ." BY ALBERT MOORE

# LORD LEVERHULME'S PICTURES



"THE WIFE OF A SPANISH PICA-DOR." BY W. STRANG, R.A.

how the horse was first too small, then too large; how Ruskin and other critics abused it, and Frederick Sandys parodied it in a remarkable lithograph, which portrayed Millais as the knight-at-arms and Rossetti and Holman Hunt as the woodcutter's children; how the artist, after refusing £800 for it, then, fearing nobody would buy it, sold it to Charles Reade, the novelist, who judged it an "immortal work" and desired it imperatively. Even then the picture's adventures were not ended, for, thirty-five years later, Millais, at the then owner's suggestion, added the horse's trappings and made the picture look as we see it to-day, hanging impressively at Lord Leverhulme's, a work of noble conception and rich artistic resource. Later phases of Millais's art are seen here in the engaging *Idyll of* 1745, painted in 1884, and the landscape, *Lingering Autumn*, of 1890.

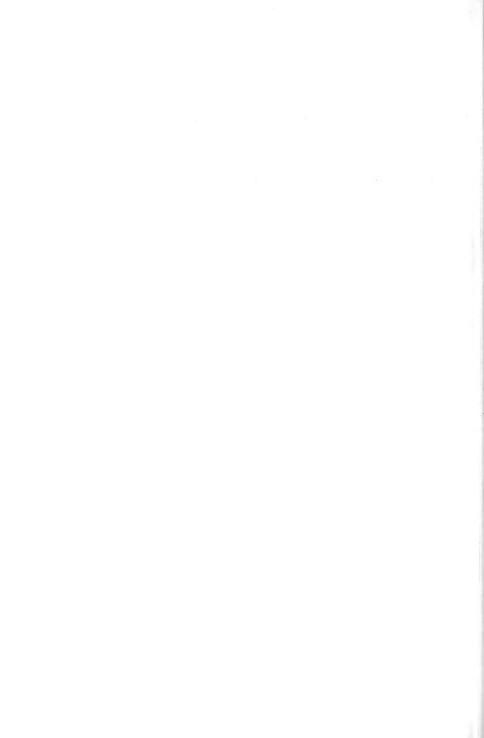
Rossetti is represented here by a single picture, if I remember rightly, the beautiful Sibylla Palmifera, for which he wrote a memorable sonnet; Burne-Jones is characteristically expressive in his Tree of Forgiveness; while Holman Hunt's May Morning on Magdalen Tower, one of Lord Leverhulme's latest acquisitions, shows the painter with all his artistic and spiritual impulses gladly stirred by a



"EXPLAINING THE CHART" BY J. J. TISSOT







### LORD LEVERHULME'S PICTURES



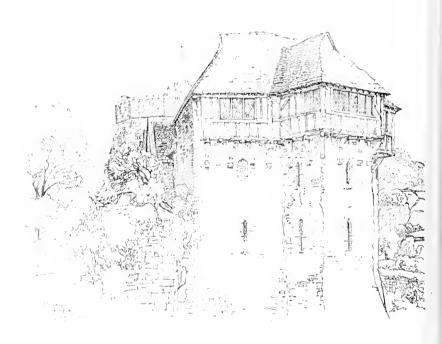
"LE RUISSEAU." BY

subject after his heart, the ancient May Day practice of the choristers in their surplices, followed by the dons, mounting at dawn to the roof of Magdalen Tower to sing their Eucharistic hymn facing the sun.

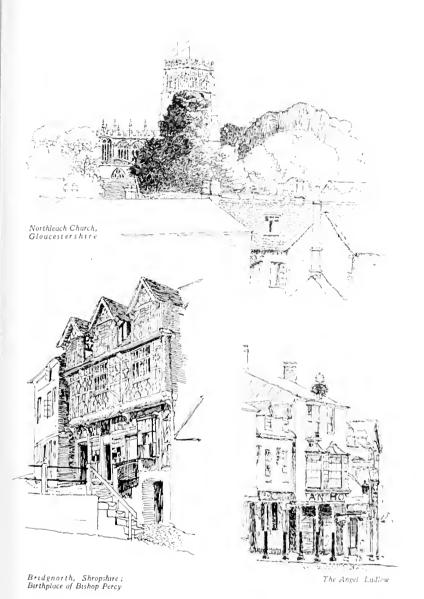
All the traditional prescriptions for picture-making seem to be explicit here in the old familiar pictures. Leighton's The Garden of the Hesperides offers its old lure of suavity and sumptuousness, vet the tender loveliness of a little Mother and Child, painted in 1865, appeals more persuasively for reproduction. For the rest, sufficient to bring them to memory must be the bare naming of such popular favourites as E. J. Gregory's Boulter's Lock, Frank Dicksee's The Symbol, Solomon J. Solomon's The Judgment of Paris, E. A. Storey's A Young Prodigal and his friends, Alma Tadema's The Favourite Poet, Vicat Cole's Abingdon, David Murray's Golden Gorse, Luke Fildes's An Al Fresco

Toilet, reminiscent of his happy Venetian interlude between The Casual Ward and The Doctor. But memory is here assisted by reproduction of Topaz, exquisitely representing Albert Moore's gracious art; I. W. Waterhouse's piece of mediæval romanticism. The Story of the Decameron; Tissot's Explaining the Chart; and Byam Shaw's beautiful and poetically suggestive Love Strong as Death is Dead, painted in his richest days of promise. Instead of Fred Walker's delightful canvas The Bathers, we have reproduced The Fishmonger's Shop, the drawing which, in 1872, established Walker's position in the English water-colour school. Our illustrations include also Alfred East's spacious and placid Rivington Water, William Strang's simply and finely painted Wife of a Spanish Picador, Miss Ruth Hollingsworth's Breconshire Landscape, and a typical landscape, Le Ruisseau, by that austere Belgian artist, Eugène Laermans.

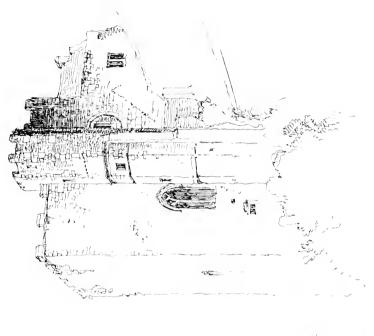
# JOTTINGS FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF SYDNEY R. JONES

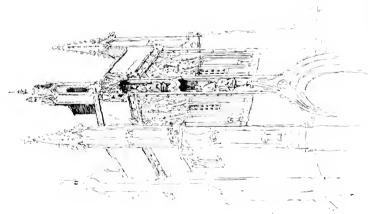


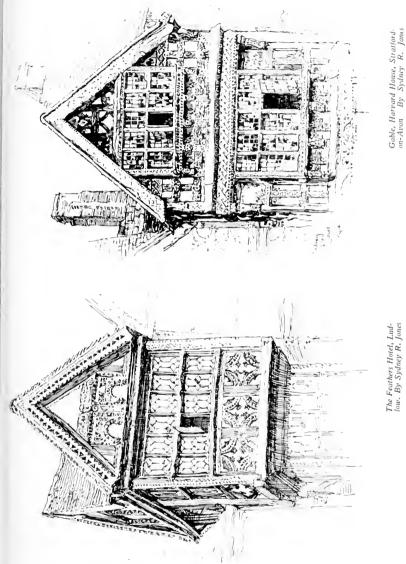
Stokesay Castle By Sydney R. Jones



SKETCHES BY SYDNEY R. JONES







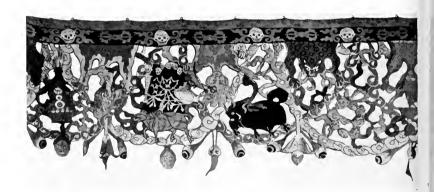
The Feathers Hotel, Ludlow. By Sydney R. Jones

SOME WORKS OF ART FROM THE FAR EAST. Ø Ø Ø Ø Ø

NOW and again our Museums are enriched by a gift, bequest, or loan of art treasures, but a wealth of *objets d'art* remains hidden from public view in private homes. Those of which illustrations are here given are from the remarkable collection of Mr. A. B. Duigenan, which includes examples of cloisonné ware, enamels, textiles, pictures, jades, furniture, and ceramics of the Far East, and chiefly Chinese.

It is a commonplace of the schools that education comes nearest to that point which is termed "complete" when we have been wholly sensitised to perception of beauty; yet in days of which we have no record the Chinese seem to have attained to this highest of our present standards. They not only recognised beauty to lie within many strange forms but they wrought it in many strange mediums. In the fifth century B.C. they had so clear a grasp of its essence that a saying was current amongst them to the effect that "ornamentation detracts from merit."

The jade screen, of which two panels are here shown, appears to be unique. Jade in China, idealized as the most precious of gems, is held to be the quintessence of beauty. It was thought to have been forged from the rainbow, and to be food for the gods-indeed as a solace to grief it was given in powdered form at funerals to the chief mourners. Magic properties also are ascribed to it. In Imperial Ritual worship of Heaven-the most sacred of ceremonies. since the Emperor is held to be the child of Heaven-votive objects of jade are used. The Emperor in his Office of High Priest wears iewels of iade of divers colours according to the part of the Heavens to which he is appealing; white jade for west; red as representing the south; green for the east; and yellow for earth. China has her treasury for jade just as we have our treasury for gold and precious stones. particular screen stands nearly seven feet high, and its eight folds measure over seventeen feet across. The background is of a lustrous black lac. On this, raised in high relief, are figures, foliage, flowers, pergolas, animals and birds, executed in jade, and in those semi-precious stones-amber, amethyst, many hued chalcedonies, jadites, corals, lapis-lazuli and ivory-on which the Chinese craftsman has always exercised his surpassing skill. The scenes depicted probably represent legends. Buddhist and Taoist emblems are freely mingled here as in all Chinese art. It would not be difficult to exercise a fine freedom of fancy upon the



PORTION OF OPEN-WORK CURTAIN OR KANZA FROM A TIBETAN TEMPLE (Original 110 feet long, 5 feet deep)





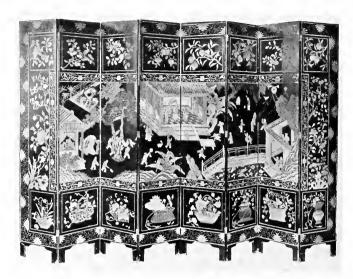
TWO WINGS OF AN EIGHT-FOLD SCREEN OF BLACK LACQUER WITH JADE AND SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES IN RELIEF CHÊNG TE PERIOD, 1506-22

story which the centre panels tell. These are not unlike the pietra dura picture in the Victoria and Albert Museum, the subject of which is said to represent the Taoist Paradise. Probably it holds some such meaning but, as Mr. R. L. Hobson says in his book on Chinese Pottery, symbolic meanings " are often so difficult to identify that we have to be content with general headings. . . . It is infinitely preferable to give the designs no label at all unless the identification is fully established: this at least leaves the question open." These lower panels to the Western eye represent but vases and box-like receptacles within which are planted the prunus, peach-blossom, double cherry, lotus, chrysanthemum, poppy, gardenia and so on, which have

been carved in different precious stones and have jade leaves; but to the Eastern eye they denote the twelve months of the year.

Upon one of these lower panels there is a jade disc engraved with the name of the then reigning Emperor, Chêng Te. This fixes the date of the screen as having been made between the years 1506 and 1522—that is, about the middle of the Ming period. Each panel is in three divisions encased in rose-wood mounts. The taste of the artist who designed and executed this screen, like the perfections of the stones which he used for its decoration, is beyond appraisement. So subtly imbued is it with a sort of fanciful lore that it may well be held to have been brought from some magic palace.

The eight-fold screen of black lacquer



EIGHT-FOLD SCREEN OF BLACK LACQUER, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

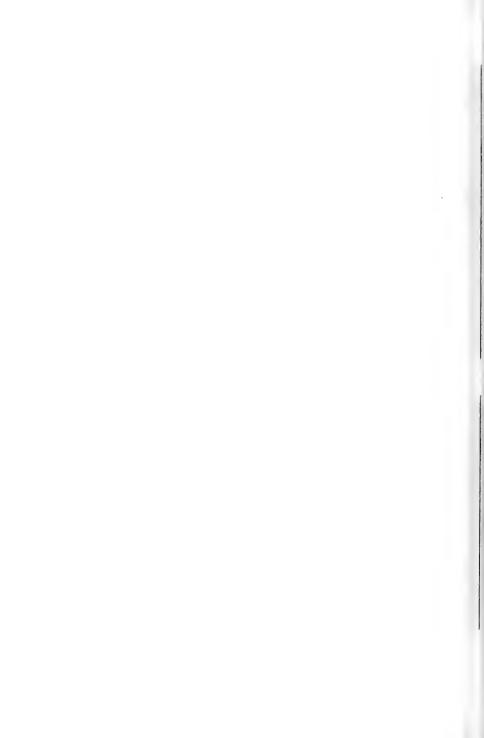
compares favourably with the two screens of the same character which are to be seen in The Victoria and Albert Museum. It is elaborately decorated with some story pertaining to one or other of the principal Chinese religions—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism—which exist side by side with mutual toleration. We do not point to one particular panel and say "this is better than that," but as a whole the screen contains that intangible quality of harmony which calls for admiration.

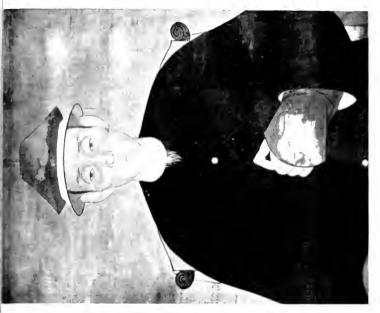
The sacred open-work curtain, or kanza, from a Tibetan Temple (page 62) is perhaps the most curious treasure of Mr. Duigenan's collection. It is about five feet in depth and 110 feet long, and it is composed of different coloured silks upon which designs are embroidered. It is a wondrous achievement in symbolism, wrought at a date too early for identification. Possibly it was difficult to convey to an uninstructed people spiritual truths in any other than symbolic form. At the top of the frieze are the thunder-bolts of Indra (Jupiter) with

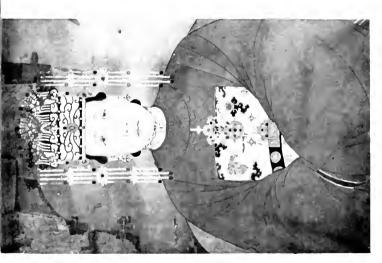
skulls placed between these at regular intervals. There is the red tiger—prototype of the favourite Lamaist Demon Deity, Tam Din. The half bodies of girls who hang with their heads down are intended maybe to represent the long-life sisters. Signs of universal sovereignty are embroidered and interspersed with those of leopards, jaguars, horses, buffalos, cows, dragons, human limbs and skeletons, each bearing its mystic message. From a fringe at the base of the frieze, dependent from a twist representing the sacred magic fungus emblematic of longevity, are eyes, lotus flowers, and the dominoes of Fate.

Painting appears to have been practised in China during the Ch'un and Han dynasties (B.C. 221-A.D. 264). Between this last date and 906 A.D. the arts of painting and of design are held to have attained their highest perfection. Mr. Stephen Bushell in his book "Chinese Art," states that the general decadence which set in towards the close of the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) became a fait accompli under the Manchu line.









POPIPALT OF A MANCHU

# SOME WORKS OF ART FROM THE FAR EAST



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PAINTING, PROBABLY REPRESENTING KUAN TI, GOD OF WAR

Although this assertion appears to be generally accepted, the portraits of A Manchu Statesman, A Manchu Gentleman, and The Wife of a Manchu Official, are fine works of the mid-Manchu period. They show complete mastery of the canons which control artistic production - rhythm, anatomy, naturalness, harmony, composition, finish. In looking at them we lose the feeling of strangeness which separates all the other arts of the East from those of the West, and we consider that they compare not unfavourably with the works of Holbein. This similarity is not only attributable to the decorative use of costume-employed by Holbein with great advantage in the Henry VIII. (Windsor and Chatworth) as well as in the Sir Henry Guildford and

Anne of Cleves, but is traceable in the precision shown in the work of the heads. For in these exceptionally fine Chinese portraits we get the wonderful draughtsmanship, actual observation and realistic rendering which characterised the work of the great German.

The two small tables, two chairs (page 69) are fine examples of the skill of the early Chinese craftsman. They date back to a far distant antiquity and appear to have been moulded under the influence of that conservative convention which from the commencement prevailed in Chinese art.



" GENERAL KUO-TZU-1"
FROM AN EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY PAINTING

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CHAIRS AND TABLES OF HUA-LI, THE ROSEWOOD OF THE PORTUGUESE

That their forms are not strange to us is probably due to the fact that, in the early eighteenth century, the East India Company brought similar furniture here. Its beauty so greatly impressed Sheraton, Heppelwhite, and Chippendale, that they used these imported innovations as models. Chippendale's work clearly shows the influence of the Orient. He avoided of course employment of Buddhist emblems, for in these chairs we get, as usual, emblems of happy augury or of long life or devices intended to be read in Rebus fashion. A jui sceptre lies upon one of the tables. It owes its peculiar form to the sacred fungus. Like the sceptre of the Wells Bequest it is of white jade mottled as with rust at one end. It is also carved in relief with an Imperial dragon which climbs the handle towards the large lotus leaf disc. A jade vase of exquisite workmanship and design is in the lower shelf of the second table. \( \sigma \) AUSTIN CHESTER.

Mr. Brangwyn's painting, The Market Stall, which, by the courtesy of Mr. Croal Thomson of Barbizon House, we reproduced as a frontispiece to our June number, has been re-acquired by the artist and accepted by the Council of the Royal Academy as his diploma work.

## STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

ONDON.—Particulars of next year's competitions for scholarships offered by the British School of Rome in the faculties of Decorative Painting, Engraving (including lithography and wood engraving) and Sculpture have now been published, and those who intend to compete should without delay make themselves acquainted with the conditions, as notice of such intention, accompanied by a birth certificate, must be sent to the Honorary General Secretary of the School (1, Lowther Gardens, London, S.W. 7), before the end of the present year. The scholarships will be of the value of £250, tenable for three years, and candidates must be British subjects under 30 years of age on July 1st, 1922, but allowance may be made for any period spent in war service. In each of these competitions there will be an open examination, followed by a final examination in London, restricted to four selected candidates.

By common consent the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1921 has been a great improvement on its predecessors so far acconcerns the general appearance of the display, as a result of the great reduction



ALTAR PANEL AT S. PETER'S CHURCH, LIMEHOUSE. BY MISS M. C. HAYTHORNE

The two altar panels here reproduced are the work of two very talented girl students, who were till recently pupils of Mr. Noel Rooke at the Central School of Arts and Crafts. In these panels Miss Jackson and Miss Haythorne have gone for a scheme of flat decorative painting with rhythm of line, shape and tone responsive to the emotional impulse of the pictorial conceptions, while the motive of the colour schemes was to carry the sense of light up to either side of the altar. While at the Central School these artists were entrusted with an important mural painting which the London County Council authorities permitted to be executed above one of the staircase landings.

The sum of £10,000 to be paid for Millais's Christ in the House of His Parents is not large compared with the prices paid for some of the masterpieces of the world's greatest painters, but it must be a record for a work executed by a painter scarcely out of his teens, for Millais was not yet 21 when the picture, for which

in the number of paintings exhibited. Opinion, however, is by no means so unanimous in upholding the policy pursued by the Hanging Committee in rejecting the works submitted by numerous painters of established reputation whose contributions have in past years been welcomed at Burlington House. exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery last month of nearly two hundred of these works, though it yielded no surprises and included not a few things of a trite and commonplace order, certainly justified to a considerable extent the contention that many of the things to which prominence was given at the Academy might with advantage have been replaced by some, at all events, of these rejected works. The fact, too, that a good many of the R.A. exhibitors, other than Members and Associates, had two and sometimes three works placed, has naturally accentuated the feeling that the space available under the new conditions was not quite fairly allocated. Ø



ALTAR PANEL AT S. PETER'S CHURCH, LIMEHOUSE. BY MISS MURIEL JACKSON





# CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS." (1840.) BY SIR J. E. MILLANS, BARE, P.R.A. Antonad tadlery of British No. Millsonk.)





"WHITSTABLE BEACH." PEN-DRAWING BY H. WEAVER HAWKINS

he received £250, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1850. The true value of a work of art, however, is not to be measured by monetary standards, but by the wholesome enjoyment it yields to those who behold it, and from this point of view the value of this public acquisition is indisputable. Carlyle, had he been alive, might have been prompted to growl, as he did when he visited Millais at Palace

Gate and saw how prosperous he had become: "There are more fools in the world than I thought there were," but after all £10,000 is a trifle compared with the sums paid to a couple of boxers for a brief bout of fisticuffs recently. The picture has been at the Tate Gallery on loan for some ten years and will now in all likelihood remain there permanently.

The drawings here reproduced do not



tonii w



"BORSTAL HILL, WHITSTABLE." PEN-DRAWING BY H. WEAVER HAWKINS



DESIGN FOR A POSTER. BY H. WEAVER HAWKINS

by any means represent the full artistic powers of Mr. H. Weaver Hawkins, but from an executive point of view they do give a hint of the swiftness and iron precision of handling which make him so impressive an instance of the proverbial superiority of mind over matter. "It must be admitted," writes Mr. Walter Bayes, "that when on his return to civilian life Mr. Hawkins consulted me in regard to his project of drawing again, I quoted that well-worn tag not without secret qualms. Here was a man who had not merely lost completely the use of his right hand; his shoulders were powerless, his left hand could just hold a pencil and

make certain small movements, but the arm it was attached to was otherwise useless. It was by propping this left hand with a semi-active right arm and ' jiggling it about ' that he was again able to draw. It seemed a fantastic project, For the encouragement of optimists be it noted that the impossible has been achieved; for the information of officials, that it has not been without great strain on the artist's physique, a strain which must be and is already being paid for. If some incredible official meanness should penalise pluck by revising (on the authority of this publication) the pittance of a pension Mr. Hawkins is entitled to, I vow to set up in the Westminster Art School the ancient notice, 'De par le roy, defense à Dieu de faire des miracles dans ce lieu.'"

Dr. Tait McKenzie, of the University of Pennsylvania, whose sculpture aroused wide-spread interest when exhibited in London last year, and was the subject of an article in this magazine a few months ago, has in the meantime carried out an important war memorial entrusted to him by a committee representing the County, City and University of Cambridge and the See of Elv. The crowning feature of this memorial is the statue of a returning soldier, here illustrated. Dr. McKenzie has also designed a medal, of which both sides are shown on page 76, to be awarded to the team winning the relay races in the Inter-Collegiate Competitions.

DINBURGH.—When the Council of E the Royal Scottish Academy made arrangements for the inclusion this year in their Annual Exhibition of some examples of Belgian and Spanish art they did not aim at securing masterpieces, but at obtaining a fair representation of the work of the painters of to-day belonging to the two nationalities. Of these pictures the most outstanding are M. Firmin Baes' Printemps, in which interest is largely divided between the figure and its landscape setting; M. Léon Frederic's group of choristers singing in a meadow, fine in colour and atmosphere; Montald's L'Aveugle, so characteristic of the blind man feeling his way while the sunlight blazes around him; Rusiñol's large canvas of almond trees in bloom, and Echague's Dutch interior, painted in the Dutch manner. a

The President, Sir James L. Wingate, shows a group of three landscapes—a woodland scene and two sunsets—small in size but great in their sensitiveness to the finer and subtler effects in nature. His predecessor, Sir James Guthrie, has a portrait of Dr. F. C. Gardiner painted in a warm colour scheme, with a green scarf as a cool colour note, and three pastels showing an earlier phase of his work. Sir John Lavery's Swiss mountain scene is a notable rendering of sunshine and shadow on snow, and there is a fine sense

of style in his portrait of the Viscountess Masserene. Mr. Ropert Hope, in his large picture of Earl Haig addressing the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, has not merely given remarkably accurate portraiture, but relieved the sombre garb of the seated "fathers and brethren" with a brilliant scheme of lighting. Mr. Malcolm Gavin, a recently elected associate, bids fair early to attain academic honours. His portrait of Miss Clegg is very sensitive in its modelling of face and hands, and his technique has



STATUE FORVICTORY MEMORIAL ERECTED BY COUNTY, COPPORA-TION, AND UNIVERSITY OF CAM-BRIDGE AND SEE OF ELY. MODELLED BY DR. R. TAIT MC KENZIE





RELAY RACE MEDAL IN ENGLISH INTER-COLLEGIATE COMPETITION BY DR. P. TAIT MCKENZIE

something of Sargent's brilliance. Mr. P. W. Adam, of late years known only as a painter of interiors without figures, exhibits this year a pleasant variation—a domestic interior in which the leading feature is a portrait of a lady. Other portraits of note are sent by Mr. Henry Lintott, Mr. Henry Kerr, Mr. Fiddes Watt, Mr. E. A. Borthwick, Mr. Stanley Cursiter, Mr. H. Y. Alison, Mr. W. O. Hutchison, and Mr. Eric Robertson, whose portrait of Mrs. Gordon Shields is one of the finest things he has done.

In the landscape section Mr. J. H. Lorimer's work this year is exceptionally interesting, especially his harbour scene by night under storm conditions, and his village street by moonlight. Mr. E. A. Walton, in his Willow Pool, shows a fine conjunction of effective composition, cool colour and realisation of open air. Two large landscapes by Mr. James Paterson are notable for their cloud effects. Low toned landscapes of much merit are contributed by Mr. Robert Alexander and Mr. Oliver Hall, and in Assisi, Early Morning, Mr. Robert Gibb has realised not only the physical, but so far as these can be expressed in paint, the spiritual features of the place. Mr. J. R. Barclay's

Amusette is a picture of Parisian joyousness, the realisation of brilliant sunshine on foliage being reminiscent of the work of La Touche. Mr. D. M. Sutherland. in addition to a virile sketch of a Breton peasant, exhibits a vision of a fête in a narrow French street, a feature of which is the expressive cloud forms. Gemmell Hutchison and Mr. MacGeorge depict joyous child life by the seashore; Mr. W. M. Glass, one of the rising young artists, combines fine colour with breadth of effect in his Evening, and Mr. I. Spence Smith, in the Windmill, shows much delicacy in the rendering of tree forms; Mr. George Smith's Evening, in its rich colour and tonal quality, is reminiscent of Lhermitte.

Mr. John Duncan's large Masque of Love is sumptuous in colour and rich in its expression of the uplift that love gives to all humanity, while Miss Cecile Walton, in To Nobody knows where, quaintly expresses the kinship of children of all nationalities in their wanderings hand in hand in the land of dreams.

The water-colour and print rooms are well and interestingly filled, and though the sculpture hall exhibits do not approach the artistic level of last year, there is some

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"THE EVENING OF THE FETE" BY D. M. SUTHERLAND



"LOUIS XIV." BAS-RELIEF IN MARBLE BY PIERRE PUGET (Musée de Longchamps, Marseilles)

thoroughly informed work such as that by Dr. MacGillivray, Mr. H. S. Gamley, Mr. Percy Portsmouth, Mr. A. G. Wyon, and among the Frenchmen, MM. Bartholomé, Bouchard and Desbois. 
A. E.

PARIS.—Marseilles, the birthplace of Pierre Puget, has been celebrating the tercentenary of that great sculptor of the classical school. The event passed almost unnoticed in Paris, possibly because the majority of connoisseurs in the metropolis are wholly occupied with modern art movements. It is the fashion with many to neglect classical sculpture—if not to treat it

with disdain. Yet there must have been some, on the occasion of this celebration, who went to the Louvre to see Puget's magnificent Milo of Crotona, his Andromeda delivered by Perseus, and those other works which were formerly in the park and château of Versailles. At Marseilles, of course, thousands of people flocked to the Musée de Longchamps to view the special exhibition of sculpture, paintings, and drawings which, under the able superintendence of the curator, M. Gibert, had been arranged in two of the rooms of the art gallery. These works included the noteworthy bas-relief in white marble of Louis XIV., here reproduced, a fine head and bust of Christ entitled Salvator Mundi, a life-sized statue of a Faun, an oval painting of the Virgin and the child Iesus, sleeping, and a number of drawings. The statue of a Faun is an admirable example of Puget's skill in forming a statue direct from a block of marble. after the fashion of Michael Angelo and other great masters of ancient days, and it brings home to one most vividly the words which occur in a letter from Puget to Louvois, announcing the despatch of his Andromeda, "Je suis nourri aux grands ouvrages; je nage quand j'y travaille et le marbre tremble devant moi, plus grosse que soit la pièce." One is reminded, too, by the bas-relief of Louis XIV. of the sculptor's troubles at the Court. Despite the hearty welcome which he received from the king, Puget remained there for only eight months. The antipathy he felt for Le Brun and other artists made his stay impossible. There is no doubt that the Court party did their best to injure Puget in the eves of Louis, and that he had every excuse for shaking the dust of Versailles from his feet

and returning to Marseilles and Toulon. History has shown that he received barely the price of the materials and labour used when fashioning those masterpieces of the Louvre. G. F. L.

MADRID.—Spain possesses a reservoir of natural artistic talent which is quite above the normal. Almost every small town has its two or three artists, while affiliated art clubs are widespread all over the country. Spain suffers not from lack of talent but from lack of taste, and most of the effort even of the talented young artists is ruined by a crude vulgarity. When, however, an artist contrives by natural gifts to escape from this evil contagion his work becomes of considerable value and interest.

The figures, of which illustrations are here given, are the work of a young sculptor of Murcia named Clemente Cantos. He has never left his native town, earning a living there by carving tombstones or figures for church shrines. He is a self-educated artist and his power is yet well



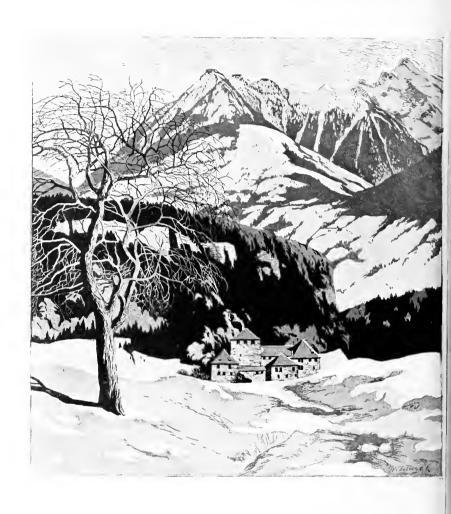
"DANCER WITH A FAN "



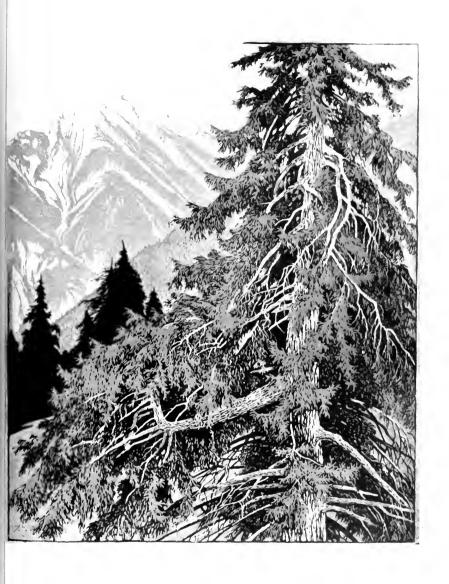
"LA BATURRA"



"EASTER SUNDAY "



"MOUNTAINS NEAR MERAN"
WOOD-ENGRAVING BY
WALTER DITTRICH



"SEMMERING." WOOD-ENGRAVING BY WALTER DITTRICH

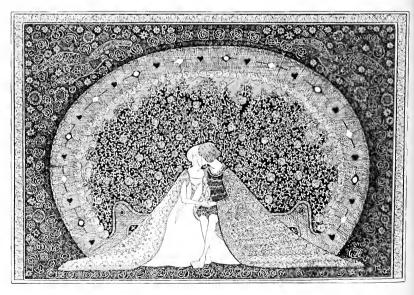
### STUDIO-TALK

below its full possibilities. These figures, which are to be cast in pottery by the firm of Garrigos Ginner, are small in dimensions, and have an artistic value far above the productions usually destined for such a purpose. As will be seen in the illustrations, Señor Clemente Cantos possesses a sense of the dramatic and of character coupled with a keen gift for plastic composition of no mean order.

VIENNA.—Some years ago, in an article on the Imperial Arts and Crafts School in Vienna, I referred to the good work being done by the students working under Professor Czeschka, who was then in charge of the class for wood engraving. Among these students was Walter Dittrich, whose work even at that date attracted much attention, especially his wood engraving of the old Tyrolean town of Feldkirch (reproduced in the aforesaid article), prints of which were

acquired by more than one British collector. That the early promise thus shown has been fulfilled with increase in his later work will be evident from the reproductions here given of two prints—Semmering and Mountains near Meran. Dittrich, who is himself a mountaineer, has always shown a predilection for mountain scenery, and his productions include a whole series of landscapes such as these, remarkable for their originality of treatment and for the strength and freedom with which the artist has handled his graver in interpreting with decorative effect the character of the scenery.

The drawing Tristan and Isolde, here reproduced, is the work of Lili Mihály, a Hungarian girl who, before she could write, revealed a talent for design. At the age of sixteen she began her art studies in Budapest under M. Szablya-Frischauf, and subsequently studied drawing under Professor Simay and engraving under Professor Olgyáy at the Budapest Academy.



"TRISTAN AND ISOLDE." PEN-DRAWING BY LILI MIHÁLY



HEAD OF YONE NOGUCHI BY ALFEO FAGGI

IEW YORK .- Alfeo Faggi, whose head of Yone Noguchi, the Japanese writer, is here reproduced, is an Italian who left his native country some eight years ago after an art training of the usual conventional kind and settled in Chicago. where he has felt more freedom in following his inner impulses than he did in Italy. His artistic origins are to be traced to a period far beyond the near past-to the tradition of the thirteenth century and its great master Niccolo Pisano, and he acknowledges no other teaching. most important works he has executed in America, a Pietà and Mother and Child, evince this primitivism most clearly, but

it is evident also in his single figures like that of *St. Francis*, in his bust of Rabindranath Tagore, and this head of Yone Noguchi, in which, without sacrificing likeness, he has expressed those aspects which transcend external form.

### REVIEWS

Hiroshige. By Yone Noguchi. (New York: Orientalia; London: Elkin Mathews.)—In this essay of some thirty pages Mr. Noguchi, who from his early days has been an earnest student of our language, employs it effectively in giving

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expression to his enthusiastic admiration for the art of his great countryman, the first Hiroshige (1747-1858), "the only one native and national artist of Japan,' who, paying no attention to the small inessential details, "grasped firmly the most important point of nature which he had wished before to see." Referring to the influence of this master on Whistler, "the Hiroshige of the West," he says: "The faithful followers of Whistler may say anything they please; but they will be unable to deny the fact that he owes many things to Hiroshige"; and elsewhere-" It seems that my imagination's eyes see this wonderful Jimmy Whistler with Hiroshige's colour-prints before him, now straightening up his famous spectacles on his nose, then exclaiming 'How amazing! Oh, how amazing!'" The book, which is a Japanese production, printed and cased in the traditional style, contains some excellent collotype reproductions of these prints, besides two in colour, apparently printed from wood blocks. a

A Record of European Armour and Arms through Seven Centuries. By Sir Guy F. LAKING, Bart., C.B., etc., late Keeper of the King's Armoury. Vols. III. and IV. (London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.)-The two further volumes of this monumental work fully confirm the impression gained from the first two, already noticed here, of the lamented author's thorough grasp of the subject to which he devoted a large part of his life. In the third volume, continuing the discussion of particular types of weapon employed before the sixteenth century, he deals with various kinds of dagger and other hafted weapons such as the lance, the mace, the battleaxe and pole-axe, the glaive, voulge, spetum, partizan, javelin, halberd, sprinkler, "morning star," and then treats of the crossbow with its complicated contrivances, and horse-armour. At the close of this volume and throughout the next he discusses, first in general and then under special aspects, the armour and arms of the sixteenth century, and it is interesting to note his opinion that decorative sumptuousness did more to hasten deterioration than the introduction of fire-arms. Lavish illustration is a feature of these new volumes as of the preceding ones.

Répertoire des Peintures datées. ISABELLA ERRERA, tome I., 1081-1775-6. (Brussels: Librairie Nationale d'Art.) It is obvious that Mlle. Errera, who has already compiled and published "Dictionnaire Répertoire des Peintres depuis l'Antiquité jusqu'à nos jours," must have spent far more energy in producing this chronological enumeration of dated pictures, which, when complete, will embrace some forty thousand works, If the utility of such a list is perhaps not quite so obvious, it can be said for it that it will enable students of history. as well as art, to see at a glance what paintings were produced at a given period 

The Pewter Collector. By H. J. L. J. Masés. (London: Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.) This recent addition to the "Collector's Series" is plentifully illustrated with typical examples of the pewterer's craft and replete with information of all kinds regarding the ware. Special features are a list of English, Scottish and Irish pewterers filling more than 70 pages, and the reproductions of a great number of marks, while guidance is also given on the subject of prices which the author considers are absurdly high.

### THE MERYON CENTENARY.

TO mark the centenary of the birth of Charles Meryon, the greatest of French etchers, the editor of The Studio is preparing an important volume which will contain reproductions, many in handprinted photogravure, of all his most important etchings, including those views of Paris which constitute such a wonderful pictorial record of her old buildings. Mr. Campbell Dodgson, Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, will contribute an introduction to the volume, which in format and general style will be uniform with the recently published work on Anders Zorn. edition will be strictly limited and all orders should be placed by October 7th. On receipt of a postcard, addressed to 44 Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, the publishers will be pleased to send a prospectus of this volume, which will be ready for publication early in November.

CAPTAIN I. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION. (SECOND AND CON-LUDING ARTICLE.) Q

NE of the two pictures by Mr. DNE of the two pictures Brangwyn in Captain Audley Harvey's ollection has been already referred to -The Crucifixion, a work of extraordinary maginative power and technical mastery. But the other, a companion picture called The Mockers, is not less characteristic in ts decisiveness of statement and its originality of treatment, and certainly not less impressive in its dignity of coneption. Like all Mr. Brangwyn's comositions it is essentially modern in feeling. ymbolical rather than literal, and an xpression of sentiment rather than fact. et as a rendering of a religious motive t is strangely convincing, and the idea it seeks to convey is presented with forcible realism. In its colour, its finely adjusted balance of light and shade, its feeling for line and mass arrangement, and its significance of craftsmanship it is unusually satisfying, and it is pervaded by that true decorative sense which is the indispensable foundation of all important artistic achievement.

It is, primarily, this decorative sense that gives authority to Mr. Arnesby Brown's June, another picture which ranks among the best in Captain Audley Harvey's possession. Here is an excellent instance of the adaptation of Nature's actualities to the purposes of pictorial design, of the making of a splendid decoration without distortion of natural forms and without evading the responsibility to present the subject under a credible aspect. But here



RICHARD JACK, R.A.

# CAPTAIN J. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION

is, also, a vivid piece of nature painting which is all the more persuasive because its truth is a matter of intelligent suggestion rather than a result of pedantic insistence upon the minor details of the landscape. The artist has appreciated fully the largeness and breadth of the scene before him; he has felt both the strength and the subtlety of the atmospheric effect; he has understood how to bring the bewildering complexities of the far stretching distance into coherent and calculated relation, and the result is a picture of commanding qualities which makes an irresistible appeal.

A different kind of sentiment distinguishes Mr. D. Y. Cameron's *The Bodin*. Mr. Arnesby Brown has seen

Nature in one of her smiling moments. Mr. Cameron when she frowned; June is a picture of summer sunshine, The Bodin is charged with the threat of impending storm. But Mr. Cameron has used his material with the fullest recognition of its great dramatic possibilities, and has evolved a convention which serves him admirably. He transcribes Nature, taking her as his guide, but in the transcription allowing himself full scope for the exercise of his temperamental preferences and for the display of his instinctive feeling for style—few men have so acute a perception of the difference between a convention that is well ordered and helpful and a mannerism that cramps originality and evades the problems of picture making.



"THE BLIND MUSICIANS"
BY WILLIAM STRANG, R.A.



"JUNE" BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A."

Mr. Cameron, indeed, is one of the salient personalities in modern art because, with the power to observe and select, he combines a rare capacity to convert to the purposes of his art just that which best suits the intention formed beforehand in his mind.

These three pictures, among the many fine things in Captain Harvey's collection, deserve to be particularly considered, because each in its very different way is a masterpiece and each represents an important school of practice. Moreover, the fact that they are to be found together in the same house is an eloquent testimony to the catholic taste of the collector—clear evidence that he recognises, as the

true collector should, how wide are the possibilities of artistic expression and how many are the forms in which art of the highest rank can be presented. He has many besides which show the spirit in which he has turned his opportunities to account—pictures which have been well chosen because they are not the commonplaces of accomplished artists but examples of each man's work in a moment of real inspiration.

For instance, Mr. Richard Jack's Whither: is certainly one of the most interesting pictures he has ever painted, and one of

<sup>\*</sup> A larger reproduction in colour of this painting is included in No. 3 of the "Modern Painting" Folios published by The Stepho.

# CAPTAIN J. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION



"RECARGANDO" BY R. DOMINGO

the least dependent for its success upon popularity of subject matter and pretty graces of treatment. What makes it so interesting is partly the masculine robustness of its handling and partly the dignity and restraint with which its grim motive has been presented—without any theatrical appeal to the emotions and without any accentuation of sordid or squalid details. Again, William Strang's Blind Musicians, with its Daumier-like manner and more than a hint of the methods of Strang's master, Legros, counts among the best performances of an artist who, earnest and thoughtful in his effort as he always was, varied a great deal in the degree of his achievement. Like Mr. Jack, Strang

for this canvas chose a subject which might easily have been made repellent, and gave to it by sympathetic management the right touch of humanity and unexaggerated sentiment.

Much else could be quoted to emphasise the quality and variety of the collection as a whole; the St. Addresse is one of the most exquisite things that Boudin ever painted, delightful in its luminosity, its fresh purity of colour, and its sense of spacious atmosphere; the Eyrden on the Meuse, by William Roclofs, is a typical example of the modern Dutch practice, a painting which has an arresting quality of execution and a charming simplicity of effect; and the Recargando, by Roberto



"THE STUDIO." BY
B. DE LA BERE

Domingo, in its violence of action, its glare of sunlight, and its southern animation, a startling contrast to the restfulness of the Dutch landscape, has a summary decisiveness of manner which is perfectly in keeping with its subject. The other picture, too, which is illustrated, *The Studio*, by Mr. B. de la Bere, is work of still another kind, clever, fantastic, irresponsible almost, and yet attractively out of the beaten track, and therefore rightly placed in a collection which is itself free from conventional restrictions.

Indeed, as has been said in the previous article, the comprehensive incoherence of

Captain Harvey's collecting has enabled him to summarise many of the most striking characteristics of the art of our time, its strength, its variety and breadth of outlook, its love of experiment, and its independence of effort. This is plainly seen in the pictures illustrated, but it is not less evident in those which have not been reproduced; in the remainder of a gathering which includes such artists as M. Lhermitte and Mr. Campbell Taylor, Fortuny, Cazin, Mr. Frank Mura and Sir William Orpen, besides many others who have indisputable positions in modern art history. A. L. BALDRY.

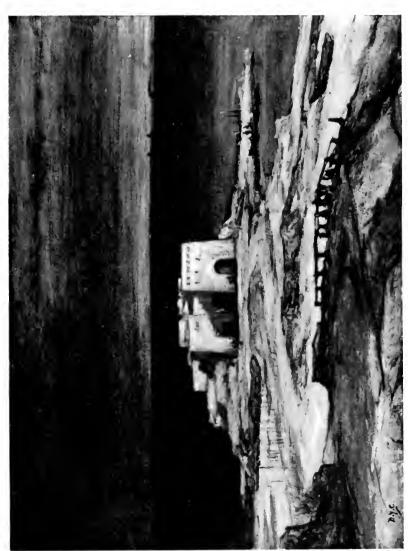
# CAPTAIN J. AUDLEY HARVEY'S COLLECTION



"ST. ADDRESSE" BY E. BOUDIN



" EYRDEN ON THE MEUSE" BY W. ROELOFS







THE ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS
OF FRANK W. BENSON. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

A LTHOUGH Mr. Frank W. Benson, long before he sought expression through the etcher's art, had won with his paint-brush the high place he holds among American artists, it is with his etchingneedle and dry-point he is achieving a wider and more distinctive reputation on this side of the Atlantic. When he takes his copper-plate in hand, he looks at his subject not in the way of the painter, but his vision is guided to expression by the artistic motive of the authentic etcher. So, whatever his subject, the pictorial treatment gives always that vivid sug-

gestion of spontaneity and inevitability which is inherent in the linear synthesis of the instinctive etcher's conception when draughtsmanship and craft combine in the living art of the print. And especially is Mr. Benson happy in this, that his sportsman's temperament leads him to experiences in the pursuit of wild fowl in their natural environment of great watery expanses which provide the very motives that appeal most to him as an etcher. All the birds that haunt the wilds of the Atlantic-washed coasts of North America or the reedy marshes, the sandy shallows and the billowy deeps of Upper Canada's great rivers, are his familiar quarry both as sportsman and etcher; and the stroke of his needle, the scratch of his dry-point.





"SUMMER YELLOWLEGS." DRY-POINT BY FRANK W. BENSON (By courtesy of Mr. H. C. Dickins)

will give them graphic vitality as his vision forms its artistic impression of them, at rest or in motion, in relation to landscape or waterscape and the evermoving air just sufficiently indicated for the living truth of environment. Be it a group of winter yellow-legs standing with reposeful elegance in the shallows, or a quartet of broadbills swimming so leisurely that the water just ripples into caressing curves, or a brood of ducks in hurry of alarm breaking the surface into acute angles; or be it a bevy of wild geese in flight patterning the sky, with perhaps separate wheeling motions for pure delight of the air, perhaps a scared gregarious 96

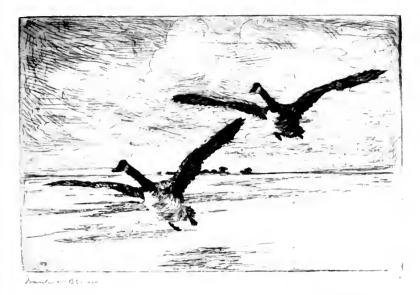
flutter straight for safety, the artist's conception will always show in its subtleties of graphic expression that, while the sportsman's instinct has been quickened, the naturalist's intimate knowledge of the creatures has been as lovingly concerned as the etcher's pictorial impulse. artist of the Western world has a surer eve than Mr. Benson's for a bird on the wing; indeed, we must look among the synthetic drawings of the Far East for any graphic suggestion of bird-flight comparable in artistic truth and beauty. For the sense of design controls always his pictorial conception, the poise or motion of wings appealing to his vision with,







### THE ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS OF FRANK W. BENSON



"INCOMING GEESE." ETCH-ING BY FRANK W. BENSON

seemingly, accidents of happy rhythm, while his drawing in its spontaneity and subtlety is responsive to his observation of the tension or movement of every part of the bird's body. One sees this in three of our illustrations: Summer Yellowlegs, a delicate dry-point, with its charming rhythm of pattern: and the etchings, Incoming Geese, with the suggestion of swift-homing flight, the differentiation of angle in the wings of the two birds, and the sense of strain and weight in their aerial descent; and Rippling Water, in which the poised bird silhouetted against the circles of light upon the water shadowed by the rushes focusses the whole pictorial interest of the riverscape. Volitation, indeed, in one form or another, whether of single birds or bevies, over the water of sea, river or marshland, is the motive of many of Mr. Benson's finest plates, yet his felicity of design is never at fault for a variety that suggests ever the etcher's impromptu. One of the happiest of all is a very recent publication, Over Sunk Marsh. A storm cloud has just broken, and the scared fowl with flurry of wings are flying before the rainy darkness that is rapidly driving the lingering light from the flooded marsh. Threatened storm, too, with its clash of cloud and vivid light, is the motive of a masterly etching to be issued this month in America, and later in this country by Mr. H. C. Dickins. Gunner's Blind, this is called, and its pictorial interest is touched with drama, for just one bird is seen winging between the black clouds and the reeds, while ominously silhouetted against the sky are two sportsmen, waiting, partially concealed, among the tall grasses of a tiny islet for the sudden opportunity of their guns. Among Mr. Benson's recent dry-points one that achieves a peculiar charm with a delicate reticence of touch is Blackbirds in the Marshes, in which the birds, balancing their light weight on the slender quivering rushes. make a dainty pattern in the palpitating air. Of established favourites among Mr.



CARVED WOOD PANEL BY R. H. LEACH

Benson's etchings and dry-points of wildfowl decorating the air and the watery spaces with rhythm of flight, one might name, for their charm of spontaneous art with happy skill of craft, Old Squaws, Morning Flight, Geese Alighting, The Alarm, Morning, Pintails, Black Breast Plovers in Flight, Migrating Geese, Male Whistler, Redheads, and Souvenir of Long Point, 1918. That the etcher has concentrated the vivacity of his art also on the water-fowl moving in their native element is patent in the masterly little plate, entitled Sprigtail, where a few essentially suggestive lines bring to pictorial life the swirling water as vividly as the bird itself. ø ۵. \_\_\_\_

Mr. Benson's artistic interest, however, is not confined to the wild fowl he pursues with gun, pointer and boat as keenly as with his ready sketch-book. He has etched some portraits with distinction, though in these he is not so absolutely individual as when he finds his subjects in the wilds where no other etcher has been before him. But, innate sportsman as he is innate etcher, his copper-plates testify to the human interest of his sporting life. Here, for instance, in the vivacious plate, Bound Home, we see him in his boat, scudding before a very fresh wind, pipe in mouth and content in the very look of him, content not only with his day's sport but with the etcher's joy in giving such graphic life to the lines of his beloved boat and the buoyant waters. Boats at Dawn shows with fine design the activity

of preparation for the day's adventure; but in *The Gunner*, a splendidly live etching, the very spirit of the hunter's sport is interpreted; for here the virile artist is seen wading knee-deep through the marshes under a driving rain, carrying his gun and the brace of wild duck which, when they lived, he loved with an artist's love, yet as a sportsman he had to kill.

# 

OF the history and general organisation of this school, the most important institution of its kind in England, if not in the United Kingdom—the Glasgow School of Art being perhaps its closest rival—an account was given in these pages from the pen of Mr. W. T. Whitley just a year ago, when a number of illustrations were given of work executed by students during the preceding session, which were supplemented, in the last issue of The Studio Year Book of Applied Art by further examples falling within the scope of that publication.

The illustrations now given have been



CARVED WOOD BREAD PLATTER BY MISS A. B. ELLIS



EMBROIDERY SAMPLER BY MISS L. SEAR

selected from the exhibition which, in accordance with the custom of the school, was held a few weeks ago at the close of the session of 1920–1921. Collectively this display, filling the large lecture hall of the great stone building in Southampton Row and one of the rooms adjoining, was a remarkable manifestation alike of the range and of the high standard of the work done by the students in the various departments of the school, and to do justice to it would require far more space than can be given to it here.

As explained in Mr. Whitley's article referred to above, the Central School, which is under the direct and sole control

of the London County Council as the education authority for the administrative County of London, is really a group of schools each conducted independently in co-ordination with the rest, the whole being under the direction of the Principal.

Thus there is a school embracing silversmiths' work, jewellery and allied crafts; another is concerned with furniture design and construction, including woodcarving; the school of design, textiles and costume deals with all forms of surface design for furnishing and dress materials, their uses in decoration and costume, and the methods of their production; the school of painted and sculptured architectural decoration



IMPRESSION FROM A

takes cognisance of all forms of decoration associated with the exterior and interior of buildings, plaster and metal casting, stone and ivory carving being among its specialities, while stained glass work also falls within this department; and then there is the school of book production which, in view of the importance of this branch of industry in London, rightly occupies a prominent place in the activities of the Central School, and comprises, in addition to the routine usually associated with letterpress printing and binding, the various graphic arts, such as woodcutting and engraving, lithography, etching and mezzotint, book illustration and poster design. Ancillary instruction is also given in architecture and the building crafts and in drawing and painting.

Of the soundness of the methods pursued in these departments the work brought together in the recent exhibition afforded eloquent evidence. While drawing and design play an important part in the various curricula, the fundamental aim of the institution is production, and the large number of completed examples of work executed by the students showed how well this aim is being fulfilled. The uniformly high standard of achievement revealed in this display could not have been attained but for the discrimination exercised by the Principal in the admission of students. All who seek admission to the Central School must satisfy him that they have mastered the rudiments of the crafts they desire to

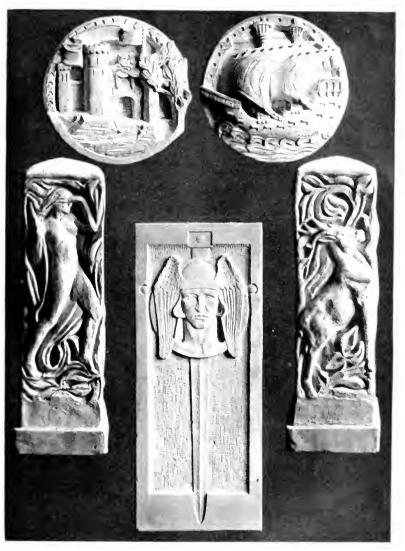
pursue and give promise of benefiting by the generous facilities offered to them. Though the school is intended mainly for those who intend to practise the various crafts professionally, amateurs are admitted at the discretion of the Principal, but no casy going "slacker" is tolerated, and if by chance any such should gain admission. his stay is not likely to be a long one. Extensive as is the accommodation provided in this large building, it is now by no means more than sufficient for the large body of earnest students who throng the class rooms. The number on the roll last session was well over two thousand, including the boys attending the day technical schools and a small group of ex-service men who were receiving instruction in certain crafts. ø a

The school now grants a diploma in craftsmanship, which is awarded only after evidence of a high standard of craft education and the production of an original piece of craftsmanship executed by the candidate after practising his craft professionally for two years at least.

In the new session, beginning at the end of September, Sir Banister Fletcher is to give a course of lectures on mediæval architecture and Professor Selwyn Image will resume the lectures he gave last session on "Some Historical Aspects of Art." B



IMPRESSION FROM A DIE, BY R, H, DOUGHTY



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BY LAUMORIER
MEWIT POST BILLIES
BY MISS AMICL BAX
BAS BILLIE BY C. M.
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LAHOHTY GOD OUR HEAVEN. UN FATHER. UN FATHER



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Asfrom the presence showers a rain of melody-

ike a poet hidden In the light of thought. Is Singing hymnsunbidden, Till the world is wrought To sympathy with hopes & fears it heeded not:

ike a high-bornmaiden In a pulvee tower, Soothing her love-laden Soul in occret hour With music owert aslove which overflows her bower. in a lonely place: & when hunting on the mountains failed them, they fell upon the cattle of the men of Alban, so that these gathered together to make an end of them. But the sons of Clenach called to the king of Scotland, and he took them into his friendship, and they gave him their help when he went out into battles or to war. But all this time they had never spoken to the king of Peirdre, & they kept her with themselves; not to let any one see her, for

they were afraid they might ger their death on account of her, she being so beautiful, But it chinged very early one morning, the king's steward came to visit them. and he found his unvinto the house where Naoise & Deirdre were, and there he saw them asleep beside one another. Di went back to the king, and he said: Up to this time there has never been found a woman that would be a fittingwife for you: but there is

themouth of Cichulain...

(I am Emer of the Fair Form; there is no more vengance for me to find; I have no love for any man. It is sortouful my stay is after the Hound. (I And after that Emer bade—Conall to make a wide, very deep grave for—Cuchulain; and she laid hetself down beside her gentle comrade, and she

put her mouth to his mouth, and she said:
Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the woman, wed or unwed, envied me till today: and now I will not stay living after you. And her life went out from her, and she herself and Cuchulain were laid in the one grave by Conall.



"SWAN WALK, CHELSEA"
LITHOGRAPH BY CHARLES
J. BATHURST



WOODCUT BY MISS M. L. FOSTER



AQUATINT. BY A. W. STROUD



WOODCUT BY MISS ADELAIDE SWIFT



DESIGN FOR A SHOWCARD BY MISS S. OSBORNE (Central School of Arts and Crafts)

# STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents).

ONDON. — An attempt was made during the discussion of the Finance Bill in the House of Commons recently to secure exemption from the obnoxious Entertainments Duty of exhibitions of works of art held by an art society where the net profits are not distributed by way of dividends, but the clause moved by Mr. Ormesby-Gore to give effect to such The Royal exemption was defeated. Academy exhibitions, it seems, are already exempted because they are held in connection with and as part of a course of instruction—that is to say, "gate-money" from these exhibitions goes to maintain the Royal Academy Schools; and it was suggested on behalf of the Treasury that other art societies could earn exemption in the

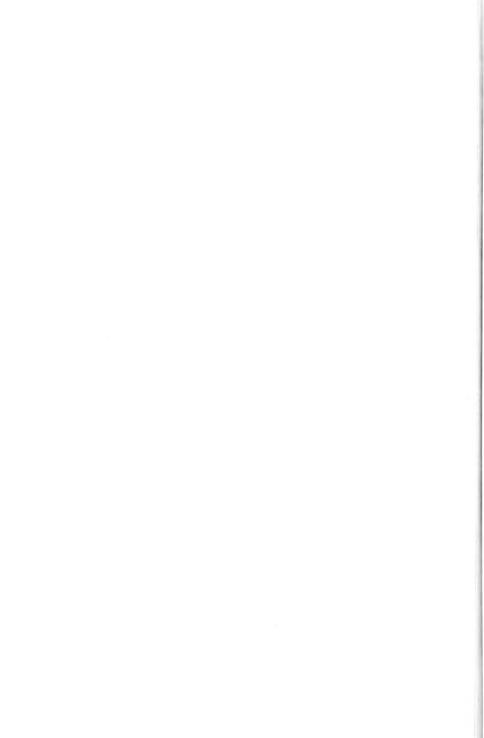
same way. But is it not also true that the Royal Academy pays no rent for that part of Burlington House which it occupies, and thus has a great advantage over other art societies, whose members in their subscriptions pay a considerable amount for facilities of exhibiting their work? The Academy shows, moreover, enjoy a social prestige which the others do not possess: many people go to them because it is the proper thing to do. Apart from all this, however, it does seem to us that this Entertainments Duty as applied to art exhibitions is a mean imposition scarcely justifiable even during the war and utterly indefensible at the present time when so many art workers find it difficult to get a living-mainly because of the merciless taxation of those from whom their support is normally derived.

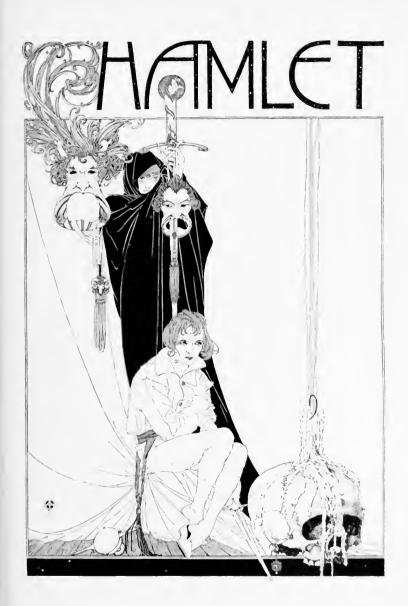
Drawings like the three by Mr. John Austen, R.B.A., which we reproduce on the pages following the reproduction of his tempera painting Peacock and Dragon, are apt to evoke the name of Aubrev Beardsley. but to those who insist on seeing in decorative drawings of this type the influence of that amazing draughtsman, we may appropriately quote some words written by Mr. Joseph Pennell when introducing him to the world in the first number of this magazine nearly thirty years ago. "Although." said Mr. Pennell. " in all of Mr. Beardsley's drawings which I have so far seen there are signs of other men's influence, I know no reason why this influence should not be apparent if the inventor of what we may consider the type is a worthy man to imitate." There are, of course, in Mr. Austen's drawings points of resemblance to Beardsley's, but he is not more imitative than Beardsley was himself. tive by instinct, he is very sensitive to the beauty of line; and his Peacock and Dragen, which appeared in the last exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, shows that the gift of colour, too, plays a not inconsiderable part in his artistic equipment. ø Ø

Remaining open till the end of the present month, the Summer Exhibition at the Grosvenor Galleries contains an interesting collection of paintings and drawings by contemporary British artists. Prominent among the paintings is a work









TITLE-PAGE FOR "HAMLET" BY JOHN AUSTEN, R.B.A.



DECORATION FOR "HAMLET" BY JOHN AUSTEN, R.B.A.



"VISION." PEN DRAWING BY JOHN AUSTEN, R.B.A.

by Sir William Orpen called Sowing new seed for the Board of Agriculture and Technical Instruction in Ireland, and apparently intended as a satire on that department of the Irish administration, which, besides the cultivation of the soil, is supposed to look after the cultivation of art. The picture was, it seems, acquired by one of the public collections in Australia, and is now in England again because it failed to give satisfaction and was replaced by another work. Though characteristic of the humorous vein to which Sir William has often given expression in his paintings, the picture can scarcely be classed among his best achievements. Mr. Clausen, Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Glyn Philpot, Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. Gerald Kelly, and Mr. James McBey are well represented among the paintings at this show, and some of these are also in evidence in the capital selection of drawings, which is not the least interesting feature of the display.

The New Society of Artists, which held its inaugural exhibition in the Suffolk Street galleries during July, has been formed, the catalogue says, partly to meet "an overwhelming demand by artists of merit for facilities for showing their work in London, and partly to counteract the manifold evils of what has been described as bolshevism in art, which is in fact nothing more than part of the general revolt against authority which is manifested in every walk of life." Artists of merit there certainly are in this society, but unfortunately these are far outnumbered by others whose performances, as exemplified in the work exhibited in this show, are so commonplace as to bring discredit upon this new organization, and indirectly perhaps to encourage the tendencies its spokesman deprecates.

The design for a stained glass window in Khartoum Cathedral, which we reproduce opposite, is one of a series entrusted to Miss Mabel Esplin by the architect for that edifice, Mr. R. W. S. Weir, whose choice of such a talented artist for this important undertaking was well justified by her high reputation in this field of work. Unfortunately a prolonged illness has prevented Miss Esplin, who is a skilled craftswoman,

from carrying out some of the designs she made for these windows, and their execution has therefore been left to other hands. The main body of the Cathedral was built some years ago, and several of Miss Esplin's windows have been erected in the places assigned to them. All that remains now to complete the whole is a tower which, when erected, will make the Cathedral an imposing landmark in the Sudan.

One of the pieces of sculpture by Mrs. Whitney which we reproduced in a recent issue—a nude male figure supporting a weight—was entitled Caryatid. Such was the title given to it in the catalogue of her exhibition, but the term is, strictly speaking, only applicable to a female figure supporting a weight, usually draped as in the familiar example of the Caryatides of the Erechtheum (British Museum), while male figures having a similar function are conventionally designated Atlantes, or in certain cases Telamones.



SILVER PRESENTATION CHALICE SET WITH EMERALDS AND PEARLS. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AGNES VYSE



"EVE." DRAWING
BY JENS LUND
(In the possession
of Mr. H. Tegner)

is a dreamer—and if proof were needed, there is his confession, in "The Book of my Dreams"—living in regions of his own creation, and, unlike most dreamers, able to hold fast and depict, with superior craftsmanship, what he beholds in this fairy world of his.

His favourite medium is black and white, and he knows all the values of these two colours, the entire scale from deepest black to an almost luminous white. This is evidenced, for instance, in *The Song of* 

my Love, so rich in conception and so perfect in treatment, where colonnades of fantastic pillars lead to exquisite gardens and to a mysterious beyond, a holy of holies. The columns themselves seem to grow from out amongst weird plants which ascend and in expanding form arches which, notwithstanding their origin, manifest the harmony and structural firmness of true architecture, forming a sumptuous pagan temple, in which apparent discords have dissolved and

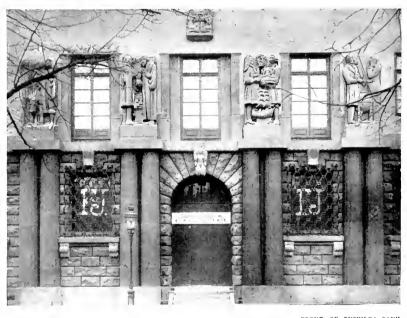
#### STUDIO-TALK

vanished. The Song of my Love fascinates the beholder upon whom the subtle meaning of the artist little by little begins to dawn. Eve, though in handling akin to The Song of my Love, is much simpler in its conception and idea. Lund has here desired to let the human form, exotic vegetation and animal life, and the gorgeous frame blend into one harmonious scene of sumptuous splendour.

Jens Lund might with much truth make two well-known lines of Byron his own: his life is twofold; he is not by any means a stranger in the tangible world of ordinary men and women, and, treats ordinary realistic subjects with great skill. But I think he loves his dreamland the best, and is it any less real, he asks, because it is not given to others to see it?

CTOCKHOLM .- Some years ago the I writer had the pleasure of calling the attention of readers of THE STUDIO to a young Swedish sculptor, of great vigour and promise, Carl Milles. His excuse for now reverting to the subject is the develonment which Swedish sculpture has undergone in the meantime. Carl Milles has had a period of great fertility, marked by a production which in point of richness, manysidedness and practical adaptation to new architecture cannot show many parallels in the art of the present day. But side by side with him have been working a group of original sculptors, Christian Eriksson, Gustaf Sandberg, Gottfrid Larsson, and Tore Strindberg, whose talent has been widely called into requisition to serve the needs of what may be called "practical æsthetics."

What has contributed more than any-



FRONT OF ENSKILDA BANK STOCKHOLM, WITH RELIEFS IN GRANITE BY CARL MILLES



DOORWAY IN STOCKHOLM LAW COURTS, WITH GRANITE SCULPTURE AND FIGURE OF JUSTICE IN BEATEN COPPER BY GUSTAF SANDBERG

thing else to push decorative sculpture forward during this period is the vigorous architectonic activity which has been displayed in the larger Swedish towns, particularly Stockholm and Gothenburg. Sweden's architects are just now her leading artistic talents, brimful of fresh suggestions and ideas, and at the same time thoroughly imbued with the study of earlier domestic traditions in the art of building. From the eclectic use of historical styles and picturesque delight in gaudy show and outward ornament, they have turned to a marked architectonic simplicity, a salient feature of which is the importance attached

to the right treatment of the material. The rich abundance in Sweden of beautiful stone, such as granite, schists, limestone, and marble, and the excellence of the brick and tile works in the south, have furnished these artists with materials to suit every shade of taste. A façade dressed with granite or built of dark-toned hand-made bricks scarcely needs any other ornament than the fashioning of a centre part, the porch or a window. It is here that architectonic sculpture comes in as the most suitable form of ornamentation. There are few modern houses in Stockholm of any importance that cannot boast of sculptured



GRANITE RELIEF FOR ENSKILDA BANK, STOCK-HOLM. BY CARL MILLES

The thought of the ravages of the climate on softer and more delicate material has had something to do with this, but so has the conviction of the great artistic possibilities that lurk in granite, in spite of its being a material so difficult of treatment. One single condition is indispensable: a certain simple grandeur in the form to the exclusion of petty detail and disruptive These demands made by the effects. material chime in with a certain disposition inherent in our times, tending towards archaic simplicity and an almost Egyptian rigour of style. 0

Among the grandest architectonic sculptures produced during the last ten years in the whole of Scandinavia are those which decorate the new Rådhus (Law Courts) Stockholm, which, finished in the autumn of 1915, was built by one of the most prominent Swedish architects, Carl Westman, in a very simple and chaste style with the ornaments gathered upon the big gateway and the heavy tower that rises aloft above it, on which has been set a huge relief of St. Erik, the patron saint of Stockholm in olden

works of art, small or large, above and around the doorway, or some prominent part of the façade.

During a period of transition, extending over the eighteen-nineties down into the present century, this decorative art in stone was distinctly naturalistic and national in character, with a predilection for sculptured pine twigs and garlands of roses, for instance. At the same time the traditional use of emblems has continued to hold sway in certain institutions, for example, chemists' shops, with their figures of animals, and Swedish architects and sculptors have not neglected to avail themselves of it.

In architectonic sculpture the pioneer is Christian Eriksson, with his heads in red sandstone (executed in the nineties) on the premises of the Skåne Bank in Fridsgatan, the Lombard Street of Stockholm. They are imbued with an extraordinary freshness and vigour of form, though somewhat marred by art nouveau naturalism, which, however, is fairly justified by the soft, easily treated material. In more recent times the sculptors have been almost unanimous in the choice of a grittier material: granite.



RELIEF IN RED SANDSTONE. BY CHRISTIAN ERIKSSON



RELIEFS IN GRANITE (STOCKHOLM LAW COURTS) BY CHRISTIAN ERIKSSON

days. Approaching closer, one's attention is arrested by five figures in relief above the gateway, with a judge seated on his throne to crown the whole. Then, as one passes up the staircase, one sees straight in front between the two doors the figure of Justice, in beaten copper, and bordering the actual gateway arch, the heads and minor figures which accentuate the stones of the archay and lend symbolical expression to the purpose of the building. The architect has collaborated here with two sculptors. Christian Eriksson and Gustaf Sandberg.

Carl Milles has laboured greatly in this field of decorative art. Thus he has decked one of the chief bank houses in this city—Stockholm's Enskilda Bank—with large relief figures in black granite, which with a semi-humorous touch, treat the development of banking and business negotiation from the most primitive stages right down to the stockbrokers of our days

using their telephones. The task that confronted the artist was one of exceptional difficulty; but with his bold instinct for style he has solved some of the most knotty problems. Particularly remarkable is the polished, highly rounded treatment of the figures, and that delightful touch of caricature which removes the impression of any symbolic aridity and dull mannerism. One of his most delicious things is the little emblematic cartouche placed above the larger figures.

Of the younger Swedish sculptors, Carl Eldh has been responsible for the decoration of the Northern Museum in Djurgården Park, Stockholm, with small realistic figures in granite; Tore Strindberg has produced reliefs in stucco and granite in a somewhat more academic style for one of the most modern churches; and Gottfrid Larsson has done excellent work for a business house.

A. B.

### STUDIO-TALK

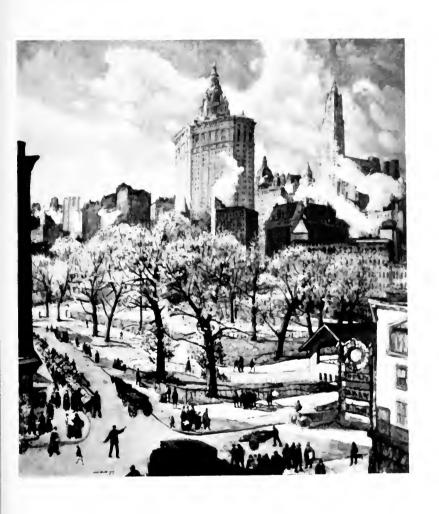
ARIS.—In contrast to the prevalent tendency of eliminating to the point of negation, and of limiting instead of extending the resources of a craft, M. Amédée Féau, the French landscape etcher, endeavours to derive the maximum of possibilities from his art without straining it or claiming from it effects unnatural to his medium. Nor is he satisfied to exploit the peculiarly inherent charms of the craft at the expense of attributes of a more general character. He selects subjects as symphonic as possible, varied within each composition and diverse among one another. In short, the qualifications of the most equipped landscape artist are compressed in his prints, as was evident at the exhibition of his work held a short time ago at Messrs. Marcel Guiot & Co.'s Galleries in the Rue Volney. collection comprising views in Brittany and the Northern champagne country-that Aisne district so famous during the war. For an artist who is still

young this display was remarkable, and was a happy augury for his future. M. Féau does all his own printing, and the plates are destroyed after forty impressions at the most are made from them. M. C.

JEW YORK .- Leon Kroll has become a Member of the New Society, a collection of fifty leading American artists. He represents American impressionism, and his picture, Mulberry Bend, New York, is a good example of his workmanship and of his emotional qualities. Here, as the portrayer of the City, he has shown that he can achieve as great a success artistically as he has with the human subject in his portrait of Ornstein at the piano, owned by the Chicago Public Gallery. Mulberry Bend is an historical document, showing not only the mastery of impressionism attained by America, but also showing a part of New York where the architecture of the new world is seen at its best.



"LES PEUPLIERS APRÈS L'INONDA-TION." ETCHING BY AMÉDÉE FÉAU (By permission of Marcel Guiot & Co.)



"MULBERRY BEND, NEW YORK." BY LEON KROLL

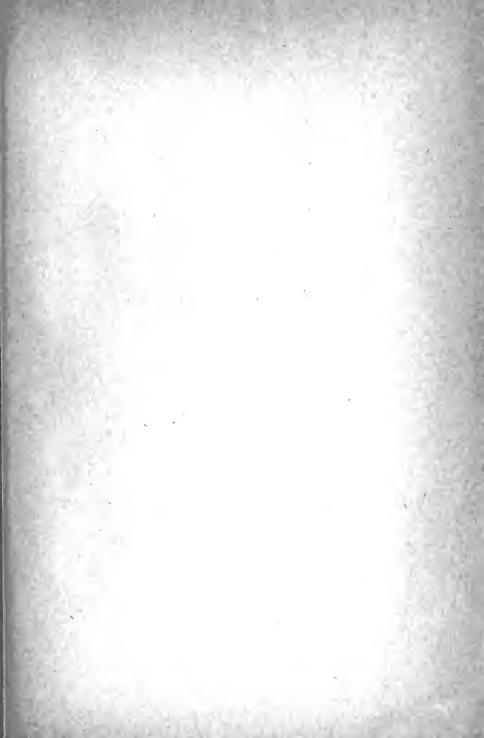
Drawing from Memory and Mind Picturing. By R. CATTERSON-SMITH, M.A.. formerly Director of Art Education for the City of Birmingham. (London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)—Some nine or ten years ago Mr. Catterson-Smith contributed to our pages a brief statement of the methods of teaching pursued by him as principal of the chief art school in Birmingham, and some of the results accruing therefrom were shown in the illustrations which accompanied his observations, supplemented two or three years later by a further series. In this volume the subject is dealt with at greater length, both textually and illustratively, and convinced as we are that the methods here expounded are vitally significant, not only in regard to art teaching but to education in general, we can commend it wholeheartedly to all concerned in the training of the young. An eloquent tribute to the efficiency of the system here expounded was given by Mr. Henry Wilson, President of the Arts and Crafts Society, in a report on the Birmingham Central School. " Not only does it enable the student to produce results which seem to those familiar with even the best products of the present systems generally in use quite miraculous and astounding, Mr. Catterson-Smith's methods evoke and develop the personality of each student in a most remarkable way.

L'Exposition Van Eyck — Bouts à Bruxelles en 1920—Les Retables de l'Agneau Mystique et du Saint-Sacrement. FIERENS-GEVAERT. (Brussels: G. Oest & Cie.)—How much of the famous altar-piece of St. Bavon, Ghent, was painted by Hubert van Eyck and how much by his younger brother Jan has been discussed time after time, and the question is again raised by M. Fierens-Gevaert in his study of this work and the Last Supper of Dieric Bouts, both of which were exhibited in their pristine integrity at Brussels a year ago. authorities describe it as the work of Hubert, completed by Jan; M. Fierens-Gevaert is distinctly averse to giving Hubert the chief credit. Whatever may be said about its authorship-and no doubt much more will be said on this head

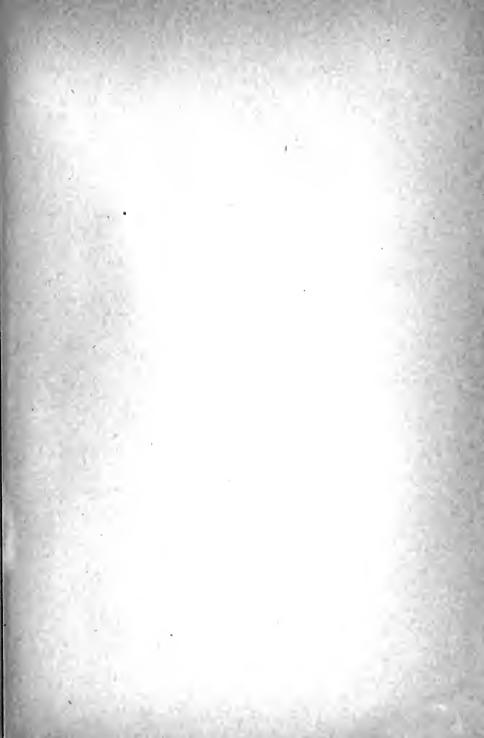
now that the entire work is available for inspection at St. Bayon, Ghent, after a century and a quarter of dismemberment there must be few indeed who do not share the admiration the author expresses for this masterpiece of Flemish art. cellent reproductions are given of this and the painting by Bouts. ø

Norfolk and Suffolk. Painted by A. HEATON COOPER. Described by W. G. CLARKE, F.G.S. (London: A. & C. Black.)—An eighteenth century writer spoke of the "dreadful heights" and stupendous and amazing precipices" of the Norfolk Coast, but the Ordnance Survey of our day does not show any elevation exceeding 352 ft. in either county. Yet if this region, which Mr. Clarke describes under its manifold aspects, is not what is popularly called "picturesque," it possesses many beauties of the kind which the casual passer-by takes no heed of. Mr. Arnesby Brown's pictures are evidence of that, so far as Norfolk is concerned, and further evidence is here forthcoming in Mr. Heaton Cooper's coloured illustrations. And where else are to be found such beautiful churches as those of which Norfolk especially is justly proud?

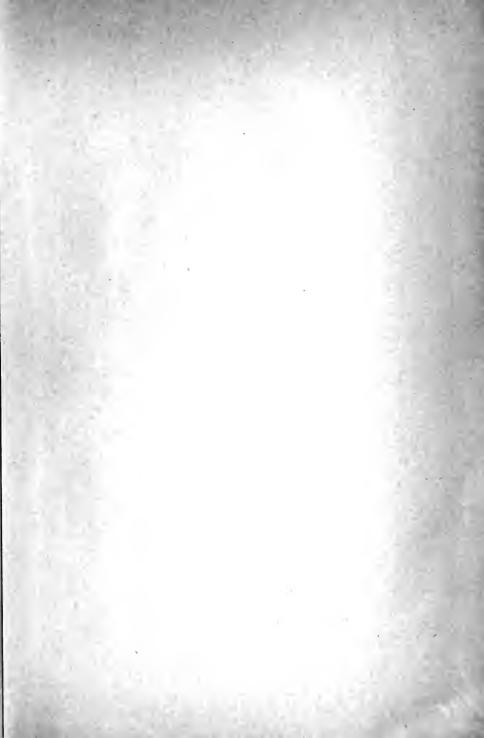
Survey of London. Vol. VII. The Parish of Chelsea (Part III.). By WALTER H. GODFREY, F.S.A. London: London County Council.)—This new volume of the Survey of London is wholly devoted to the Old Church at Chelsea, that venerable relic of brick and stone by the riverside which has been a source of inspiration to artists innumerable. The general history of the church with its human associations has been ably told by Mr. Randall Davies, son of a former incumbent, and to his narrative this comprehensive architectural account of the edifice, embracing as it does an exhaustive record of its monuments, forms a fitting sequel. These monuments provide the subject matter for most of the 88 plates, and besides their historic interest they have many of them something to say to the sculptor of to-day. The Survey of Chelsea remains to be completed by a further volume, in which will be included the inscriptions from other burial grounds of the parish, and more particularly those of the Royal Hospital and the Moravians.

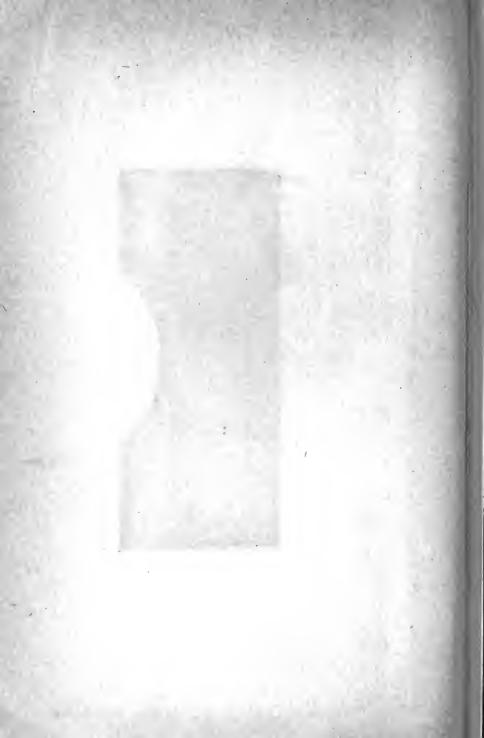












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